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THE LINING OF THE CLOUD

BY HARRISON RHODES



It was a holiday audience. Mothers in the lobby at the entrance dusted the snow from the shoulders of innumerable small lads and whisked it from the picturesque hats of little girls in their smartest clothes. There was great excitement at the entrance where they took the tickets, and, for some, great sorrow at the box-office where they refused to sell any more of them. Some few of the disappointed, indulging in a philosophical consolation beyond their years, seemed to take comfort in lingering near by and seeing the cruel man inside the grated window refuse places to others. To these embittered spirits a severe blow must have been administered when a gentleman who came into the lobby with a vague and uncertain air, rather as if the last flurry of snow was what had decided him to pass the afternoon at a theater, succeeded in purchasing a box. That

a gentleman of thirty-five, however rich, should sit in a beautiful box quite alone seemed somehow out of the picture.

The incongruity of the situation was apparent enough to Sidney Aldrich. It was asinine to be in a box alone, at a *matinée* where there would probably be a dull show, and there were manifestly already far too many noisy, squawking children. But he had to be somewhere, and, as for being by himself, he would probably be alone in boxes for some time to come. It was to be presumed that he could ultimately get a circle of some sort about him, but of what sort it was perhaps not altogether pleasant to think. Overfastidiousness as to his amusements would be, Aldrich could see, a fault to be corrected.

As he looked out over the audience he wondered how many of them would consider it possible that a gentleman who, three weeks ago, had been in a striped suit in the State penitentiary eating prison fare could be overfastidious about

anything. Had he not wondered himself, during that last month? But the dinner he had ordered, his first day of freedom, had been an admirable one; he remembered the relief with which he discovered that his tastes had not been permanently reduced to the standard of the convict. Since then almost all the finer quality of his luxuriousness had come back—if that was the sort of thing it was suitable to thank God for, he thanked Him. Yes, it was something, he thought, as he settled himself comfortably in a corner of the box, it was something to have made a good lunch. It bred contentment. He repeated insistently to himself that he was content.

The audience were by this time in their seats, although it would have been a gross misuse of language to say that they were settled there. A good half stirred uneasily, so sure of the coming pleasure that expectation became almost unbearable. Aldrich's eye rested for a time upon a party just by him in the stalls, a fat woman in shabby mourning wedged tightly between two squirming urchins of about nine and seven; then he turned away in disgust. The spirit of holiday-making failed to catch him up. This, he presumed, so he told himself, was a fair example of the simple uplifting beauty of the family life, two dirty boys and a vulgar perspiring mother. It was like an admirable arrangement of Providence that the dirtier of the two should be on the side next him, so close that with a good firm grasp on the boy's collar it would have been possible to jerk him out of his place and fling him out of sight. O beauty, O squalor of the family life! Aldrich with a letter from his wife's legal representatives in his pocket felt that on this subject he might speak with authority. Most of the men in the theater, with their brats clambering over them, could, he imagined, talk with lacrymose sentimentality of what a good woman could do for a man. He knew; that was the difference. Lord save us, Irene was

good enough, if that had been all that were needed.

Curtains go up at the appointed time—or more generally a quarter of an hour later—whatever may be the emotions of richly appointed gentlemen in the boxes or bootblacks in the last row of the gallery. The heavy folds of golden brown now parted, and disclosed to the enchanted audience a hall in the palace of the Emperor of China. The princess passed by, lovely as a dream, and, for the delight of his Majesty, troupes of dancing girls swayed in elaborate figures before him. The audience was fairly a-quiver with joy, and even Aldrich, though he was near enough to see the soiled frippery and the hard, worn faces of the fairest of their sex, still felt something of the old glamour, the old magic of the theater. It awakened desires and sent his mind searching the future. There was still beauty for a man to find in life, the Mediterranean still showed blue through the orange trees on the Riviera; there was still, no doubt, a swirl of laces, jewels, and white shoulders around the tables at Monte Carlo, and perhaps they still sang at Taormina on the slopes of Ætna when the moon was full. He would carry his fists tight-filled with gold and wander into the regions of delight.

"Gee, mamma, it's fine, ain't it?" broke rapturously from the child who had become Aldrich's particular aversion. Upon the disturber of his reverie the gentleman in the box shot a resentful glance. Meanwhile the palace of the Emperor gave way to Aladdin's humble home, and the African magician was seen beguiling with false caresses his pretended nephew. Aladdin's mother betook herself to the execution of a comic song and dance. Aldrich's attention wandered. The audience chortled, and again he felt rise up within him a wave of dislike and contempt for humanity in the abstract, for the serious, the simple, the good—so they called themselves—who could come and gape with joy at such vulgarity. His wander-



"Aldrich stared unrecognizingly at him."

ing eye caught sight for the first time of a man he knew, who would know him perhaps. A cheap seat in the balcony, a tired-looking dowdy Roman by his side, and an awkward child sitting heavily on his knee—these, it appeared to Aldrich, were the advantages with which life had blessed Murphy. At this moment, as if influenced by the eyes upon him, the man in the balcony looked toward the box. Aldrich felt, rather than saw, remembrance dawn upon his face and turned quickly away. He had already experienced what could be done, even in awkward hands, by the bludgeon of non-recognition, and he added another to Murphy's list of advantages, that of being able to feel superior to an ex-convict.

Then his pride recovered and he looked again toward the balcony. The man aloft, with an air of hesitating yet friendly embarrassment, bowed. Al-

drich stared unrecognizingly at him till Murphy in confusion turned away, unable to bear the cut direct. Small and ignoble as this triumph was, it gave a sense of power. Aldrich adjusted his tie with studied carelessness and turned languidly to the stage. From a box, he meditated, he could cut people in the balcony; from a seat in the gallery it would be ineffective. It was just up there, however, that anyone in the audience would expect to see him.

All the world loved an ex-convict—as they had learned to love him in sentimental fiction, weary, broken, and repentant, without a penny, heartlessly turned out of one job after another as soon as his history becomes known, and struggling desperately to support a faithful wife and a loving family. Confusion seized them when they saw a man three weeks out of a striped suit, not



"For the love of Christ, play!"

weary, not broken, not repentant—well, not repentant as they meant it.

Not to regret what had happened would have been to be a fool. It had almost ruined his life. But to repent was another thing. He had been a thief and he had got caught. It was, with the exception of the getting caught, what thousands of men did in the town every year. He had injured no one except a firm of brokers, rich on the ill-gotten gains of the Street. If he were poor now, like the conventional figure, perhaps he would repent. But while he had been "put away" he had come into complete possession of his inheritance from his father. If he had had it all then nothing need have happened; or if the fools of trustees had realized that when a man says he must have money he must have it. Even as it was he probably might have got hold of something and replaced what he had used of his firm's money, if he had not been in such an agitated

state, with Clara Montalva making scenes of every description in West Thirty-ninth Street—and after all it was she who had had the money—and Irene at home raising the devil's own brand of rows. The period of the trial and, after that, even the prison had actually seemed havens of rest. Clara had been extensively dragged into the case, and he had been able easily to imagine the newspapers with lurid columns on Irene's sad position as a deceived and long-suffering wife.

And so she was. But Irene herself, with her infernal coldness, her eternal moral standards, her sermons, and her lack of a sense of humor, knew best whether or not there were any reasons for his be-

havior. Besides which, he had heard, he thought, of forgiving wives, of women who met the ex-convict at the prison gates and gave him something to live for. What had Irene done to give him a chance? She hadn't even as much as divorced him, owing to some religious scruple. But she'd got some decree of separation, contrived with cursed ingenuity, which gave her the custody of the child and took away from him the right ever to see, ever to speak a word to his own son.

A speech from the stage broke suddenly upon Aldrich's ear, disturbing for a second the fierce current of his thoughts. The African magician spoke in honeyed tones to *Aladdin's* mother.

"I will love him," he said, "as if he were my own son."

He leered at the audience and sent them into shrieks of mirth with the wink which betrayed his duplicity. But Aldrich's ears were deaf to the laughter. It



"Two small arms clutched him."

was as if he had come to the surface only for a moment, to sink again at once into the swift stream of his own bitterness.

"Damn Irene," he muttered. It was no good trying to hide the truth from himself. There *had* been a chance for him in life. There *was* an interest he could have taken up, a responsibility he would have accepted. When he went away he had promised Tom he would come back. It had been a gay parting; both Tom and he loved gaiety and he had made a frolic of the last half-hour. For all that toward the end the child had felt something, for he had clasped his little arms tight about his father's neck and kissed him again and again in a tiny gust of affection. Aldrich remembered how he had rushed away with his eyes suddenly wet. And through the years in that unmentionable place he had remembered. Probably Irene neither knew nor cared that he had promised Tom. He had broken so many promises to her that she would never understand the one he might have kept. Tom perhaps remembered—only perhaps. Aldrich could imagine his wife trying to efface from the boy's mind the memory of his father. Ah, he knew her! She had always been jealous of him. She had always been angry when the boy turned to his father as to a comrade; she had never forgiven that. Yes, Tom and he had something in common, perhaps just the wish to enjoy life—at any price. He had paid his price; he would have liked to keep his boy from buying at such a cost. But they would allow him to do nothing.

"I cannot conceive that it would not be bad for any child whatever," Irene had written, "to live in personal contact with you; that it would not injure his prospects in the world to have a father of your character, your record, and your disgraced position in the world."

Not only Tom, but any child! Any of the little beasts in the theater that afternoon; that ugly freckled boy by the

box, for example. To even the ugly, the poor, the vulgar, he was to be an outcast. Very well, then. *Vogue la galère*, and damn them all. The world was wide. If he was to go down he would go down pleasantly. He would descend, as *Aladdin* on the stage, now clambering down from the cavern's mouth, into a region of glittering gems and gold, of banquet tables, of women with fair faces and outstretched arms. He would be a free-lance of pleasure, and might Heaven send him to Hell if ever a moment of human sympathy were allowed to spoil one precious half-hour of life. In this mood sat Sidney Aldrich, and the grace of God was not in him.

Then halfway up a sparkling tree which, heavy with precious stones, drooped gracefully into the enchanted garden, he saw a tiny point of flame and a small thread of smoke trailing lazily away from it toward the audience. Idly Aldrich followed it with his eye. Then he suddenly bent forward. The orchestra faltered, and in the momentary silence a woman began to laugh hysterically. On the stage some one pulled at the tree and stamped on the blaze when it fell. In the wings Aldrich saw four men struggling with a hose; then they were shut from sight by a rush of white ballet skirts. Standing up in his box he could see that a red snake of fire was already climbing the cavern's side. Only then did he become conscious of the turmoil of the audience. The thousands were on their feet, the aisles were already full, and there was a clamor of high-pitched excited voices. The orchestra had stopped, and Aldrich saw the bass-drum player scuttling through a low door underneath the stage. Then from the wings to the footlights rushed a strange figure, the low comedian, an Arab servant below the waist, an American in a dressing-jacket above, his wig stripped off and his forehead showing pale above his painted face. His voice rang out clear, but with the same

whimsical crack in it that had been convulsing the audience a few minutes before. He plead, he insisted, he commanded that the audience be calm. There was a slackening of the flow toward the doors for an instant, and here and there a few people sat down again. In the front row of the balcony to the left Aldrich noticed a young woman with a pale face and blue eyes forcing two little girls back into their places, speaking with unnatural quietness of tone, though her hands were gripped frantically together in the effort to control herself. Four more musicians slunk away, and then the low comedian leaned over the footlights and addressed the leader in agonized tones:

"For the love of Christ play the 'Kilkenny Rag-time Jubilee.' We've got to keep 'em quiet."

The leader was out of his seat, but he gave a glance of appeal to the six men who were left and they picked up their instruments. They did not start together, not quite in tune, but the quaver of violins rose hesitatingly in the uproar.

"Whoop!" yelled the low comedian with the humorous crack in his voice, banging on the ground as though he held a shillalah.

"The people of Kilkenny said that

rag-time was Irish," he began. Aldrich heard oaths and calls for the electrician.

"They said it was too good to be invented by any coon." The music was hopelessly jangled; two violinists had taken flight. The comedian's last line tailed off into a kind of wail. "God save us all!" he said in a low voice, and

rushed off to the left. Aldrich saw a man give a furious pull at what he imagined was a switchboard, and suddenly there was darkness, except for the red glare of the flames.

The sounds of the place seemed to transform themselves for one instant into the great roar of a beast, of a maddened animal starting to fight its way to safety. The first scream of rage subsided and then the horror began, almost in silence at first, it seemed, by com-

parison with what had gone before. Only the shriek of a woman crushed, the cry of a child trampled underfoot, pierced at times the dull continuous roar of that grim battle.

But the story of the day is not to be written here—its fights in tight-packed corridors and down staircases carpeted with the dead and dying, its heart-breaking batterings against exit doors rusty and bolted, its thousand forgotten or never to be discovered heroisms, its nameless and unspeakable cowardices, and



"There was one strange addition."

the sweep of devastating flame sucked from the stage to claim its burnt offering. Memories of it that one would not wish to waken live in a thousand desolated homes. This is but the story of the passage through the flames of one human soul.

At the beginning Sidney Aldrich had felt singularly unperturbed. In the oddest way, even in this desperate crisis

Though it seemed hours that Aldrich watched, fascinated, the beginnings of disaster, it could only have been the shortest time before he turned to go, still in his strange shallow unconsciousness of danger to himself. It was the very moment that the lights went out, and then he suddenly found himself trembling and clutching at a chair for support. The spirit of terror was



"He bowed and choked with one great racking sob."

the little associations of ordinary life gave him a feeling of security. He had an odd sense that the way out from so pleasant, exclusive, and expensive a place as a box would somehow be made easy for him. The bitter pride in his money and in the privileges it gave even an convict flamed up again, and for one second, when it can truly be said that his soul touched bottom in the lowest pit, he almost rejoiced at the thought of frightened creatures panic-stricken while he stood calm. A man alone, responsible only for himself, could go out in peace.

claiming him, as it had already claimed the others out there. Then out of the confusion he saw a dark figure of horror clamber over the edge of the box toward him. In awkward haste and fright he started away from it and then gave a nervous overwrought laugh that was half a sob as he recognized the freckled boy who with his mother and brother had sat below him in the stalls.

Hauling himself over into the box with frantic energy, the child, his face pale and pinched and his eyes eager and straining, turned and called out, "This way, mother. We can get out here.

There ain't so many people. Come, come."

The fat woman in black had already started toward the aisle. She faced Aldrich, her face red and puffy, and her shabby bonnet awry—she had stopped to put that on. Evidently she had not missed the boy behind her till he called, and now her eyes were frightened and her voice shrill.

"Come back, Tom," she cried; "come back to mother. Mother can't go that way."

"Yes, yes!" screamed the child by Aldrich's side, and "No, no!" urged his brother, tugging at his mother's arm and urging her toward the aisle.

"Shall I help you over?" called out Aldrich, with a vision even then of the grotesqueness of such an attempt.

"No, no, I can't," was the agitated reply. "Come, Tom."

The child had by this time slid past Aldrich and stood by the door of the box. He shook his head in frightened obstinacy. Aldrich glanced at the stage.

"You must hurry, madam. This boy can come with me. You'll have enough to do with the other."

The mother quivered with agitation and fastened her little reddish eyes, now wet with tears, first upon the child and afterwards in one long searching look upon Aldrich. Then she, too, decided quickly.

"All right, sir. Oh, sir, do save him!"

Aldrich went toward the door, but here stood the child, stamping his foot and crying with rage.

"No, no!" he yelled. "Mother, come this way."

"Mother will meet Tom outside," she called back to him.

"Cross your heart?"

"Yes, mother'll meet her boy outside. Mother promises Tom."

She started bravely forward, the shabby bonnet hanging over one ear, a dirty urchin's hand clasped tight in hers,

to fight with death in the red glow of the flames.

Aldrich took one look at her and then started, a child's hand in his as well. The boy stopped crying—he had his mother's promise.

For almost a third of its length the side aisle was clear. No need of action stirred Aldrich for the moment, and his eyes scarcely saw what was before him. There was in them instead the faint dawning of a new vision of the crowd around him. It was not mere love for life alone that was moving them—it was a longing to clasp the hands of friends again, not to forsake some poor fireside, to come home to some waiting child. And that was the real thing in life, to keep the promise that one made to Tom—oh, why *had* it to be the same name?

Ahead he saw a wedged-in, screaming crowd. He caught the child up, and two small arms clutched him around the neck for safety.

"Where's mother and Eddie? Can't see mother," complained the little voice in his ear.

"Don't worry, old man," said Aldrich, holding him closer. "Don't worry. Mother promised Tom."

Earlier there had been a rush in the side aisle to an exit door there, but the iron-bound barrier had withstood assault. No one was left by it now but a small man with a worn face and a scraggly beard who was trying to drag a fainting woman up the incline of the aisle. The middle aisles were jammed, and ahead there was a kind of human torrent coming down a staircase. Once or twice a woman fell over the railing upon the heads of the crowd below. Turning, he could see the flames, now escaping from the proscenium arch. A clear place to die in was what had been given him; that was something. Clean flames would consume him; he would not end his life beating his way through a helpless crowd of women. If that were the only way, he could at least die

like a gentleman. But then he felt again the clasp of little arms around his neck. He was not alone; he was denied even that last desperate courage of resignation. He must make some attempt, even though he knew it to be hopeless.

The heat was maddening, and ahead were all imaginable and unimaginable horrors. Suddenly he realized that at his left was an open door and a staircase leading down into the cellar. From below he heard a woman crying. The crowd, fighting its way out, had passed by. It might be a mere trap, it might be a hiding-place from which they could crawl out when all was ended. Aldrich plunged down. There was a small smoking-room to the left and to the right a vaulted passage from out which smoke was lazily drifting. Putting the boy down, Aldrich rushed up again. Just outside was the little man dragging the fainting woman. Aldrich seized her and bore her below, the man following complaining querulously.

In the smoking-room a tiny lamp for lighting cigars still burned dimly, and here Aldrich established his little group of refugees. There was one strange addition, a terrified girl in a white ballet skirt who came to them out of the smoky corridor. They closed the door. Some one knocked over the little lamp and then they sat in darkness, Aldrich with Tom's arms again around his neck. They waited, perhaps for death, not knowing when nor how it might come. No one of them was ever able to tell how long they were there nor of the agony of the suspense of that wait in silence, while above the unknown was happening.

Ultimately Aldrich ventured out. There was light from the door at the top of the staircase, which was ablaze, but there was less smoke and heat. They could come forth, for in a few minutes the fire had licked up the theater and died, leaving the charnel house to cool as night came on. Aldrich, carrying Tom, staggered across the awful field of battle.

The firemen were in the entrance, some reporters and policemen, and an old man who was crying and insisting on going back to find his overshoes. They led Aldrich out still holding the child.

"Is that your boy?" asked the police officer taking Aldrich's name.

"Yes," stammered Aldrich. "Oh, I mean no." And they asked Tom his name and where he lived. There would be nobody there, he said, except mother and Eddie. Papa was dead. He thought he had no relatives. No, he did not want to go home. Mother would meet him outside. Mother had promised Tom.

They drove through most of that long cold night in a rickety, musty-smelling hack. Part of the great pilgrimage in search of the dead. About three o'clock in the morning they found her. She had died halfway up the aisle, her bonnet still on—and awry—and Eddie's hand still tight in hers. Tom cried a little, because he was tired and it was late and he did not understand. Then he went to sleep as they drove to the hotel. He was put to bed, but Aldrich lit a pipe, and wrapped in a dressing-gown stared from his window into the night, watching it grow gray in the east across a waste of ice and tossing waves. But the world he looked on seemed a different world. There had come a responsibility he could accept. If only the authorities (and he thought of this quite humbly) would entrust an orphan to an ex-convict. There was the money, he thought, and smiled; they must see that with that he could give the boy great advantages. And this Tom was only an ugly freckled little boy of the commonest origin. Not like the other, the other who was waiting, whose promise, too, had been broken. The longings and the memories gripped his heart as they had sometimes in the long dark prison nights. On the edge of the bed he bowed and choked with one great racking sob. Then he lifted his head and caught a gleam from out the lining of the cloud.



THE DEATH OF ELOISE

By THEODOSIA GARRISON

SURELY your life draws hourly near to mine.
 But yet a little and my hands shall lie
 Close in your own, the while earth mistily
 Fades like a cloud against the sunset line.
 Have we not waited, bravely desolate,
 Telling our rosaries of patient tears
 Climbing these endless stairs of barren years
 Nighed by those pallid priests who bade us wait?
 Have we not toiled each to his separate height?
 At last our paths approach, and suddenly
 One space shall hold us both, and there shall be
 A sound of singing from the shattered night:
 And, full against the dawn, God's saints aghast
 Shall watch us cling and laugh and sob, "At last!"



THE ART OF ACTING

BY DAVID BELASCO



ACTING is an art, but like all other arts, it is obstructed by a mass of unsystematized opinion. The greatest artist is he who is greatest in the highest reaches of his art, even though he may lack the qualities necessary for the adequate execution of some minor detail. We measure the greatness of actors not by their faults, but by their excellences.

In considering the art of mime, which to my mind, is the greatest art, there are many things that must be taken into account. First, the potent quality of the voice, for that is the most important instrument at the actor's command. It should be so well under control that it is absolutely flexible and capable of rhythmic modulation. A stubborn harshness and mechanicalness of elocution spoil even the best effects. There are many of us who can, no doubt, recall the vibrant tones which still linger in our memory of those who years ago deliciously placed us under their influence, and yet how few there are of their successors who have repeated this subtle trick, although we may attribute this to the spirit of *blasé*, which entralls so many of us.

Voice, look, and gesture are the actor's symbols through which he makes intelligible the emotions of the character he is personating. No amount of sensibility will avail unless it can express itself adequately by these symbols. It is not enough for an actor to feel, he must represent. He must express his feelings

in symbols universally intelligible and affecting. A harsh, inflexible voice, a rigid or heavy face, would prevent even a Shakespeare from being impressive and affecting on the stage; whereas a man with little sensibility, but endowed with a sympathetic, penetrating voice, and a flexible physiognomy would transport the audience. So many actors are careless and ineffective, especially in level passages. If they but possessed a musical ear and a musical voice they would be saved from the monotony so disagreeable in their elocution. How many are there who cannot dissociate rhythm from meaning, which is an unpardonable defect. Instead of making the rhythm fluent with the meaning, and allowing emphasis and pause to fall in the places where naturally the thought becomes emphatic and pauses, they suffer them to be very much determined by the formal structure of the verse—as if the sense ended with the line—or by the duration of their breath.

Emphasis and pause are indeed the supreme difficulties of elocution. They are rarely managed by those who read blank verse, even in a room; on the stage the difficulty is greatly enhanced. No one can pretend to be an actor of the poetic drama who has not mastered this art, although at the present day it is, like many other requisites, boldly disregarded, and we hear the noblest verse spouted—not spoken—with the remorseless indifference of that actor who announced himself thus:

"Tis I, my lord, the early village cock."

Shakespeare was most probably an indifferent actor, but there is no question respecting his mastery as a critic. He may not have been a brilliant executant; he was certainly a penetrating and reflective connoisseur.

The mere fact that we hear nothing of his qualities as an actor implies that there was nothing above the line, nothing memorable to be spoken of. We hear of him as wit and companion, as poet and man of business, but not a word of his qualities as an actor. All that tradition vaguely wafts to us of Shakespeare is, that he played the *Ghost* in "Hamlet," and old *Knowell* in "Every Man in his Humor," neither of them parts which demand or admit of various excellences. Like many other dramatists of the early time—he adopted sock and buskin as a means of making money, and it is probable that, like actors of all times, he had a favorable opinion of his own performances. He certainly was able to see through the tricks and devices with which more popular players captivated "the groundling," and was doubtless one of the "judicious" whom these devices grieved. But in spite of his marvelous genius, in spite of the large flexibility of mind which could enable him to conceive great varieties of character, it is highly probable that he wanted the mimetic flexibility of organization which could alone have enabled him to personate what he conceived. The powers of conception and the powers of presentation are distinct. A poet is rarely a good reader of his own verse, and has never yet been a great personator of his own characters. Shakespeare doubtless knew—none knew so well—how *Hamlet*, *Othello*, *Falstaff* should be personated, but had he been called upon to personate them he would have found himself wanting in voice, face, and temperament.

I daresay he declaimed finely, so far as rhythmic cadence and nice accentuation went. But his nonsuccess implies that his voice was intractable, or limited

in its range. Without a sympathetic voice no declamation can be effective. The tones which stir us need not be musical, need not be pleasant even, but they must have a penetrating, vibrating quality. A lurid look, a pathetic intonation has more power in swaying the emotions of an audience than all the subtle and profound passion which agitates the soul of a poet. The look and the tone may come from a man so intoxicated that he can scarcely stand, but the public sees only the look, hears only the tone, and is irresistibly moved by these intelligible symbols.

Without question, Shakespeare as a critic, had mastered the principles of the art of acting. This is apparent from the brief but pregnant advice to the players in "Hamlet." He first insists on the necessity of a flexible elocution. He gives no rules for the management of voice and accent; but in his emphatic warning against the common error of "mouthing," and his request to have the speech spoken "trippingly, on the tongue," it is easy to perceive what he means. "Trippingly," to modern ears indicates easy naturalness as opposed to artificial mouthing. This advice is further enforced as to gesture: "Do not saw the air too much with your hands, thus, but use all gently."

After the management of the voice actors err most in the management of the body. They mouth their sentences and emphasize their gestures, in the effort to be effective, and in ignorance of the psychological conditions on which effects depend. In each case the effort to aggrandize the natural expression leads to exaggeration and want of truth. In attempting the Ideal they pass into the Artificial. The tones and gestures of ordinary unimpassioned moments would not, they feel, be appropriate to ideal characters and impassioned situations; and the difficulty of the art lies precisely in the selection of idealized expressions which shall, to the spectator, be symbols of real emotion. All but very great

actors are redundant in gesticulation; not simply overdoing the significant, but unable to repress insignificant movements. Shakespeare must have daily seen this, and therefore he bids the actor "Suit the action to the word . . . with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature; for anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end . . . is to hold, as it were, the mirror up to nature."

If actors would study fine models they may learn that gestures, to be effective, must be significant, and to be significant they must be rare. To stand still on the stage is one of the elementary difficulties of the art—and one which is rarely mastered.

Shakespeare, having indicated his views on declamation, proceeds to utter golden advice on expression. He specially warns the actor against both overvehemence and coldness. Remembering that the actor is an artist, he insists on the observance of that cardinal principle in all art, the subordination of impulse to law, the regulation of all effects with a view to beauty. "In the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance . . . that may give it smoothness. Oh! it offends me to the soul to hear a robustious perwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ear of the groundlings." What is this but a recognition of the mastery of art, by which the ruling and creating intellect makes use of passionate symbols, and subordinates them to a pleasurable end? If the actor were really in a passion his voice would be a scream, his gestures wild and disorderly; he would present a painful, not an æsthetic spectacle. He must therefore select from out the variety of passionate expressions only those that can be harmoniously subordinated to a general whole. He must be at once passionate and temperate; trembling with emotion, yet with a mind in vigilant supremacy, controlling expression, directing

every intonation, look, and gesture. The rarity of fine acting is due to the difficulty there is in being at one and the same moment so deeply moved that the emotion shall spontaneously express itself in symbols universally intelligible, and yet so calm as to be perfect master of effects, capable of modulating voice and moderating gesture when they tend to excess of ugliness.

"To preserve this medium between mouthing and meaning too little," says Colley Cibber, "to keep the attention more pleasingly awake by a tempered spirit than by mere vehemence of voice, is of all the master-strokes of an actor the most difficult to reach. Yet there are some critics who, when annoyed by rant, complain that the rantier it 'too fiery.'" Lessing says an actor cannot have too much fire, but he may easily have too little sense. Vehemence, without real emotion, is rant; vehemence, with real emotion but without art, is turbulence. To be loud and exaggerated is the easy resource of actors who have no faculty; to be vehement and agitated is to betray the inexperience of one who has not yet mastered the art. Here again Shakespeare advises: "Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor." The actor's discretion must tell him when he has hit upon the right tone and right expression, all of which must first be suggested by his own feeling. In endeavoring to express emotion, he should try various tones, various gestures, various accelerations and retardations of the rhythm; and during this tentative process his vigilant discretion should arrest those that are effective and eliminate the rest. It is because few actors are sufficiently reflective that good acting is so rare; and the tameness of the few who are reflective, but not passionate, brings discredit on reflection. Such study as some actors give is merely an imitation of others, rather than an introspection of their own means, and this is fatal to excellence.

ON THE WESTERN SHEEP RANGE

BY EDWIN L. SABIN



CONSTRICTED ranges, whereon cattle may not thrive; lack of winter forage fit for cattle—so closely cropped is the grass during the summer; and the fact that the profits from sheep are twice those from cattle, are potent reasons why, in spite of risk and opposition, Colorado, Montana, Wyoming, formerly strong cattle States, are fast going sheepward.

The Western sheepman's world is divided into the winter range, the spring or lambing range, and the summer range.

It is early spring. The foreman of the winter camp—selected with a view to protecting sheep from the snows—deems it time to be moving. Reports from the lambing range are to the effect that the snow has pretty well disappeared, and that the grass is coming on rapidly. Whether the season be advanced or late, the lambs wait for naught. So the winter camp is broken. Extra herders are engaged, for they will be needed when the lambs come. Out of desert and covert valley the sheep are trailed. Onward they are headed, over dusty roads, across icy, dashing streams, through valleys, into canyons and up mountain sides, ten, twenty, thirty miles. Then, the judgment of the foreman approving, a stop is made, at a shearing corral or pen, for the first harvest of the year.

Onward again. It is time that the range be reached, for some of the ewes already have dropped their lambs.

The miles drift behind; and at last, before them stretches the well-remembered expanse of slope and level (much more of the former), of sage-brush, rock, timber, and meadow. The bunch grass is well up. It is a region nicely exposed to sun, with plenty of springs for drinking and irrigating, and it is easy to ascend from it to the summer range, higher up. To the annually recurring disgust of the surrounding cattlemen, the wearied sheep pour into it.

The ensuing four weeks are the sheepman's most anxious period. If the lambing range has been reached too early, if the weather proves adverse, the ewes will not obtain the necessary nourishment, and the lambs, starving, chilled, will die by hundreds.

In a cabin, the quarters of the foreman and the camp tender—are stored the supplies; and here stop, for a meal or so, a night or so's lodging (neither ever refused), cowpuncher, rancher, anybody whosoever that passes. And anybody cooks, for, unlike a cow outfit, a sheep outfit has no appointed cook.

The lordly, cherished rams are turned into an inclosed pasture, there to remain, idle and pampered, until fall. The whole herd has been divided into bunches of, say, three hundred, and each band is assigned to a herder, or a herder and assistant, located out, from half a mile to six miles, on the range.

In Wyoming, Montana, Utah, upon comparatively level ranges the herders live in sheep wagons. But in Colorado the tent is generally used. Consequently

the herder's tent, bedding, stove, and other supplies are "packed" to his particular "bunch" by the camp tender. Here, perhaps amid the aspens, perhaps amid the sage, like as not with a splendid vista of mesa and mountain and canyon, he stays, cooks, sleeps, watches, alone with his dog or with another herder.

The foreman is kept occupied from early morn until dusk. The camps, in turn, require his attention; there are supplies to be apportioned, corrals to be built, herds to be changed, united, marked out, and, it may chance, fences to be stretched inclosing land hitherto open.

Before the herder's camp is the bedding ground—cropped bare, trampled to dun sand or "dobe," dust-soft. Here the sheep spend the nights, made content by the rock salt set about, and protected by the proximity of the herder, and by a circumscribing bevy of coyote flags.

When the first beams of the rising sun strike the mountain tops, the sheep and herder arouse. He must see that they start off in the right direction, for, unless diverted almost daily from plat to plat of the range, the fatuous sheep will persist on one chosen area until they starve.

For the first week or so, the herder is kept on the jump. Miles he trudges (a horse would encourage carelessness and alarm both ewes and lambs), watching, heading off, scolding, perspiring. Sheep will remember a former range, but upon a new range they are restless and discontented. Utah sheep brought into Colorado will drift westward, always westward, with the instinct of the homing pigeon. The herder must hold them.

Gradually he grows acquainted with his sheep. He knows them all—the docile and the mean, the led and the leaders, the parent to every lamb. And they come to know him, too, and to interpret the tones of his voice. When they contemplate doing wrong, they look

at him; and when he disapproves, he throws stones under their noses.

The newborn lamb—the "wet" lamb, as he is termed—may be yellowish white or yellowish black. A black lamb may be of a white mother; and, if he is not disposed of in the fall, he serves as one of the "markers" by which the herder keeps tab upon his flock. If any considerable number of his charges wanders off, it is apt to include a black or two. Accordingly, he counts by the blacks.

For the first week the newborn lamb has a precarious existence. If he sticks by his mother, and she by him, well and good. But in the early stages should the ewe become separated from her lamb, she may totally forget his scent. All lambs look alike to her, and she is confused by a myriad reedy *ba-a's*. Suspicious, on edge, she will accept no lamb at all. Her babe finds himself abandoned, and is technically styled a "bum."

The herder has no time to coax him with a bottle. Very rarely will any ewe give him suck. He may hang on, nibbling self-taught at herbage, sliding in ahead of the rightful lamb and securing a swallow before being detected, stealing by night a mouthful from an unwary, nodding ewe; possibly, by his adroitness and thievery, he saves himself. But in the vast majority of cases he starves; nobody wants him; he is ostracized and even the herder involuntarily shares the general contempt. Romance of desert and mesa declares that the "bum" returns to die on the spot where he was born. But, wherever the herder finds him, just breathing, he swings him aloft by the hind legs and mercifully breaks his neck.

Another slim chance, besides his thievery, has the "bum." A young lamb dies, and while the mother is still standing over, bleating, wondering, the herder drives her away. Deftly he strips the pelt from the dead lamb, and puts it, jacket-like, upon a "bum." Back comes the ewe—and, marvelous to her, here

is her darling, smelling as usual, restored. This subterfuge must be practiced within the first few days of a lamb's existence, ere the mother learns his voice.

A young ewe is apt to take with her only one of her twins, perhaps the last born, in her excitement quite blind to the other who, once neglected, can never be reinstated. The herder sees, or else anticipates. He neatly fastens together, by a short rope hobble, the twins, so that the mother shall grow accustomed to having both about her. When the hobbles are removed, the ewe refuses to give suck to either separately. Often one hungry youngster is seen frantically darting through the herd, calling for his brother or sister to come so that he may dine.

To the coyote the arrival of the sheep upon the lambing range brings great joy. When he hears the faint *ba-a-ing* of the flock, he uncurls, yawns, rises, stretches, and strolls to the mouth of his den, stands a moment to listen and to sniff the air. Then, head and tail low, he goes trotting down. The herd is meandering toward its bedding-ground. Velvet-footed, lithe-framed, of an indistinguishable dirty yellow, the coyote steals swiftly, not a bush or a trunk but affords him cover. He reconnoiters. The herder is beyond that little rise. Yellow eyes gleaming and jaws dripping with eagerness, the coyote glides in a short half circuit. Without a sound, he is among the sheep. Frantically *ba-a-ing*, they scatter and bolt for the main herd. He lets them go—

all but one, the fattest lamb; for a coyote is an unerring connoisseur. If uninterrupted, he will dine, lustfully opening the jugular vein; no surgeon could strike it truer.

Perhaps, from a distance, the herder has descried the scattering amid the aspens, and comes hastening up. Perhaps he discovers the carcass by accident. Mournfully he vows vengeance.

A bear will charge straight through a herd, striking right and left, trusting

to luck to make a killing; a cougar will slink from throat to throat, wanton in his red destructiveness; a lynx is almost as bad; but a cold, crafty coyote, who steadily takes his toll of a lamb, or two lambs, a day, is a drain unbearable. Permitted to go unrebuked and unscathed, he becomes what is known as an "old fiend," working alone sufficient unto himself. So the herder watches



"Nobody wants him."

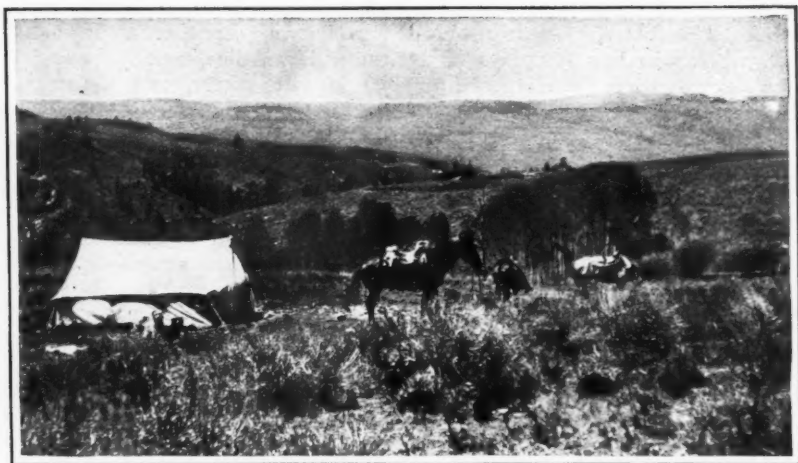
for the coyote; tries to poison him; tries to shoot him; always curses him.

"I told Pete to trail his bunch over toward the corral, and we'll mark 'em out about day after to-morrow," announces the foreman to the camp tender.

"Done lambin', is he?"

"Pretty much. Two or three come last night, but the lambs are gettin' big, an' we'd better not wait, I guess."

The corral is built of the slim stems of aspens and pines, secured by pairs of posts. It is divided into several pens, with a narrow passage, or chute, running between. Pete's bunch has been leisurely trailed over, and now, at five in



"Here he watches alone or with another berder."

the morning, has been driven into the corral. Ewes and lambs are crowded together into the large pen occupying the southeast corner. Here they are *ba-a-ing* tremendously. The entrance to the chute is in the smaller pen, adjoining this large one.

The gate is swung back. Into the large pen, among the sheep, vault two men, three men, with sticks or gunny sacks. They advance, run and swear and brandish; the sheep, old and young, run and *ba-a-a-a* and dodge; although the gateway is ample, the sheep seem not to see it. A detachment goes streaming in—the pen is full.

This penful is put through the chute, nose to tail. Two-thirds of the way along the animals encounter a gate, set in the middle so as to swing to this side or that. Under one man's manipulation,

and operated with address, the gate deflects the ewes and wethers to the right, into one pen, the lambs to the left, into another.

Penful after penful is run through the chute, and now all the lambs are together, by themselves.

The marker has sharpened his pocket-knife. He bares his hands and takes

a bite from his plug, places convenient his pail of paint and his branding stamp. Each bunch has its own brand and earmark.

A detachment of the lambs is corraled in the end of the pen. Two assistants pass them up, tail foremost, to the marker. A slash by

the marker, and the tail, dirt collecting and theoretically an incumbrance, is gone. A quick dab, and the right or the left ear of the boy lamb is cropped or notched, that he may be



"The newborn lamb."

distinguished from the girl lamb. The branding stamp descends upon his wrinkling back, and to earth he drops, to scamper off, kicking and bucking and *ba-a-ing* with resentment. The men lunge after the lambs, grab them, and, perspiring with the constant exertion, lift them up. From stump and ear spurt tiny streams of blood, sprinkling faces and clothing. On the ground lie scattered singularly inanimate little tails. With efficient help to pass up the lambs, a good man will mark out over 3,000 in an eight- or ten-hour day.

Ere families are united, the elders must be attended to. The chute is filled with these. Adown the line pass the men, scrutinizing each sheep for defects. All unfit sheep are "barred," *i. e.*, branded with a straight, short line upon the rump.

"Three," calls the brander.

"Let 'em go," the foreman nods.

The gate at the exit is swung back, and on rush the sheep, to emerge, with gladsome, plainly relieved kick-ups into the open. A year-old ewe or wether understands the chute perfectly.

Chuteful after chuteful is discharged.

"Four hundred and sixty," says the foreman, who has counted all.

The men are carefully gathering all those inanimate little tails, and checking them off in piles.

"How many?" asks somebody finally.

"Four fifty-two, I made it."

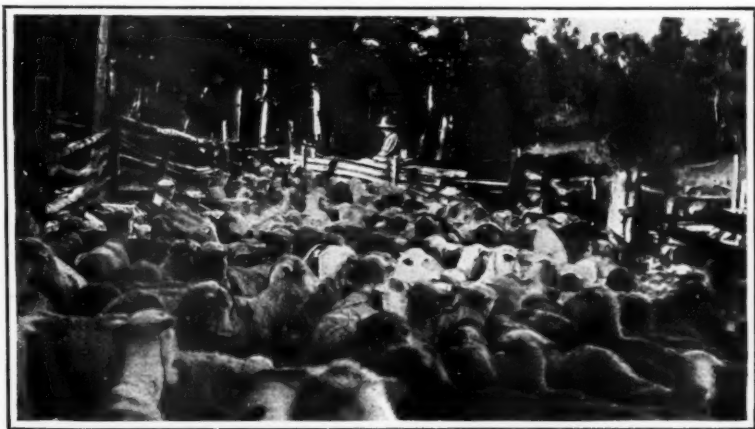
The foreman laboriously figures.

"Not quite ninety-four per cent," he informs. "That's pretty good, if the whole lot averages up to it."

'Tis the middle of June. All the lambs have arrived, and all the bunches have been successively marked out. One bunch has been joined with an-



"Coyote flags."



"This penful is put through the chute."

other, and some now superfluous herders (being also the less trustworthy) have been discharged. Grazing is poor.

The order goes forth. Herders' tents are struck, and one camp after another is cleaned up by the camp tender. The cabin is vacated. The pack train is standing ready and loaded. The herd has come upon the spring range

6,000 strong; now divided into four large bunches, on it starts again, 11,000.

The onward trail is leisurely. The herd is fat, and there is no use in getting it thin. The altitude of the spring range is 7,000, 8,000, 9,000 feet; but the summer range is far, far up. The word is, "Follow the snow line"; and steadily keeping in the belt of spring, just below retreating winter, where the herbage is young and fresh and tender, the herd ascends slope after slope, loiters on level after level.



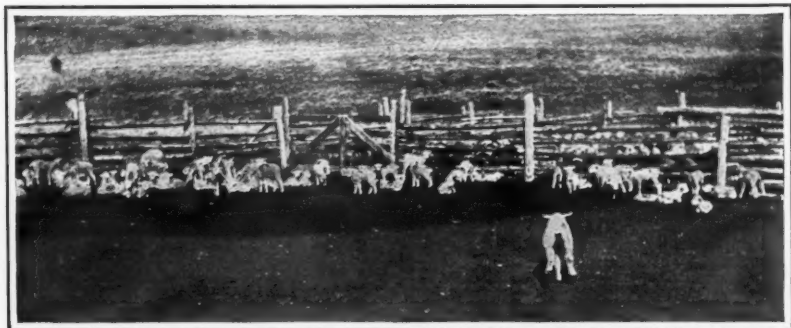
"Gathering all those inanimate little tails."

Thirteen thousand feet up, above timber line, has been located the outfit's summer range. Here permanent camp is established.

The work of the men is somewhat easier. The herders may use their dogs — assistance of which, on the lambing range, they might but charily avail themselves, the lambs being so young, the ewes so excitable.

Through September, perhaps well into October, the outfit clings to the summer range. But, on a sudden, from the everlasting snows above, winter descends and threatens. The downward trail is taken. The lambs and the unfit sheep are shipped to their market. *En route* the rams are picked up. The brands are faint, and the road brand is burned with a hot iron upon each shrinking nose.

Close pursued by snow, the diminished veteran herd enters winter camp.



"Kicking and bucking and ba-a-ing with resentment."

RECENT COLLEGE ARCHITECTURE

I. PRINCETON — PENNSYLVANIA

BY CHRISTIAN BRINTON



IN the rigorous and meager days when the half dozen leading colleges of the East were founded, little thought was given the finer considerations of architecture. Utility, not beauty, was the chief requisite, and successive buildings were not designed or grouped in accordance with a specific plan but were added from year to year as growth and development dictated. So tenuous was the existence of certain of these early colonial seats of learning that mere housing was in itself a sufficiently momentous problem. One main building usually formed the nucleus about which clustered in irregular and haphazard fashion all subsequent structures. At times this initial unit was simple and dignified in character, a fact that never prevented its companions from being diverse or chaotic. For a century and more anyone was permitted to inflict any conceivable aberration upon an unprotesting academic public. All styles, from the severity of the Classic to the swagger of the General Grant period, were employed singly or in combination. Gradually the foremost colleges, which at the outset had been barely more than schools, developed into universities, and with this expansion came changes in the tenor of scholastic life. Classes no longer bound men together as formerly; the various clubs and societies became the foci of student activity.

Due in part to this widening of interests both intellectual and social and in part to external causes, there has come within the past decade a measurable improvement in American college architecture. At Princeton, at Pennsylvania, at Harvard, and at Yale has been manifest a refreshing attempt to unify discordant elements, a desire to bring into a semblance of relation the past and the present. Institutions such as Columbia, the College of the City of New York, Washington University at St. Louis, and the University of California, which are either of recent date or have recently changed location, are confronted with comparatively simple conditions. A spacious and logical diagram and a seasonable display of taste should in these instances produce acceptable results. That such results are not always achieved is merely one of the despairs of the profession, one of the vicissitudes of endeavor. Matters are wholly different, however, with those older colleges of the Middle and New England States which can neither alter their sites nor demolish wholesale certain decrepit and unlovely landmarks. The problem that here presents itself is one of constant yet gradual addition and replacement. For several years to come the old and the new must sojourn side by side. There will inevitably be a dissonance, an often acute lack of harmony, but right intention can do much toward making the situation tolerable.

In the ensuing papers will be considered the more recent developments at Princeton, Pennsylvania, Harvard, and Yale. Without exception Mr. Bailey's drawings are confined to the newer buildings, and it is scarcely necessary to call attention to the conscientious accuracy of interpretation and persuasive charm of these sketches.

It is but fitting that Princeton should serve as an introduction, for it is at Princeton that the most appropriate and inspiring conception of American college architecture is to be found. Taste has changed perceptibly in Princeton since the opening of Nassau Hall, once considered the handsomest and most commodious academic structure in the colonies. Pride in the esthetic quality of the edifice seems, indeed, to have been rightfully overshadowed by the comforting realization that the students might dwell therein "always under the inspection of the college officers, more sequestered from the various temptations attending a promiscuous converse with the world, that theater of folly and dissipation." Almost from the first the College of New Jersey possessed an abundance of land, the original grounds consisting of the "two Hundred Acres of Woodland, and that ten Acres of clear'd Land" donated by the townsfolk of Princeton. Enabled thus to expand at will, the total area to-day includes upward of two hundred and twenty-five acres accommodating some thirty buildings generously spaced instead of being massed in quadrangles. No other college in the country possesses a similar combination of splendid trees and sweeping lawns or conveys so engagingly the impression of a secluded academic park. Through these spreading trees and across these close-cropped stretches rise the somewhat disconcerting outlines of Princeton architecture—the grandiose Richardsonian-Romanesque of Alexander Hall and the Ionic chastity of Clio and Wig Halls, the Victorian Gothic of Wither-

spoon, and the consoling homeliness of Reunion Hall, West College, and Old North.

The idea is appalling to contemplate, but Princeton might have gone on forever sprawling and multiplying had it not been for the genius and intuition of two exceptional men. They alone had the courage and foresight to introduce an entirely new note, a note both modern and mediæval, both personal and traditional. Princeton of to-day, the Princeton each timorous freshman sees as he alights from the train, and the Princeton at which each serene and sophisticated senior takes his farewell glance as he steps complacently upon the world, owes its existence to Walter Cope and John Stewardson. It is they who conceived Blair Hall, Stafford Little Hall, and the new Gymnasium, and it is they who through their efforts at Bryn Mawr, Haverford, Pennsylvania, and Princeton made possible the redemption of college architecture in America. Profiting by previous experience in Philadelphia and vicinity they undertook the task at Princeton in the fulness of creative power and the freshness of innate artistic impulse. Their scheme runs in an irregular though almost unbroken line along the western boundary of the campus, the tower of Blair Hall, pierced by its lofty archway and approached by an imposing flight of steps, being the logical portal of the university. For dignity and propriety, for an impelling fusion of Old World poetry and latter-day progress, and above all for a pervading suggestion of that which is permanently scholastic, it would be difficult to imagine anything more fitting than Blair Hall and Stafford Little Hall. The Gymnasium, while less expressive, is incontestably better than anything at Princeton by other hands. It is frankly in this spirit that present additions are being made, and it is safe to say that though Cope and Stewardson's contribution was not large, its influence will be immeasurable.



BLAIR HALL TOWER FROM THE RAILWAY, PRINCETON

What first prompted these architects to select and to adapt the English Gothic of Oxford and Cambridge to local needs and conditions is not definitely known, but possessing studious and resourceful minds as well as sharing a delicate emotional endowment, they evidently

wished to continue on this side of the Atlantic the imperishable traditions of Anglo-Saxon culture and civilization. They realized the affinity both racial and spiritual between the ivied Old World and the somewhat rigid New, and wisely sought to give that affinity typical

form. How well they succeeded can only be learned by visiting the four or five colleges and universities where their work remains its own eloquent witness. From the west front or from the east, from car window, jostling railway platform, or the gray walks and green spaces beyond the entrance archway, Blair Hall and Stafford Little Hall exercise an appeal altogether appropriate if not altogether new. It is sheer poetry this, sheer romance. It is a subdued, reminiscent poetry recalling the mediæval scholar and his shadowed cloister. The ivy is there, and the clock tower. All that is needed is a moping owl. There are excellent reasons for contending that ivy and a moping owl do not constitute architecture, but viewed strictly as architecture the work of Cope and Stewardson brilliantly fulfills requirements. It is consummate in scale, mass, and proportion. Above all it is organic and convincing. Though in essence it looks backward toward mellow days, it is not a lifeless formula but a vivid personal manifestation.

One turns to a consideration of the remaining buildings at Princeton with a certain deprecation. With but few exceptions they follow the English Collegiate or Tudor Gothic manner. Neither Mr. Potter's Library nor Messrs. Parish & Schroeder's Murray-Dodge Hall nor Mr. Morris's "Seventy-nine" Hall seems comparable to the work of the Philadelphia firm. The Library is an expensive, important mass of Longmeadow stone echoing with perhaps too much fealty its English predecessors. The location of the building is irreproachable, forming as it does the eastern side of the main quadrangle, which is bounded on the north by Nassau Hall, on the south by Clio and Wig Halls, and on the west by Reunion Hall and West College. Nevertheless, it is obvious that the Library is lacking in that inspirational touch without which architecture is powerless to uplift the impenetrable undergraduate or the curious visitor.

What has been gently insinuated regarding the Library is even more applicable to Murray-Dodge Hall and "Seventy-nine" Hall. In neither have the fundamental principles which govern their respective styles been sufficiently assimilated. Though by different firms, they evince a similar absence of feeling for surface and for detail. "Seventy-nine" Hall in particular displays the utmost want of texture in a combination of red brick and limestone that might easily have been made harmonious and inviting. Yet it is ungracious to be severe. Perhaps the benign caress of time will act as a benediction, softening all crudities and rebuking all asperity—even that of the pen.

Through the courtesy of Mr. H. C. Bunn, Curator of Grounds and Buildings, opportunity has been offered for a glimpse at the Princeton of the future. Several projects of moment are at present under way, among them being McCosh Hall and the Alumni Dormitory. McCosh Hall, plans for which by Mr. Gildersleeve have been formally accepted, will be used for lectures and recitations. Situated in the rear of Marquand Chapel and running parallel with McCosh Walk, the structure will form one side of a new quadrangle to be completed at some future date. Like McCosh Hall the extensive suite of buildings the Trustees propose erecting on the eastern and southern sides of the Field will be in the Tudor or Collegiate Gothic style, to which sound and fitting type the architecture of Princeton is gradually conforming. The first of this series, known as the Alumni Dormitory, has been designed by Mr. Morris, the author of "Seventy-nine" Hall. Although not strictly an architectural feature, the Lake, which it is hoped may be finished by next spring, should add interest to the general layout. It is not anticipated that the Lake will make Princeton an aquatic or amphibian community, but for landscape purposes its possibilities are undeniable.



Wm. H. Bailey
Princeton

THE LIBRARY, PRINCETON

There is little need to bewail or berate existing conditions at Princeton. After years of passivity the authorities are at last aware of the fact that college buildings must not only be acceptable in themselves but must bear specific rela-

tion to their surroundings. With two or three salutary examples at hand there appears little reason why subsequent attempts should run riot or wander afield. It is essential that Princeton architecture not only express Princeton



STAFFORD LITTLE HALL, PRINCETON

ideals, but that it should in some degree reflect a still broader and deeper continuity of scholastic endeavor. Some tangible link should connect that which is past with that which is to come. The senior who sings on the steps of Old North or gathers about the "Big Gun" should be made to feel when he wins a Rhodes Scholarship that he is merely perfecting, not exchanging, his intellectual and esthetic heritage.

Judging by an order of the Trustees

that "a small ladder be bought to be always at hand for the convenience of mending windows," and from the coincident fact that "chastisement" figured as a form of discipline, the early students at the non-sectarian University of Pennsylvania must have been somewhat more turbulent than were their Presbyterian brothers over in New Jersey. Like Princeton and Columbia, Pennsylvania first came into existence during the middle years of the eighteenth century, and, in common with the former, once

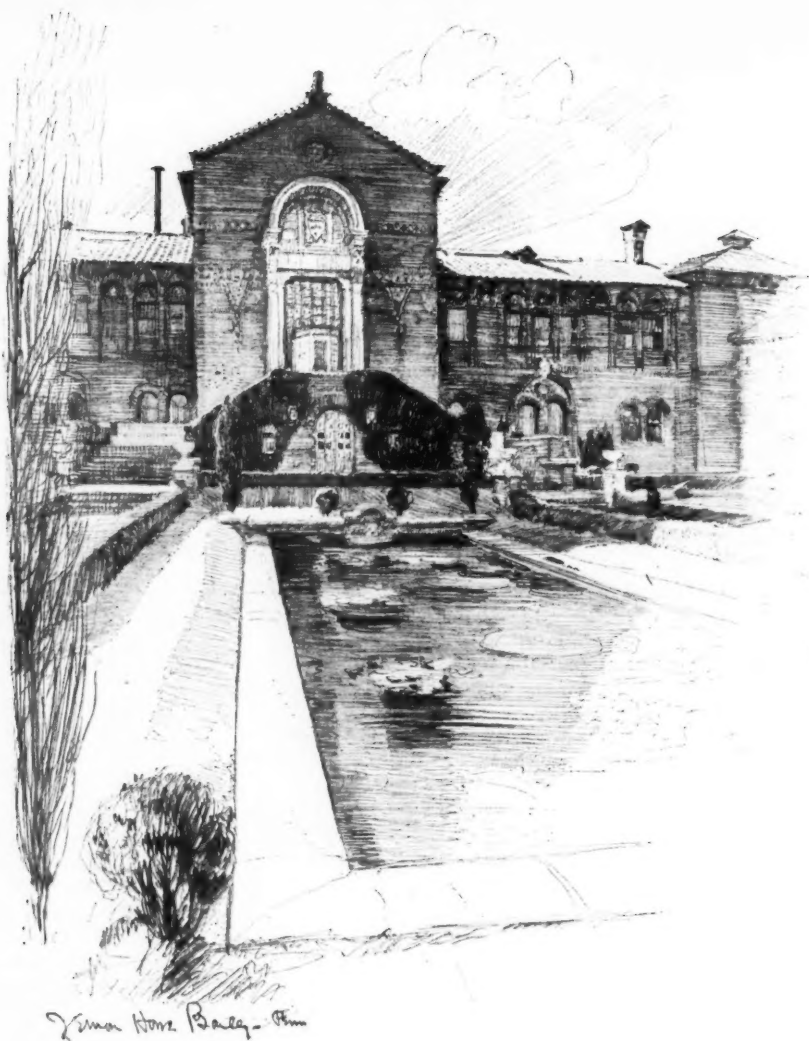


THE GYMNASIUM, PRINCETON

served as a meeting place for Congress during the unstable days of the Revolution. Founded by the expansive and omnipresent Franklin, the institution has twice been forced to change its location, and hence, architecturally considered, cannot show an uninterrupted development. Situated in the heart of a populous if not animated city, the University of Pennsylvania has never enjoyed that sylvan quietude so characteristic of Princeton. From the outset there were no "two Hundred Acres of Woodland" or "ten Acres of clear'd Land" at the disposal of the Board of Trustees.

Until after the Revolution the University occupied quaint but incommensurable quarters at Fourth and Arch Streets. In 1802 the authorities secured what was then deemed a majestic edifice on Ninth Street, between Market and Chestnut. It was a building that had been reared by the State to serve as a Presi-

dential Mansion when it was assumed that Philadelphia would continue the National Capitol, and here the university remained until the house was razed to make room for two separate structures. Although beset by the encroaching activity of business life, the final move to West Philadelphia was not effected until 1872, when the original group, comprising College Hall, Medical Hall, the Medical Library, and University Hospital, were successively completed. During the following twenty-five years other buildings were dotted at random over a tract numbering some fifty acres. The first recruits, which were of serpentine, might be characterized as Victorian Gothic; the balance were whatever chance saw fit to ordain. There was no sequence, no coördination. Matters were much the same as at Princeton and elsewhere save for the fact that the crime at Pennsylvania

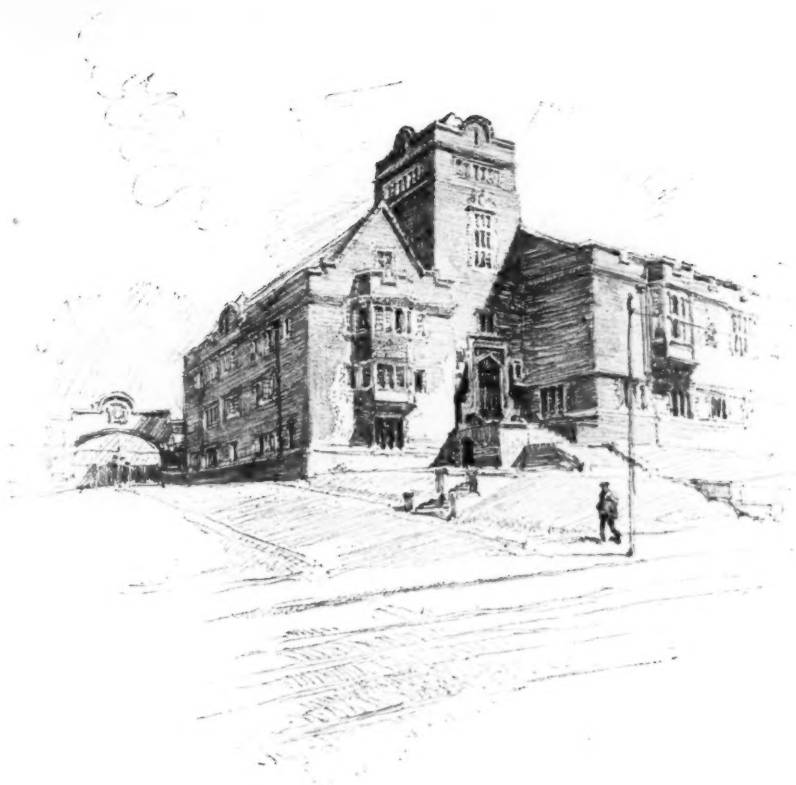


MUSEUM OF ARCHAEOLOGY AND COURT, PENNSYLVANIA

was of later date and hence less excusable.

The regeneration of architecture at Pennsylvania had its auspicious beginning in Houston Hall, erected under the supervision of William Charles Hayes. Following Houston Hall came the Dor-

mitories, the Memorial Tower, the Law Library, and other buildings designed by Cope and Stewardson, and the altogether daring Archæological Museum, a creation of no less than four brilliant spirits. The new Gymnasium, recently completed after plans by Frank Miles



THE GYMNASIUM, PENNSYLVANIA

Day & Brother, is the latest and in many respects the most satisfactory addition to this exceptional array. Occupying slightly rising ground half a mile west of the Schuylkill River, the grounds are bounded by Thirty-second Street and the Pennsylvania Railroad on the east, by the railroad and Pine Street on the south, by Cleveland Avenue on the west, and by Woodland Avenue on the north. The Dormitories, which face Woodland Avenue, and which, together with the Memorial Tower, form the natural entrance to the grounds from the north, are in a different and more ornate vein than Cope and Stewardson's work at Princeton. The period laid under contribution for

this notable "Triangle," for such is the form the plan assumes, is the Jacobean, the effect attained being one of undisguised picturesqueness of detail and richness of coloration. The wide mulioned windows, the rows of grotesques along the cornices, and the low entry doors, each with its ornamental lamp, generously enhance the pictorial feeling of the exterior. There are certain sanguinary realists who claim that a memorial tower purposing to commemorate Pennsylvania men who fell in the war with Spain should contain some further reference to the fact beyond the simple tablets at the entrance archway. The contention is immature. Does anyone seriously regret that Aguinaldo and his

staff do not supplant the goblins and gargoyles that enliven the façade? Less restrained, less pure in choice of precedent, and possibly more insistent in appeal than Stafford Little Hall, the Pennsylvania Dormitories are equally potent in academic association. You cannot readily forsake this inner court, walled about on three sides, or the cloisters running from the base of the Tower along the eastern wing. And best of all, perhaps, you will not fail to linger even longer in the "Little Quad," with its ivy, sundial, and bright patch of greensward.

As the simultaneous product of Messrs. Cope and Stewardson, Wilson Eyre, and Frank Miles Day, the Pennsylvania Museum of Archæology is a constructive curiosity. In addition to this, it is one of the most baffling and beautiful buildings in the country. The Museum of Archæology is episodic; it is the sort of thing an architect undertakes through unmitigated delight in his craft. Though devoid of relation either to time or clime, it is yet perfectly adapted to its special purpose. Vaguely suggesting the wondrous brickwork of Northern Italy during the fourteenth century, recalling dimly Genoa, Turin, Padua, and even Siena, its parentage still remains elusive and undefined. The outline at present comprises a central motive and two wings, but will later be enlarged to five times its actual dimensions. It is impossible to translate the exotic magic of this building, the varicolored richness of its floriated frieze, or the formal precision of the fountain and landscape effects. It is a triumphant vindication of concerted method. Into its composition have been fused the romantic evocation of Cope and Stewardson, the luxuriant individuality of Mr. Eyre, and the discerning taste and inflexible logic of Mr. Day.

There is wholesome satisfaction in the fact that the latest project to reach completion at Pennsylvania is perhaps the most successful. With the new Gym-

nasium, placed diagonally opposite the Museum of Archæology, Messrs. Frank Miles Day & Brother have achieved what enthusiasts should be permitted to call a masterpiece of construction. Built almost exclusively of red brick and warm-tinted terra cotta and reflecting the reposeful sobriety of St. John's College, Oxford, the Pennsylvania Gymnasium is both impetuous and practical. Arrangements have been made so as to accommodate all the outdoor and indoor sports of the University, and counting the athletic field, which is surrounded by a substantial wall, the architectural scheme covers seven acres. The Gymnasium proper, the field, and permanent grand stand form a continuous pattern, the latter offering better facilities for open-air events than either the Stadium at Harvard or the Greek Theater at Berkeley. There is something stolid yet eloquent in the aspect of this building and in the generous disposal of its masses. From the broad steps of the double approach to the top of the square set towers it seems to bespeak courage, fortitude, and fair play.

Of future architecture at Pennsylvania there remains considerable to say. Cope, with his zealous, hopeful enthusiasm, wished to replace the older legacy with some more fitting, a task he left to be carried slowly forward by other hands. Yet it may be some time before College Hall succumbs, and meanwhile the dormitory system will have been augmented by a row of houses that is to border Hamilton Walk and form the south side of the "Big Quad." Lying to the east of the "Triangle" and on ground perceptibly lower, the "Big Quad" will be rectangular in shape, two flights of steps leading from the lower level through arcades to the "Triangle." When finished, these alterations will double the present capacity of the Dormitories, besides contributing to the extent and symmetry of the diagram. Despite the merit of various specific



A CORNER OF THE "BIG QUAD," PENNSYLVANIA



View from Rocky Hill

MEMORIAL TOWER AND "TRIANGLE" DORMITORIES, PENNSYLVANIA

achievements, it is by no means certain that the agitated sophomore who dashes under the archway of Memorial Tower and swings aboard a downtown car retains any precise conception of Pennsylvania architecture in its entirety. What the scheme lacks thus far is unity of impression. Stimulating as they are in other respects, the Dormitories, the Museum, and the Gymnasium do not

come to a focus. This may and possibly will be corrected later on. Meantime it is impossible not to see in these several units the vitality and vigor of impulse that make for enduring architecture. And after all, architecture, and especially college architecture, must not be a mere array of abstractions but a definite personal expression, a visible record of individual aspiration.

IN CURE OF HER SOUL

BY FREDERIC JESUP STIMSON

"Plays made from helie tales I hold unmeet;
Let some great story of a man be sung."
—*Chatterton.*

BOOK I

Saga:
"Oh, it was Harold Trygvasen,
Sailing o'er the grey seas young."

I



T was a little nook of meadow, sloping to a point where the forest edges met. Behind, the hill rose, rocky, covered close with old dwarfed trees. The sun lay hot in the little triangle of lawn, but from the narrowcombe below came a strong draught of cool salt air. There the Sea lay, masked.

Altogether one of the sweetest of those sweet places on the Beverly shore where the sea and forest touch: appreciated as such by the good taste of Mrs. Arthur Shirley and thought worthy, without alteration, of forming a nook within her lawn.

Had you asked young Austin Pinckney, four-and-twenty as he lay there, whether the drama of his life lay yet behind him, I think he would have been honest enough to tell you No. Most young men, however young, fancy they have had experiences; as they fancy always they are in love: they want to be, and it is quite enough if they like one girl better than another. But Pinckney

was no fool; and, born in Germany, he had lived in Paris, had been through colleges in America and England, and now came to the land of his fathers "for good." For the one thing his somewhat purposeless father had determined (he had lived his life as Consul at Carlsruhe) was that his son Charles should make a career at home.

Pinckney, then, had had no experiences—no more than the brook beside which he lay; which was born but a few rods behind him, by some hoary gray rocks in the wood, in a cradle of pines, gurgled merrily out into its first sunlight, sunny and clear; it showed its depths to the sky; then with hardly a fall, it sprang through the littlecombe and, still all ignorant whether it was to become a Mississippi or a Merrimac, it met the ocean—and all was over. So soon born, so soon to enter the sea.

Pinckney's plans had been to enter public life. It is more difficult in America than in England, and for that purpose, not with much view to practice, he meant to study the law. In America a man must take some mask of serving himself if he would serve his country.

For the furtherance of these two ambitions, he intended to maintain a small office in some upper floor on Pine Street, and had already become an active member of the New York Civil Service Reform Club. Furthermore, he had writ-

ten an essay upon the Australian ballot and become a member of the Charity Organization Society. He was now considering whether he should go to the Cambridge Law School or first pass a year with the New York firm whose leading partner was their family trustee.

If he had any other musings, plannings, or dreamings—they were probably plannings: one only dreams of the unattainable—the day and place discouraged all but dreams. And even if our hero had the wish so strongly as to be the subject of a dream, the very real Miss Dorothy Somers that was its object was so tangible and near a possibility (she only lived so far away as Philadelphia) as hardly to disturb his waking hours. Her he had met abroad: with her he had come through that American form of trying-it-on flirtation which (however unelevated) serves a practical nation a practical purpose. It is as much as to say, Would we like it were we wed? And—wisely perhaps—our matrons allow their young to spend half the day and night together, to see if they are bored in that. She was very beautiful, only eighteen; certainly he had been “taken with her.”

But that she filled no great space, in his mind at least, for the moment, would appear from the start with which he heard her name mentioned. For his musings, plannings, dreamings were disturbed just here by old Tom Brandon, called by all the world the Major, who sauntered agreeably up to tell him, first, that the dressing-bell had sounded, and second (but of less personal importance) that young Gansevoort was “caught” at last.

“And by the Somers, of all people in the world,” said he, “Miss Dorothy Somers; they say she is a beauty.”

And this it was that made our hero start; could the Major have been aware? But furthermore he said nothing; and the two went in to dinner.

It must not be thought Tom Brandon

was a gossip. Men really do not gossip so much as women; and Tom Brandon only liked to hear the news: he did not fabricate it, nor anticipate it; and when he had fairly heard it, he dismissed it from his mind with, at most, a remark or two. No, he was not a gossip; but he took a kindly interest in the affairs of men. He belonged to that large fellowship who must get their interest in life from the lives of others, not their own. They are not to be confounded with an analogous company that live on others' money, houses, and yachts, and give return of gossip and fine raiment; he was rich enough; to the race of our Tom belonged the nobler renunciators and the kindly companions. Perhaps he had had a dream in his youth; a dream with no awakening. And Tom had taken a fancy to our hero; forgive him, then, his little experiment.

“Gansevoort? Petrus Gansevoort? Why, he's half-witted,” was all our hero said, as they approached the veranda from the lawn.

“Oh, no—only reserved—kept apart from an avid world,” said Tom. But Pinckney had pulled himself together and expressed himself no more. From which Mr. Brandon was too old a bird to draw conclusions.

II

MRS. ARTHUR SHIRLEY was Charles Pinckney's first cousin. Her mother's sister had been Mary Austin, who married her cousin Austin Pinckney, and died many years before. As they walked up her lawn there was a glimmer of bright dresses on the veranda, no unpleasant thing to see even when a man is hungry; and a glimmer of white arms and shoulders (for dinner was at eight, to do no injustice to her sunset), no unpleasant thing to see even when a man is cold. And there was already an evening chill in the air.

There was a murmur of excited voices

as our men came up. It was soon evident that they, too, were discussing the great engagement; that gossamer "maiden's yes" that determined the future of so many millions. Our dear old Doctor Holmes has told us of that yes of another Dorothy, and that it determined future men; yet probably the newspapers of that time did not chronicle it. But tomorrow you would find in most newspapers of the land a space awarded to this affirmative of Dorothy's rather more than was given to the great labor troubles—only less perhaps than they accorded to a murder with an ax, followed by dissection, authorship unknown. There would be a picture of the murdered woman's body; perhaps also there would now be one of Miss Somers; her person would at all events be described minutely, as well as the contents of Gansevoort's purse.

The girls did not stop talking upon Pinckney's approach, and he felt glad of the chance that he had had previous notice of their news; not dreaming that old Tom Brandon had wandered in the shrubberies for half an hour to find him. But it was evident that some of them, at least, did not take the newspaper view of the situation. If some of the younger were dazzled by its prominence, American women fortunately are too fine for any solution of life problems but the truth. A woman of thirty, just married (and American girls at thirty are at their best), spoke openly. "I have had a letter from a friend in Philadelphia," she said. "She tells me that her mother has brought the whole thing about. She was a Riddle, you know."

Pinckney excused himself on the plea that he must dress for dinner. A leather bag for the house letters hung always at the Shirleys' front door; his eye caught it as he passed, and going to his room, he seized a sheet of newspaper and began to write. He had but half an hour to dress, and twenty minutes were spent in the writing of this note:

"DEAR MISS SOMERS:

"Is it true what I heard to-day? Are you engaged?

Yours,
"____"

Fifteen minutes of the time was spent in determining the signature. He wrote "Yours ever," "Yours sincerely," "Yours faithfully," and finally settled on just "Yours." He addressed the note and sealed it carefully. Then he dressed hurriedly, still thinking; so carelessly that his tie became an object of contemptuous notice to Sammy Bowles, downstairs. As Pinckney came down and crossed the slippery hall, he saw that all the company had gone in to dinner. He stopped a moment by the leather post-bag, the note in his hand. Then he tore it up, threw the fragments carefully in the fireplace, and went in.

It has been said that you have three chances of happiness at a dinner (wherein it is three times a better thing than life)—the woman to the left of you, the woman to the right of you, and the cook. Older men, they say, have a fourth in the bottle. But youth is indifferent to its chances, exacts its choice of fate, and has a digestion too perfect to be discriminating. To Pinckney's left was a clever-hearted woman, to his right a sweet-minded girl; the Major would have looked at the one and talked to the other; Pinckney looked and talked haphazard and ate no dinner. His mind was busy assuring his heart that it had no personal interest in the future of Miss Dorothy Somers. Then suddenly he heard her name and felt the blood mounting to his beardless cheek. Boys are very like girls; despite any difference of moral code or conduct, prudence is shared by both sexes alike; most men will blush longer than a woman will. As if one should be ashamed of caring, however lightly, for another one!

"Why does she do it?" his married neighbor had said; and it became evident that Gansevoort was regarded as

quite impossible. The Major asked how old she was.

"Not twenty," said Mrs. Shirley. "I remember when Dolly Riddle married Mr. Somers at Newport in the sixties; nobody knew much about him; he was thought rich. But the daughter cannot be twenty."

"Too young," said the Major, "to have had the usual explanation—" The Major seldom forced his efforts, but this time he paused for the expected question. Every woman at the table asked it except the young girl on Pinckney's right, who opened expectant eyes.

"Another man," said Brandon, sententiously. His glance fell upon Pinckney as he spoke. But Pinckney knew it was not he. He knew well enough what the Major meant, and his consciousness got a lonely moment while the others were asking the oracle to be explicit.

Suddenly his pulses bounded again. Could it be—but no; he was not vain enough for that. Yet he had never asked her to marry him.

"If there wasn't a man in the past to make her do it, there ought to be a man in the present to prevent her," went on Brandon. "Where are all you young chaps? Is your blood all cooled by money-making? Ah, there was a use for the gentleman of leisure."

"Why don't you try it yourself, Major Brandon?" It was the clever lady on Pinckney's left who spoke.

"Ah, madam, I am too old for love-making—"

"I shouldn't think so," said the lady gallantly.

The Major pressed his hand to his heart. "But perhaps with me there was a long time ago. I remain true to an early dream," closed Brandon with mocking solemnity. For he had a cynic's disbelief in the world's understanding.

"You?" cried Mrs. Shirley. "Girls, he was the greatest flirt I ever knew."

"My flirtations were but a mask to

hide my constancy." There was a general laugh, and the conversation drifted from the danger point.

But after dinner, on the piazza above the sea-broken crags, Pinckney found the Major beside him, and they smoked together. Pinckney hoped the older man would talk of Miss Somers again; but the Major persistently didn't. On the contrary, he maintained entire silence; but the Major's silence could be suggestive. So pretty soon our hero found himself asking the Major if he knew Miss Somers.

"No," said the Major, "do you?"

"A little—is Pete Gansevoort as bad as he is represented?"

"He is very bad, very coarse, very stupid, very rich——"

"It seems a pity she can't be saved from it."

"Is she worth saving?"

Pinckney's voice shook, ever so little. "I think so," said he. "I don't know her very well."

"Then I advise you not to trouble yourself about her."

"But—suppose one were her friend—apparently she has none near her—would it not be rather terrible not to trouble oneself? Her soul is too fine for his."

"Young man," said the Major sententiously, "one lesson I learned in early life: never to trouble oneself about young women's souls."

III

PINCKNEY had only been landed a very few days from a summer spent in Baden, the country of his birth. He had come to New York; and there had only stopped to report at the prominent firm already alluded to and to engage himself rooms in a fashionable bachelors' flat on Fifth Avenue. All this his patrimony permitted. His father was deceased, and his three sisters had married three German barons. Then he had come right on to the North Shore. It was in the

most practical state of mind that he had returned from London; he was about to enter into American civilization in good earnest and begin by mastering the as yet undecided intricacies of the New York code of practice. He also meant to read some law. Eclecticism is the vice of America's youth.

But, besides this, Pinckney had been brought up abroad by a father who was expatriated, side-tracked. Possibly to such the home looks fairer; at all events, the son was full of enthusiasm about America. He hoped to adorn it, with his life; but furthermore to live his life, as a citizen. His lot to work among the poor in college settlements, among the poor in spirit, in courageous action, among the poor in ideals, in the higher civic duty. Among his side motives, it is quite possible the poor boy counted the regeneration of the city government of New York, for that was to be the town of his adoption; it was the biggest place, the most typical. Yet the guidance of his country's women, still less of any one countrywoman, had never yet assailed his mind. In the American girl, as Pinckney believed, there was no flaw. She was no part of his problem. But the streamlet flows where the land falls.

Coming out before breakfast, next morning, he met one of the most charming of them; she was climbing on the cliffs that fringed the lawn, holding on to the overhanging birch trees, and the sea made a raucous noise at her feet. When they came back to breakfast, he asked his cousin if it was *de rigueur* for them to go to church. But the Shirleys were good old Boston Unitarians, and his cousin seemed rather puzzled at the question. A Boston Unitarian rarely knows, before his funeral, what church he does attend. "The church is at Beverly," she said. "You may go if you like; I think there will be room. The break will start at ten."

The break started without Austin, or his companion, who was his young din-

ner neighbor of the night before. They walked along the cliffs to the beach, and then along the beach to Manchester, where Pinckney managed to hire a dory to row home. Fortunately, the day was still, and the young lady was in russet shoes and short skirt. Pinckney liked the young lady very much; but he did not ask her how much she liked him. Mrs. Shirley seemed rather pleased at their being late to luncheon, and suggested they should go to drive in the buckboard for the afternoon. Pinckney was already too much of an American to be misled by the national temper of kindly approval of the companionship of young people; but it is a dangerous thing to talk long to one young girl when thinking of one other. The boy found himself in a gentle mood that evening. He half regretted not sending that letter. After dinner he had little mind for the men's talk, but a certain inbred sense of conduct bade him avoid the young girl. So pretty soon he joined his cousin and her married friend on the dark piazza, where the sea was making reminiscent noises.

"I assure you that it is all the mother's doing," the friend was saying. "She writes me that she is constantly with her, but the poor girl is crying night and day."

Our hero promptly sheered off, crossing the lawn; under the shadow of some cedars he lit a cigar; and then went down the cliffs and wandered on the strip of shingle, as he thought, to think. But the sea, or anything eternal, is a most dangerous companion at such times; entering into our emotions with a relation quite temporary and personal. Only persons without imagination call the ocean or the night sky of stars or the void prairies unsympathetic at such moments. To us others it seems to say: We are indeed eternal, but our courses are fixed; you may really will something. We have no passions; but you can act. We feel with you; and you are right in feeling as you do. Generally, this con-

verse with inanimate nature impels to animate action.

And then, the young man didn't sleep; or not for some hours. Visioned in the darkness was the image of a lovely girl, crying in her room, alone.

There is something reassuring in the voice of birds, even after the most unquiet night; and the moment they began to sing, outside amid the fruit trees, Pinckney fell asleep. He woke with a start, at breakfast time; and hurrying downstairs, he had another start as he went through the hall. For there on the table, amid all the less momentous letters, lay one whose postmark the young man divined before he snatched it up to look at it; it was Philadelphia, in a hand he knew; and he blushed as he thrust it hastily into his pocket. Fortunately, it was his left hand, so that his right was free to shake his cousin's; his other hand still grasped the letter tightly as if it were needful to hold it down.

There was no chance to look at it before he sat down to breakfast, and he wondered how she could have learned his address. "No sugar, please," he said to Mrs. Shirley for the second time. After all, it was probably a mere note, announcing her engagement, written to him with fifty other friends. At last, the meal was over; he ran up to his bedroom and broke the seal—it was addressed to him at Mrs. Shirley's:

PHILADELPHIA, *June 13, 1884.*

"DEAR MR. PINCKNEY:

"Have you heard of my engagement to Mr. Gansevoort? I know you have returned, and though you have not come to congratulate me, I am still

"Yours, DOROTHY SOMERS."

There was the faintest possible dash before the word "congratulate"; otherwise the note was a natural enough note, he argued, if written to an old friend. It was odd she had used the form of signature adopted for the note he had

torn up, and the "still" might mean anything. Nonsense, it referred to the "though" before it.

As he folded it and replaced it carefully in his pocket, he noticed that his heart was beating violently.

IV

"A MAN need love a woman very little before he begins to think that he alone can make her happy," said the Major impressively. It was the middle of the same morning; Youth and Age were lying on the grass together; and Youth, in form supposititious, had been laying before Age something of his own case. "She'll do very well."

"I don't think I alone can make her happy," said Youth. "I have no intention of trying. But I can't avoid going to see her."

Age paused, before replying, to listen to the long smooth slide of the pebbles in the chasm below.

"You live in New York, she in Philadelphia; there is an excuse in ninety miles. She can hardly telephone you—that distance——"

"Her note requires some answer——"

"It needn't be personal."

"Look at it," cried Youth impulsively, thrusting the document in the hand of Age. The Major fingered it as if it were a bomb.

"Please read it," said Pinckney.

The Major unfolded the note slowly, held it between his thumb and finger, and carefully adjusted his eyeglasses. He paused some moments over the signature. "Dorothy Somers—pretty name," said he. "The note is a masterpiece of concise English. Did you know her as well as this before she became engaged to young Gansevoort?"

"As well as what? She wrote fifty such notes, I suppose——"

"Then why does it require a personal answer?"

Pinckney colored. "Well, no, I didn't."

"Hm," said the Major, and looked out to sea where an ocean tug was towing a train of coal barges. "Why can't they hitch on to one man without towing another in their wake? It doesn't appear," he concluded, handing the letter back to Pinckney, "whether she wants your congratulations or your condolences."

"Condolences, very likely," said Pinckney with a laugh.

The Major's face darkened. "You must remember, there's but one way to console a woman for her emotional misfortunes— You have decided to go to-night?"

"I've got to go to New York to-night, anyhow——"

"And to Philadelphia to-morrow."

"I'll think it over."

"My goodness, don't do anything of the sort," cried the Major in alarm. "Don't think anything at all about it. And don't go to Philadelphia. Go to Plunder's and send her twenty dollars' worth of flowers, with a pretty letter. Regard no expense at critical moments. And in a letter you can say what you like."

The Major waited, and both were silent, looking over a radiant, almost luminous sea: not a shadow but of bright color lay in the day, and the whitecaps dazzled where the ultramarine broke. Over such a sea sailed Tristan, bound from Ireland, or Helen, bound for Troy. The Major seemed to hope that his young friend would reply, but Pinckney was silent.

"In a letter you may say what you like," the Major repeated, and then, "She won't show it to her husband," he added. The addition was a mistake. Pinckney started up.

"Take another cigar," said the Major. "To try Man, the Lord created Woman—but then, relenting, gave him tobacco and rum that he might bear her ways." But the young man shook his head and ran into the house.

V

At dinner the Major ascribed Pinckney's departure to a sudden political engagement in New York. "This nomination of Crane means much to a young man with a fresh eye. He has proclaimed himself a Democrat and gone on to work for Mr. Sidney. It makes little difference in the end. Every party in power develops its own rump." Thus pleasantly did old Brandon divert the minds of his hearers and screen his young hero from the ridicule which in America attaches to the man whose actions are ever swayed by his emotions.

But the cries of the longshoremen on a New York pier woke Pinckney the following morning. He drove to his simple little club for breakfast and a change of raiment, called at a florist's, and took the noon train for Philadelphia.

That city was wrapped in slumberous heat. Our hero walked, desirous of arriving quietly. A cab rolls to the door, creates a certain excitement! The neighbors look out, the servant is impressed; you leave a card, and that is definitive. But arriving quietly on foot, if the lady be out, it is easy to say you will come again in an hour or so. Perhaps, then, the lady will be in. Or, if she be not (and the butler knows his business), you may as well stay away for good; in either case, your mind is relieved.

And Pinckney was determined to relieve his mind. He had no idea of not seeing Miss Somers. He knew she was at home in her own house—probably preparing the wedding trousseau. If that were to be a sacrifice, it should at least be a voluntary one, made of her own free will. (Heaven knows what picture he had in his mind of a fair girl weeping in an upper chamber while the piles of cartons, of laces, and *chiffons*, accumulated at the front door.) However, it was an unconscious picture; Pinckney thought he was looking at the quaint little red-brick houses, wooden-

shuttered, marble-rimmed, with the toy white marble stoops; these houses were all hermetically sealed; the tinkle of the horse-car on its single track sounded lonely on the narrow street. He felt glad that all the world was away. Though, on the surface, it was to be a call of congratulation, Pinckney was subtly not completely unconscious that it conveyed, alternatively, the invitation to lead the higher life. Consciously, he was quite sure—almost as sure as he had been with the Major—that it proffered no such romantic alternative. But not to have come would have been delinquent, if there were any—if on the chance—Pinckney took his thoughts by the neck and shoulders and placed them back on the track. To send merely flowers had been a cold acceptance of a situation which, after all, given such acquiescence, might some time, in some future spiritual state, be in part his fault.

The sound of the doorbell startled him. As it reverberated through an empty house, it seemed to advertise his coming throughout all the street. The house was more pretentious than its neighbors and presented edgewise a higher, narrow front of brown stone; behind the twenty-foot *façade* it was tunnel-shaped and ran back indefinitely. This Pinckney well knew, and after a proper delay he heard the butler's steps echoing along the wooden-paved hall. "Not at home." Of course not. "Give her this card—perhaps I can call again in an hour." To send up his card, then, was practically to insist; he did not wish to force his visit; the delay gave her at least the option. So his thoughts repeated themselves; and he went and sat, like any other loafer, in the little park near by. This was empty, even of nursemaids and children; in their stead were strange visitants, barbarians, to whose incursions it lay open in the summer months. He sat down and waited.

The hour passed by slowly. In front of him was a club, with awnings at the

open windows. It seemed empty; but Pinckney had no desire to be seen by any possible acquaintance, and he changed his seat. The hour lagged interminably; he counted the people in the square; then he counted the negroes among them. He tried to collect his thoughts; he had none. He only felt that he should keep this episode in his life unknown, and as a gentleman passed by with clothes of a familiar cut, he decided that this place was too public. Four blocks south, one east, and then returning, should make a mile; in that heat it might dispose of twenty minutes. But when this evolution was performed the chimes struck only the half-hour. Yet he felt a sort of duty in keeping the date exact; his half of the tryst should be performed punctiliously. He was building a clear conscience for his after life.

When at last he stood before the door the house seemed as lonely as he had left it. The thought then first crossed his mind that a denial would hardly be noncommittal. Would it not perhaps imply a reason that they should not meet? Again he heard the butler's ringing step—what a singular messenger of fate! "Miss Somers will receive you, sir," he said; Pinckney fancied, with a shade more intention than an ordinary call required. He hated to feel himself blush before the butler; and he entered the dark drawing-room too conscious that his emotions lay but throat-deep.

But Pinckney, at his first glance, blushed again for his fatuity. Dorothy (he had called her Dorothy) might already have been Mrs. Petrus Gansevoort for the aplomb with which she received him. And suddenly he felt himself at a loss to justify his call.

"I—I only landed from Europe last week," he began. (*Banal*—and she knew it already.) "I—I have come to congratulate you upon your engagement."

"Yes—I am so much obliged to you for the flowers you sent. We are to be

married next month. Mr. Gansevoort desires it and mamma—does not believe in long engagements."

She indicated, with a turn of her hand, the flowers on a table beside her. He saw then that there were many others. His modesty now ran to the other extreme and pictured him but one of an indistinguished multitude. Why should he call more than the rest? Perhaps they had called, and she was used to it.

"Is your mother well?" He felt himself a boy again, for saying it.

"Oh, mamma is quite well." A slight note of impatience arrested his attention, and, for the first time, he looked at her. And then, perhaps, the man in him was conscious of a thrill. For no man can so look on a woman without it. She had but the usual ivory pallor of her unusual beauty. True, there were dark rings under the strange eyes—there often were, when she looked her best—those strange eyes that seemed to drink in all the light and give out none. Yet, for the first time, it struck him how young she was; there was a something shrinking about the girlish frame she carried so well; as he looked she met his eyes for half an instant, then sank upon a sofa.

"I'm so sorry you cannot meet—Mr. Gansevoort. His business called him West for a few days."

"I am sorry," said Pinckney grimly. There was something about this perfect acceptance of the situation to make him a trifle angry. He changed his cane from his right hand to his left. After all, he was ready to go.

"But please sit down," said Miss Somers.

After all—he could hardly go yet. She seemed taller sitting; her fine white gown fell in maturer folds, above which the deep bronze of her hair was lost in the shadows of the room. Then he looked at her, steadily. After all, he was not in love with her—definitely. Yet he wondered if she remembered? It was not for him to remind her.

"Did you have a pleasant summer?"

"Very," said Pinckney dryly. "I think I must be going—my train leaves at five. I only ran down to—" He left the sentence unfinished, surprised at the slightest possible click in his throat. He hoped at least she had not heard it—absurd as it was. He rose hurriedly. But she did not get up. He extended his hand. She did not grasp it. Slowly her shoulders sank to the arm of the ottoman; she was breathing rapidly. She leaned her head upon her hand.

His face burned. Her other arm lay nerveless on her lap. With an effort he did not grasp it. "Good-by," said he.

Then he saw that the slender frame was shaken with sobs. "Miss Somers—Dorothy!"

There was no reply, but she was clearly crying. Her white wrist was burning hot. Slowly, slowly he bent over her, waiting; lower, lower. She turned her face. Their lips met.

VI

"WHAT was the last thing she said to you?"

It was the Major who spoke, after a long pause. It was two o'clock in the morning by this time at the Major's club in New York, where Pinckney had met him just before midnight. The meeting was not by appointment, but Pinckney had found him there, the Major having returned from Beverly by the day train. He said the house was stupid after his young friend's departure. A champagne glass stood at his elbow, empty; another stood at Pinckney's, full.

"The last thing she said to me was 'Go.'"

"Which is as much as to say 'Come.'"

"I shall go back to-day," said the young man. "Do you think she will break the engagement formally?"

"It strikes me you have broken it yourself. You should save her further trouble——"

"By seeing him?"

"By managing her."

"Her mother will never consent——"

"We won't consult the old lady. I'll give her away myself." The Major's face was radiant. "I'll see you through." Pinckney's eyes flashed, but about the lips lay also a curve of determination.

"I must see her first."

"Certainly. But I'll see everybody else. Parson, clerk, reporters—and Gansevoort, too, if he wants it. I'll give them all satisfaction." The Major looked ten years younger as he spoke.

"It must be in a church——"

"Certainly. And I'll have my sister there——"

Pinckney grasped his hand. "I can't say it, but you know what I feel."

"Don't try to say it. Of course I do! Why, it's like being married myself! The one experience I've never had—everything comes to him who waits. I know just how you feel. I'm dead in love myself. Don't try to say it to me—tell her, though." And the Major poured out a glass of wine.

Pinckney thought to let pass his pretended misunderstanding of his gratitude—obviously pretended, for the Major's eyes were moist. He sprang up.

"It's three o'clock. I must take the train at six at Jersey City. I'll have a bath first—I must take the train, though. I must see Miss Somers the first thing in the morning."

"Of course you must. I'll go with you—telegraph my sister to come on later."

"We must be married to-morrow."

"Nonsense. To-day, man, to-day. You should remember that you have placed Miss Somers in an impossible situation. Not a moment should be lost in regularizing it. As for Mr. Gansevoort—he may come back sooner than he said—almost at any moment. Then think of the poor girl's position—getting notes or telegrams from him every two hours, I suppose—knowing all the time what she means to do."

But Pinckney required no argument.

"Of course, if it can be done."

"Certainly, it can be done—if you don't mind being married in the afternoon. I'll be your best man, and my sister her bridesmaid—her sister is too young to be told—otherwise, I'd tell her. You can usually trust a girl to take the proper view. Brothers are unsafe. Fortunately she hasn't any. And I'll telegraph a High Church clergyman I know—Father Conyngham, a real good fellow who believes that marriage is a sacrament and the civil law an impertinence—and I'll get a judge—and a bishop——"

Pinckney looked up interrogatively.

"Of course you must have a bishop. My dear fellow, you must pardon me, but in view of the—somewhat sudden engagement between you and the lady and the—improbability—of there being many invited guests, it is advisable that the wedding should be celebrated with all possible ceremony."

"But without the mother's consent?"

"I'll give the bishop a hint that the mother *can't* consent. Trust me for that—and a good High Churchman to take the catholic view. It's divorcing they jib at, not marrying."

"When will you tell her?"

"Well," said the Major, "I'll do that after dinner."

The events of that day passed over our hero like a dream. His emotions were too much roused to leave to his mind much contemplation of the actual facts. But the facts succeeded each other with a decision and rapidity that would else have taken his breath away. And through them all he was conscious of the ever-present activity of his best man. It was under his advice that he telegraphed Miss Somers that he was returning to Philadelphia and would call in the course of that morning, also giving his address at a certain hotel. "She may prefer the meeting elsewhere than at home; we must disregard trifling conventions." Under his advice steps were

taken to borrow his aunt's house in Lenox. "A trip to Europe would be a common performance; we must avoid all that looks sudden or unpremeditated, as well as any appearance of concealment. At Lenox you may have solitude and yet be in Society." The Major spoke sentimentously, as became one who spake whereof he knew. All our hero did was to obtain a stay of all these proceedings until he had seen Miss Somers—a decision the propriety of which the Major did not question, though he considered it unnecessary. His confidence in her love for his young friend would have been touching to a bystander; there came a time when it touched Pinckney himself. "She will never marry *him* now," he said. "If she does, you don't want to marry *her*."

But the Major himself was to be given a lesson in good breeding on this occasion. The hours passed long upon the railway and yet Pinckney could have wished they had been longer. So to every young man, at the moment of plighting his troth to a young lady, I suppose—certainly to every one on the verge of marriage—there comes a moment, not of revulsion, but of acute perception. Besides the intoxication of having another life with yours, the rapturous modesty of undeserved consecration to intimacy with a more sacred being, the glamour that the mystery of Sex throws over purity—and Pinckney was both pure and modest—there must flash with all the aggregate definiteness of a camera obscura upon the mind the visions of all things present and to come, in the path chosen or beside it. He had no concern about his own happiness: the witchery of Sex is always at his age strong enough to reassure upon that point. But he felt, as her mother would say, "all that she was giving up." It was true, she had chosen for the ideal life, and that this choice must always be well. But was he strong enough to give it to her? The fact, so obvious to the Major, that she was simply in love with him, lay well in

the background. And on coming to the hotel the first thing he asked for and found was a note from Miss Somers. It had been brought by a messenger in the ordinary way, and was as follows:

"I have received your telegram, and shall be at home at eleven this morning.

"DOROTHY."

The Major walked with him to the house and waited outside with a sheaf of his telegrams in leash.

VII

How can biography be an exact science? Who knows enough of anybody else, who is not a Frenchman, or a Russian girl, to write the life of him? Is a man's life (a woman is more cognizant) known even to himself? Shall not we, all but the Puritans, go to the last trump as uncertain of the Judgment as of a woman's favor? Yet a man knows the events, the acts and sayings of his career, though rarely the motives which influenced them, his own or those of others; his own acts which result come to him frequently enough with surprise. He sees himself do it as he sits on his horse and sees it take a fence.

The imaginary biographer is supposed to know it all; and yet the conventions of English fiction are against his telling it. Under this rule the epochal moments of a man's life are nearly all untellable. The touch of the hot face, the kiss given in a passion of tears, determined their lives; yet my gentlest reader may not yet have forgiven to Austin and to Dorothy her knowledge of it, though Major Brandon had grasped the fact without an intimation.

Pinckney's memory always was that he went into the house that morning with a matured mind, the Major's plans all at his finger ends, the course of action (if any was to be taken) coldly blocked

out. First, it was for her to decide; despite all his love, he would not urge. If she wished, the kiss should be as if it never had happened. But Miss Somers came to the door herself; and before they had entered the dark drawing-room her figure was clasped closely and her lips drawn up to his. So much must be told the reader; what the Major learned was this: That she had simply told her mother that she wished to be in alone to see him, Pinckney, and had sent the butler on an errand and dispensed with the maid's attendance. It appeared that she had even mentioned, to her mother, his name. Except for just the things that Austin did not mention (and which perhaps the Major's imagination supplied), her conduct was that of the ideal *grande dame* which the Major roundly declared her to be. She had consented to the marriage taking place that very afternoon; she had even considered the question of informing her mother of her plans upon her mother's return from shopping. (At that the Major gave a bound.) She had only concluded not to do so in consideration of her mother's peace of mind. As she, Miss Somers, had quite determined to carry it through, it might be best to do it as quietly as possible; and, for quiet, Mrs. Somers could not, upon such short notice, be counted on. She would wish at least for delay, she might want to telegraph to Mr. Gansevoort; in short, Miss Somers was quite convinced that her mother's peace of mind would be best preserved by hearing of it first as a fact accomplished and to which she was not accomplice. She must then be told, of course, at once.

"I'll tell her myself—I'll do it tonight," said the Major enthusiastically.

The Major had fought a duel in his day.

Then, went on Pinckney, she had called upstairs and presented him to a Miss Winifred Radnor (whom, indeed, he had slightly known before) somewhat in these words (Miss Radnor had

been there looking at the wedding presents): "Winnie, I am going to be married to Mr. Pinckney this afternoon, and I want you to be my bridesmaid."

("Splendid!" ejaculated the Major.)

Miss Radnor had shown considerable excitement not unmingled with opposition; but as she had been Dorothy's most intimate friend, nearer than her mother to the secrets of her heart, it had been surmounted. It was all arranged, and they were to call with a carriage for the young ladies at six o'clock, when it would be nearly dark.

"At Miss Somers'?" said the Major.

"At Miss Radnor's."

The Major was off with his bundle of telegrams.

VIII

THEN Austin went back to the hotel to write his letters. They were to be given to the Major, after the ceremony, to be posted by him, and were addressed, first, to his three married sisters in Germany, the Baroness von Schröder of Wurtemberg, Gräfin Marie von Stolzfeld, at Hanover, and Madame von Pauli, the wife of an Austrian general. He wrote, of course, to his old Aunt Emily who had the Lenox house. ("I know her very well," the Major said. It was a thing he said of all nice old women, were it London or New York.) And he also wrote to Mrs. Arthur Shirley.

At two the Major returned and insisted on their dining: green turtle and champagne he ordered, of which latter he seemed in little need. The Major looked twenty years younger. It seemed as if the heart hunger of a lifetime were being filled. "It's all right," he said; "I've seen everybody—Father Conyngnam attends to the church, the judge'll have the papers ready; I've ordered the flowers, got the bishop and the railway seats; my sister'll meet us in Camden at the station, and I've invited both the Associated Press correspondents and two or three fellows from the club to

dinner. I've just been to see Miss Radnor, and I've promised to bring her home by seven. She says it's splendid. Then I'll go and see Mrs. Somers and be ready to receive my guests at the club at eight. In fact I've asked several fellows at the club to meet us, and two, that I could trust, to be ushers. It's all right," he concluded, to Austin's start of surprise; "they only know your name as yet; it's as sacred as a duel. Now you go out and pass the time in getting a ring."

Pinckney afterward believed he would have forgotten that. "Go to Caldwell's and mention my name." It was lucky Major Brandon mentioned this also. For our hero, thinking that economy would best begin with their home, purchased not only a wedding ring but a string of pearls. The stones were not so large as in the triple rope that Gansevoort had sent her—now to be returned—but still it was a string of pearls, and as such represented about half a year's income. For it he gave his check—and the Major's reference—and put the two caskets in his pocket. It was, of course, unsafe to send anything to the house. He had a horror of taking anything from the house. By an old rule of law a man who weds his wife "in her shift" takes her free of all her previous debts. It was only Dorothy he wanted; their evasion (the Major vigorously denied that it was an elopement); their sudden marriage was justifiable only on the necessary ground of pure emotion. All dross of earth his bride should leave behind her; he took just her—barely equipped with her girlish belongings, free of past emotional obligations. Nothing that appertained to her much-advertised engagement, not even the trousseau given by her mother, was to come.

The hour approached; it now was. Pinckney was feverishly anxious; the Major was in no hurry, calm with Napoleonic consciousness of battle planned—how completely planned, it did not dawn upon its hero for some days after-

ward. Their carriage, a modest hackney, stopped at the street corner; the Major issued, to return forthwith with the two young ladies. No baggage was loaded except a pasteboard box which the Major opened on the ferryboat; it contained two bouquets of roses and four button-hole gardenias, each of which was affixed by a pearl scarfpin. At one of the bouquets was pinned a locket of small pearls; at the other (the bride's) a cluster of five pearls to make the center of Austin's necklace. Had Pinckney known it, the center stone was finer than any of the Gansevoort string. It is possible that the Major for the moment was the happiest person of the four. Generally speaking, at a wedding, the groom drives to the church with the best man, the bride with him who is to give her away. The Major (who has, however, tried but two of these three places) has assured me that the last is the best. But he had feared the processional effect of two carriages in Camden, and they were all together. The bride was undemonstratively, Austin joyfully, Miss Radnor excitedly, silent. Only the Major talked.

It was dusk when they landed and drove to Judge Gallison's office. Here the two principals had to comply with the unexact formalities of Jersey law. Austin always remembered the large office or Judge's chambers, considerably dark, with only the very oldest and red-tape of clerks; the jovial judicial magnate, himself in wedding garb, who began by congratulating them on what they were about to do, who afterward, in a separate carriage (into which he was careful to invite the two young ladies), accompanied them to the church ceremony. "I am to give her away, you know—knew her father all his life"—Judge Gallison had never before heard of the gentleman alluded to—leaving the Major, a little crestfallen, to go alone with the bridegroom.

However, the drive was none too short for the Major to give to Austin his directions. They were to go, of all places, to

Atlantic City that night ("If you can't have real solitude, the next best thing is a vulgar crowd—they'd look at you at Newport, but they see too many weddings at Atlantic City."), whither the luggage had already been expressed. ("To-morrow's newspapers will be down with the right story, but before they find you you'll be off to Lenox.") They would find their rooms all ready at the best large hotel, under the names of Mr. and Mrs. Pinckney. ("Would be a great error to show any attempt at concealment—fortunately, your name is quite unknown in Philadelphia.") On the morrow, a competent lady's maid would arrive.

The carriage stopped at the church. The bride's party had already entered; but in the vestibule Austin was introduced to a dear young Quaker lady of sixty as the Major's sister; then to two elegant young gentlemen already vested in the usher's pin. "Mr. Riddle, Austin, of Philadelphia; Mr. Schermerhorn of New York, I think you know." Austin did know him as a personage whose presence lent social sanction to almost anything and—now he remembered it—one who had figured rather prominently in a club dispute with Petrus Gansevoort. (Had he known it, Dallas Riddle also, a beau of rising forty, had offered himself to Miss Somers at a last winter's ball.)

"The Bishop of Appalachia—" Austin bowed deeply to a benevolent, well-nurtured High Churchman—the metropolitan of Philadelphia was, at that period, Low. "Father Conyngham"—Austin grasped the hand of an emaciated enthusiast, with a gaunt face and a burning eye. The peal of an organ then startled him, and his best man hurried him to the chancel door.

The Major hurried him on with no time for reflection. One never does reflect on these momentous occasions. With the two ushers before them, the Major led him out amid the first triplets of Mendelssohn and a mighty

rustling caused by the rising congregation.

To our hero's amazement, the church was full of people. It was done as if prearranged. The Major afterward admitted (to the Judge) that "the house" was "paper." And then, when all was over, when the carriages had all left, the Major goes back alone to meet Mrs. Somers.

IX

A CLEVER Yankee girl once averted compassion for marrying and going to live in a remote Western town by remarking that the first year she would be too much in love to care where they were, and in a second year she should be used to anywhere. Austin never again went to Atlantic City. The long board walk, lined with cheap raree-shows, the flat and noisy ocean, passed like an unheeded panorama upon his world of will. Schopenhauer, having none, gives no marvelous analysis to the subjective state of humor; but though they had two long board walks together, emotion overshadowed even Austin's humorous apperception; and his bride had none.

The novelist who would write of the day after the marriage must shed ink like a cuttle-fish: so a Browning could envelop the theme in inky meter, a Meredith in turgid prose. Its nakedness allures the Frenchman, but English letters scream at life's essentials like a woman at a mouse. Then, too, the Frenchman's hero is a past master in seduction—self-conscious even in his carresses, fearful of anticlimax, burdened with his *rôle*. To such as he passion is never pure; to America it always is; but just for that your Frenchman makes an art of love. The brutality of innocence knows no delay, in measure as its modesty shrinks at non-essentials; and while our sex has held free merchantry of lips, soft lips, where inmost nerves do center, the cool chaste arm is covered. Body is

undemonstrable, while the blushing face is unveiled to your scrutiny. Virginal lilies are unspeakable, while telltale eyes are trained to dalliance. But your Mohammedan veils lips, disguises eyes, and cares not if the breast be bare; to the real master of sensuousness, personality, not person, is the ultimate spice. Our Puritan inversion reverses the nature of things, deifies the body by withholding simple knowledge of it, overemphasizes the woman's person to ignore her soul; hence the purest of honeymoons begin with a shock of horror. The bourgeois customs emphasize the physical surrender which, more innocently, had been a forgotten episode. The Greeks revered the human form and were not troubled by it; the higher lover's progress should be from body to the soul. But now the sudden revelation shocks the consciousness; bourgeois vulgarity brusques the situation that should be natural, gradual, holy (for the normal of the world is holy, else are we apes, indeed)—holy as the opening of flowers, to the sudden nakedness of shame. It may be hazarded, to most young people, the first day of honeymoon is one of stormy doubt, of shock and question to the maid, perhaps a degradation. She hurries to her own room (if it be a gentleman, she has one) to hide herself while still the lips are red with kisses. He, perhaps, escapes to walk alone in an agony of contrition; his forgiveness seems impossible, his life is blasted. This tradition hath monkish coarseness bequeathed to protestant prudery. Since Daphnis and Chloe became sinful to our monkish modes, there is no chance for better, save for the satyr—a thing the sensualist has learned to profit by; it is your rake who manages susceptibilities, reconciles the idealist of Northern virgins to Sex; most signally

if she be after all of temperament to be won this way, a thought, as the poet said, to show one shapes of night at loftiest noon. Your gentleman, Parsifal-pure, at best may have his chance to hold, by very contrast, the young Faustine; he has none with Seraphita. For Parsifal, no pity knowing, hath killed the swan; Parsifal may never wed; to a Tristan, wedding matters little; and they—kissed first. It was this kiss saved them. Or how is the great circle better? Burning in the calm that warns of storm, a painted ship upon a painted ocean; an ancient mariner's chart to young lovers, the alternative is impossible. When Tristan sailed Iseult from Ireland, his helm was straight. No fears for either till the kiss had come; but will it last a lifetime? Who can tell? theirs lasted well till death. Dorothy had had our hero's kiss; no chalice-d potion could have been more potent, no Brangoena certainer to turn the world.

But that day, that dreadful day, passed. Happiness now—the Bird with oily breast sleeps, for our Tristan, on the wave of Tintagel. Yes, happiness now. The halcyon morn is early to be so fine—no mists upon the mountain tops, the warm sun bright at the heart. The cobwebs at one's feet are swept away; they never were; no thought for the morrow, not even for the evening. The stormy unrest was short; that agony of joy, a horror to remember, soon forgotten; the shock of daylight soon strengthens the eyes, softens the light to steady calm. A night of madness, a day of doubt, a night of journey—and it is the dreamy Berkshire hills, the wholesome swelling of the earth, the gold witch-hazel's guerdon of the coming spring, the leafage scarlet with fruition, the brown earth plowed for future harvest, and God is with the World.



THE COMMODORES OF THE NAVY OF THE UNITED COLONIES

HOPKINS, JONES, BARRY

BY MARTIN I. J. GRIFFIN



WHEN the colonies by successive acts of the King and Ministry were forced, by the logic of events proceeding from their rejected appeals for redress, to take up arms to resist the oppressive measures of Great Britain, naturally, of course, their resistance took the form of a military or army force by the organization of companies or regiments effective for defense.

When this armed resistance had become so strong that the army of Washington besieged the British forces in Boston, just as naturally also came the purpose of preventing the besieged from being reenforced with provisions or ammunition by vessels bringing such supplies from across the ocean.

Rhode Island, in those days, was an important maritime colony. Its chief port—Newport—was the seat of a more important trade than even New York.

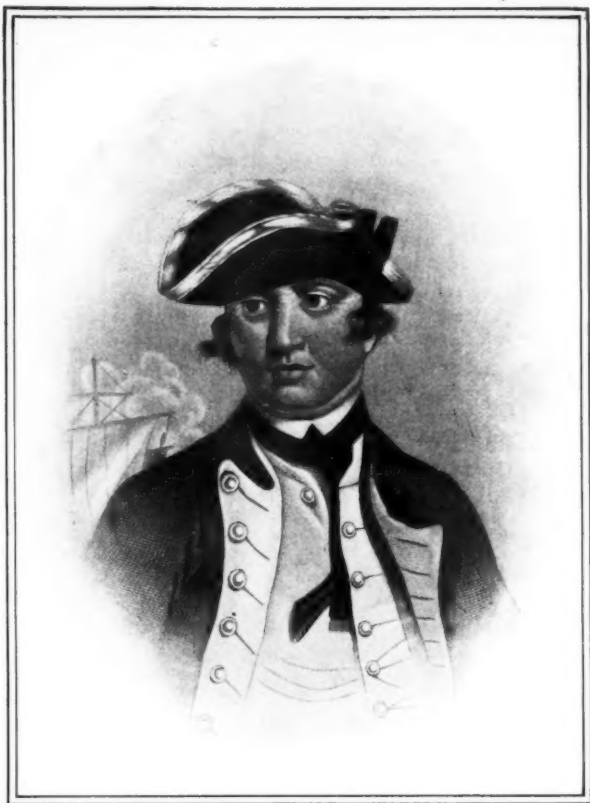
Resistance, not only by protest but by action, had early manifested itself in that colony and always by decisive proceedings against British vessels.

Thus Rhode Island by its maritime prominence and its many men of the sea sailing to and from its ports recognized, sooner than the other colonies, the war force of the sea and the power it could be in upholding the claim of the colonies. That colony early in the struggle main-

tained, as did Washington in the later years of the war, that only by an efficient sea force could the colonies continue successfully the resistance they were making and would make against Great Britain.

The Continental Congress had been maintaining an armed force on land under General Washington and so had been giving its attention to army matters throughout the colonies. In the early days nothing of record appears to show that any consideration was being given by the Congress to the organization of a naval force until October 3, 1775, when the Representatives of Rhode Island presented the resolution which that Assembly on August 26th had adopted declaring: "This Assembly is persuaded that building and equipping an American fleet, as soon as possible, would greatly and essentially conduce to the preservation of the lives, liberty, and property of the good people of these colonies, and therefore instruct their delegates to use their influence at the ensuing Congress for the building at Continental expense of a fleet of sufficient force for the protection of these colonies and employing them in such a manner and places as will most effectually annoy our enemies and contribute to the common defense of these colonies."

The subject was brought up for consideration on October 7th. John Adams



ESEK HOPKINS, OF RHODE ISLAND

tells us that some thought the project "the maddest idea," that when Rutledge, of South Carolina, moved the appointment of a committee to prepare a plan and estimate of a fleet, timid ones made the proposition a subject of such ridicule that Gadsden had to protest against his associates doing so. Silas Deane advised Congress to give it "serious debate." He did not consider it "romantic."

The thought of fitting out a fleet to combat the powerful sea force of Great Britain did, indeed, seem, even to resolute defenders of liberty, a most foolhardy undertaking.

Deane, Langdon, and Gadsden were

appointed the committee. On the 13th, Congress, "taking into consideration the report of the committee appointed to prepare a plan for intercepting vessels coming out with stores and ammunition, and after some debate, resolved" that two vessels, carrying, one fourteen the other ten guns, a proportionable number of swivels and men, should be fitted out.

On the 30th the committee reported and Congress resolved to fit out "two other armed vessels," one not exceeding twenty guns, the other not exceeding thirty-six.

The committee was increased from three to seven. The added members

were Stephen Hopkins, Joseph Hewes, Richard Henry Lee, and John Adams.

Thus was begun THE NAVY OF THE UNITED COLONIES. The committee on November 23d "brought in a set of rules for the government of the American Navy" which on the 25th were adopted under the title: RULES FOR THE GOVERNMENT OF THE NAVY OF THE UNITED COLONIES.

Captain Esek Hopkins, of Rhode Island, through the influence of his brother, Stephen Hopkins, a member of the committee, was, on November 5, 1775, appointed Commander-in-chief of a fleet to be organized and of the expedition on which it would be sent.

Who was this Commander-in-chief, "Admiral," or "Commodore" as he was by courtesy called?—the first of our naval commanders to be thus titled, though not so by official designation, as these terms "Admiral" and "Commodore" became official only during our Civil War.

Esek Hopkins was born April 26, 1718, at (now) Scituate, R. I. Prior to the beginning of hostilities with "the Mother Country" Hopkins had been engaged in the merchant sea service as captain of Rhode Island vessels.

In July, 1775, Captain James Wallace of the British fleet threatened Newport with assault unless he was furnished sup-

plies. A town meeting ordered fortifications to be built. On August 29th Hopkins was appointed by the Town Meeting to direct a battery at Fox Hill to command the harbor. On October

4th Hopkins was appointed Commander-in-chief with the rank of Brigadier-General. This commission he held two months and eighteen days—thus being a General and a "Commodore" at the same time, as it was not until December 22, 1775, that Congress approved of his appointment as Commander-in-chief.

He arrived at Philadelphia, January 14, 1776, in the Providence, formerly the *Katy* of the Rhode Island fleet.

The day of Hopkins's arrival at Philadelphia is believed to be the day Lieutenant John Paul Jones "hoisted by my own hand," as he wrote, "the first American flag," when Hopkins came

on board the flagship *Alfred*, commanded by Captain Saltonstall.

Detained by the ice in the Delaware and an epidemic of smallpox among the crew, Hopkins's fleet—the first American naval expedition—did not sail until February 17, 1776. Though it had been organized mainly to assist Charleston, S. C., yet the necessity for doing it so late did not exist. The expedition sailed further southward to the Bahama Islands, where, at New Providence, a

John Barry *Charl. May 8 1776*
For
 You are hereby directed
 to collect your Officers of Men and again to
 to the Provincial Council. *Sign* *Capt. Hall*, and
 supply him with as many of your People as
 he may stand to completely train that ship fit
 for immediate action; you will also draw away
 of them that may be wanted onboard the *Flying*
Patrol, onboard the ship *Reynolds* and in short
 We request the utmost caution from you
 Your Officers of Men in defending the *Cape*
 at Fort Island, and to prevent their coming
 on to this City, also that you write off with
 taking nothing of destroying the *Swamp* if it
 it is thought advisable to pursue them to
 where the Committee of this State now
 down the River will judge.
By order of the Marine Committee
W. Morris, Vice Pres
For
 You may get down
 in the *Flag* *Hutch*
Capt. Hall
 Capt. Hall by special
 Commission in the Commission
 at the *Commander* *Torrey*
For
Captain John Barry

FIRST ORDER ISSUED TO AN
 OFFICER OF THE COLONIAL
 NAVY ON ACTIVE SERVICE

descent was made, arms and ammunition so sorely needed by Washington's army were taken, and the Governor and other inhabitants seized as hostages. The fleet sailed homeward on St. Patrick's day, 1776, the day Washington was driving the British out of Boston—a somewhat remarkable coincidence and one worthy of being remembered on each annual recurring anniversary of Ireland's patron saint.

On the way homeward Hopkins, off Long Island, encountered the *Glasgow*, a British man-of-war. An engagement took place, but, notwithstanding the superiority of Hopkins's fleet, the *Glasgow* succeeded in escaping when, in the opinion of those not witnesses of the engagement, she ought to have been captured.

At any rate the result was not regarded by the Continental authorities as satisfactory, so that after Hopkins's arrival at New London, Conn., although he still retained command he was not again employed in any naval ventures. Though not formally tried nor "dismissed," as some assert, the Marine Committee of Congress adopted the plan of a reorganization of the navy and on October 10, 1776, presented Congress a list of appointed Captains among which the name of Esek Hopkins did not appear.

Thus without glory, nor yet in disgrace, disappeared the first "Commodore"—the native-born American—Esek Hopkins.

In the popular mind all other active commanders in the navy of the colonies are unknown, save John Paul Jones.

Born in Scotland, and in youth known as John Paul, he, on settling in America two years before the outbreak of hostilities, added "Jones" thereto.

The first mention on the records of the nation presents his name to Congress on December 22, 1775, as first on the list of lieutenants of the new navy reported by the Marine Committee for

confirmation. His biographers usually state that this was the day of his appointment. Jones, however, records that he was appointed on December 7th. Concerning his appointment as Lieutenant and not a Captain, Jones recorded, in 1783, that he had been offered a captaincy but he did not consider himself "perfect in the duties of a Lieutenant." He was appointed to the *Alfred*, commanded by Captain Saltonstall. It was the flagship of the Commander-in-chief.

The incident of raising the flag on the *Alfred* is always related with patriotic glamour as though the present Stars and Stripes was "the American flag" hoisted by Jones and the first occasion of its display as has often been stated.

Jones considered the act as "a slight circumstance," though he was always proud of it, as he had "chosen to do it with his own hands."

The *Alfred* carried two flags when she sailed southward. Which one did Jones hoist? It is generally stated that it was the Rattlesnake and Pine-tree flag. There was no such flag. There was a Pine-tree flag. There was another, the Rattlesnake flag. This latter was the personal ensign of Hopkins, indicating the ship from which he commanded the expedition. Jones speaks of "the American flag" as the one he hoisted. In January, 1776, that was the Union flag which Washington had raised at Cambridge, January 1, 1776—the thirteen stripes with the English cross where now are the stars. This, undoubtedly, was "the American flag" hoisted by Jones. No other could in 1783 be referred to as "the American flag."

Biographers place the time at periods from November 25, 1775, to January 14, 1776, but the latter seems the most probable, as on that day Hopkins, the Commander-in-chief, arrived at Philadelphia and took command of the fleet. So it is reasonable to conclude that on his coming on board the *Alfred* the new flag—the flag of Washington—was raised.

That was the flag the *Alfred* carried when she sailed on the expedition southward.

Lieutenant Jones thus began his naval services. There is no official record of any duties performed prior to those on the *Alfred*—no Committee on Naval Affairs being appointed as early as June—no consultation with such a committee which, it is said, had sent to Jones, the Virginia planter, to come to Philadelphia and select vessels for naval operations. These and many other alleged services are without foundation.

After the expedition had returned and the fleet had entered the harbor of New London, Conn., Jones was, on May 10, 1776, appointed by Hopkins to the command of the *Providence*. Later transferred to the *Alfred*, on which he did good service on the northeastern coast, he was successively assigned to eight other vessels.

"Will posterity," he wrote in 1783, "believe that ten commands were taken from me and that the best vessel my country ever gave me was the *Ranger*." He underscores "*my country*," as if to show that with all the many commands given and taken from him, but one was a vessel of such build and force as to enable him to do service in accord with his spirit of adventure.

In the *Ranger* he had, in the English Channel and tributary waters, captured the *Drake* and many other prizes and created consternation in mercantile and marine circles of England. Yet the *Ranger*, on his entry to Brest, was taken from him, while he was soothed at its loss by being told that the *Indien*, building at the Texel, Holland, would be assigned him; but, alas! he never got the command, owing to complications regarding her building having arisen between England and Holland.

All this while Jones was in France, moving from Brest and L'Orient to Paris and Passy, interviewing Franklin and seeking court influences reaching to the King, Louis XVI, striving to have a

ship given him and so give his active spirit an outlet.

Franklin was unable to secure him an American vessel. But for the King's action of taking the French ship *Duc de Duras*, making needed repairs, and changing her name to the *Bonne Homme Richard* in compliment to Franklin's character of *Poor Richard*, it is probable that Jones would to-day be little known.

Jones sailed as the nominal Commander-in-chief or "Commodore" of a fleet of five armed ships of which but one, the *Alliance*, was of American build, and that was commanded by Pierre Landais, a Frenchman, erratic, if not of infirm mind.

The expedition sent out by the French King to keep up "a plan of annoyance" which had been arranged to harass English commerce, was a French enterprise, but one wholly in accord with the energies and spirit of Jones, who chaffed at the eight months' idleness to which he had been subjected. He seems to have started on this expedition with an acute and sensitive spirit, determined to encounter, and not evade, a force double his own, as he expressed, in order, as it were, to convince his country, and especially its naval authorities, who had treated him so shabbily.

View as we may with candor and yet with that partiality which ever causes us to honor as meritorious those who have well served our country, especially those heroes who aided in placing ours among the nations of the earth, many who have studied his career do not escape the conviction that Jones was of that class to whom the term "adventurer" in the common mind best conveys the idea which study embodies. That seems to a great degree to be decided to be correct by his letter to Lady Selkirk in which he said: "I am not in arms as an American. I profess myself a citizen of the world, totally unfettered by the little mean distinctions of climate or country which diminish the



From an old lithograph.

BARRY RECEIVING HIS COMMISSION FROM WASHINGTON

benevolence of the heart and set bounds to philanthropy."

Jones fought valiantly and well for America and was a powerful factor in upholding and winning the cause of the colonies. Yet with equal facility of action and, doubtless, with equal fervor, he entered the service of Russia and served her with as strong a devotion.

But our country at the time—1788—had no navy, no use for Jones or other naval commanders. Jones, by taking service in the Russian navy as Rear Admiral, believed he was again perfecting himself in knowledge which might sometime be useful to our, if not his, country. He was serving, not forsaking, the country. He ever held the "glorious title of a citizen of the United States," though but a decade before he had proclaimed he strove for it not as an American but "as a citizen of the world."

Now our country hails him as Found-

er or Father of the American navy. This is, again, going to the opposite extreme. History, moving our country to do exact and equal justice, will, and perhaps before long, place Jones in his true historical position where fame will ever rightly guard his name untainted by "romantic literary productions," but in proper "proportion to the real magnitude of his achievements," which ended with his death in Paris in 1792. The Scotchman, the "foreigner," as John Adams classed him, was faithful to America.

Of all the naval commanders of the navy of the colonies it can truthfully be claimed that John Barry was the most conspicuous for length of service and continuous employment in the several duties assigned him. Indeed, a critical examination of the records will prove he was the most trusted as well as a most faithful officer. Important com-

mands were assigned him. Missions fraught with serious consequences were given him to fulfill, and these, successfully performed, were more important than battles won or prizes captured. Indeed, he was commanded, at times, not to make captures, lest so doing would delay or endanger the missions upon which he was sent. He was always on duty. He was the first to begin under Continental authority and the last to cease operations—fighting the last battle of the Revolution and commanding the whole navy of the new United States and its last, as it was its best, vessel of the United Colonies' navy. When the new navy of the United States was founded in the administration of Washington, in 1794, of all the living commanders of the Revolutionary navy, the first President of our country chose John Barry to be Number One in rank as the head or ranking officer of the new navy and its first Commodore in command of its first fleet in naval operations.

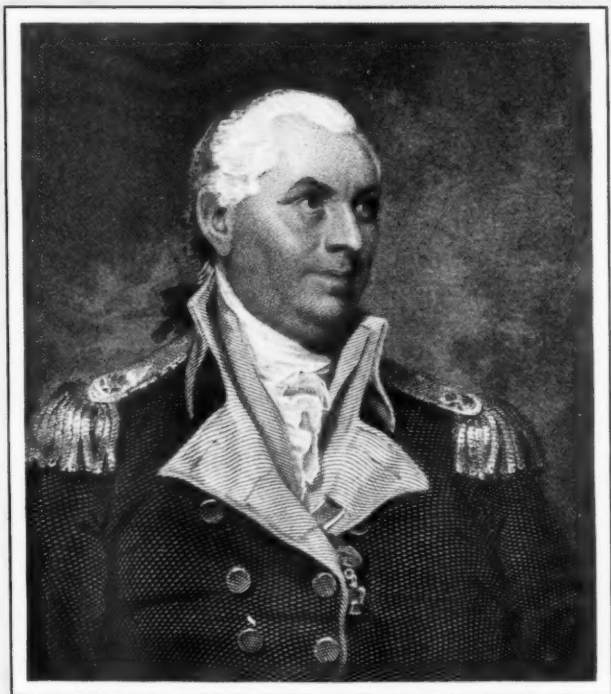
Like other officers of the navy of the colonies he has been overshadowed by John Paul Jones, whose one most brilliant and certainly most startling action has caused the practical obliteration of all other names from the public mind.

Yet it is becoming clear, by the consideration of the services of John Paul Jones, that if the title FATHER or FOUNDER OF THE AMERICAN NAVY may rightly be bestowed upon anyone, it is justly due to John Barry, as was declared by Editor Dennie of the *Portfolio* in 1813. This is true whether we consider his services in the navy of the United Colonies or in the navy of the United States. These, separately or combined successively, must be regarded as THE AMERICAN NAVY. In each and in both John Barry stands conspicuous for fidelity. He alone in the number of later distinguished officers of the navy who were trained under him must truly be declared FATHER, for none other had such a number of young officers who

later merited the renown won by services for our country.

John Barry was a native of the County Wexford, Ireland, where he was born in 1745. Coming to Philadelphia in early manhood, he, from 1766, was actively engaged in the merchant marine service, mainly to and from the West Indies, until in 1774, in the *Black Prince*, the finest and largest of the American commercial fleet, he made a voyage to Bristol and London. Affairs in the colonies were becoming more and more strained with England. A Congress of the colonies met at Philadelphia. The non-importation resolve debarred for a time the return of Barry's ship until, observing the trend of events after the battles of Lexington and of Bunker Hill, he determined, in September, 1775, to return to Philadelphia. He arrived home on October 13, 1775, the very day Congress had resolved to fit out two armed cruisers of fourteen and of ten guns—of nine-pounders. This was done on recommendation of a committee appointed October 3d. Two vessels were obtained. They were named the *Lexington* and the *Reprisal*. The former, the heavier armed, was given to Captain John Barry, the latter to Captain Wickes. Barry's vessel was named after the first battleground of the Revolution and was the first fitted out—and Barry the first appointed officer. Selected prior to that date he was appointed CAPTAIN on December 7, 1775.

Barry not only prepared the *Lexington* for service, securing for her the only nine-pounders in the city, owned by his former employers, Willing & Morris, but he did, says Cooper's "History of the Navy," "shore duty" during the winter of 1775-76. These duties kept him engaged until, at the end of March, 1776, he sailed down the Delaware and on April 1st put to sea. On the 7th, off the Capes of Virginia, he captured the *Edward*, tender to His Majesty's ship of war the *Roebuck*, which cruised off the Delaware Bay. Barry had suc-



John Barry

THE STUART PORTRAIT OF BARRY

ceeded in getting to sea, and with his prize succeeded in entering the bay and returning to Philadelphia on April 11th, bringing to Congress the first prize captured under Continental authority and rejoicing the hearts of the patriots so much that John Adams gleefully wrote: "We begin to make a show in the navy way."

Later assigned to the command of the *Effingham* by the reorganization system of October 10, 1776, Barry became Senior Commander at the Port of Philadelphia. When, in December, the British advanced on Philadelphia, Barry organized a company for land service and engaged in the Trenton campaign, in which he served as an aide to Washington, who placed him in charge of a body of Hessian prisoners sent to Philadelphia.

When, in 1777-78, the British held possession of Philadelphia, Barry, from the upper Delaware, below Bordentown, set in operation the plan of firing the British shipping by projectiles concealed in floating enclosures—the famous "Battle of the Kegs" which caused so much consternation among the naval officers of the enemy. At this time all the American vessels in the upper Delaware were ordered by the Marine Committee of Congress and by General Washington to be sunk. Barry protested against this, as he had been ap-

pointed to command the *Effingham*, not to sink her. In his vehement objections against the sinking, he offended Mr. Hopkinson, of the Naval Committee, who reported Barry to Congress as guilty of disrespect. Of this he escaped censure by a tie vote. Barry soon gave effective

evidence of his worth by his services on the lower Delaware while yet the British remained in Philadelphia. He captured many prizes carrying supplies to the British. He sent much of his captured stores to Washington, then at Valley Forge in destitution of supplies. Washington wrote congratulations on his services, expressing the hope that "a suitable compensation would ever attend your [his] bravery." His services, alone, on the Delaware entitled him to commemorative praise. To have lightened the heart of Washington at that dire



ADMIRALTY SEAL.

Journal of Congress, v., 277. The three commissioners were each allowed a yearly salary of fourteen thousand dollars, Continental money, equivalent, at that time, to about seven hundred dollars hard money. The nominal amount of this salary was to be varied according to the state of the paper currency. Their secretary was John Brown, whose name appears at-

John Brown

tached to all commissions issued during the active existence of the board. On the fourth of May, 1780, the board reported a device for an admiralty seal (see next page) as follows: thirteen bars, mutually supporting each other, alternate red and white, in a blue field, and surmounting an anchor proper. The crest, a ship under sail. The motto, *Sustinentia et sustentum*—"Sustaining and Sustained." The legend, *U. S. A. Sigil. Nav.* Twenty months earlier than this a committee was appointed to "prepare a seal for the Treasury and Navy." I have never seen an impression of the former, if it was ever made. The sketch of the admiralty seal given on the next page I made from an impression attached to a commission issued in 1781, and now in possession of Peter Force, Esq., of Washington City.

SEAL ATTACHED TO BARRY'S
COMMISSION

period so as to gain his hearty commendation alike sets forth his bravery and his prudence in relieving the wants of the suffering army.

Assigned to the *Raleigh*, he prepared her for sea, but being pursued by two British cruisers of much superior force, he was obliged to beach his ship after a most heroic defense, to save her from capture by setting her on fire. But in this he was not successful, owing to the treachery of the one entrusted with the firing. He was then made Commander

of the naval forces intended to coöperate with the army against East Florida. This was abandoned because the British sent reinforcements from New York to Savannah and Charleston.

No other vessel being available for Continental commission, Barry took service in the *Delaware* under private commission of Pennsylvania, and in that cruiser did valiant service in capturing prizes. He so continued until sent to superintend the building of the *America* at Portsmouth, N. H., on which service he continued until the arrival at Boston of the *Alliance*, commanded by the erratic Frenchman, Pierre Landais, who was at once relieved of the command. It was given to Captain John Barry, who was succeeded at Portsmouth by John Paul Jones.

Barry in the *Alliance* rendered the most efficient service. He took Col. John Laurens to France to procure money to move the French army to Yorktown. He took Lafayette to France after the Battle of Yorktown to secure additional, especially naval, aid. While returning he captured a number of prizes. His most notable engagements during this cruise were with the *Mars* and the *Minerva* and with the *Atalanta* and the *Trepassy*, capturing two armed ships in each battle. Barry was wounded.

A later and a most memorable event, though not of common knowledge, is that

Barry fought the last battle of the Revolution when, on March 10, 1783, he encountered the *Sybilie*, an English warship, while convoying the *Duc de Lauzan*, both bringing specie on Continental account from Havana.

He remained in command of the *Alliance* and with the *Deane*, the only ship of the United Colonies, and thus had under him the whole navy of the United States at the close of the war, as Washington had command of the army. He so continued until both ships were, by order of Congress, sold. The famous *Alliance*, the pride of the navy, which had on her appearance at French ports excited the admiration of all seafaring and shipbuilding experts, became a merchant vessel. Commodore John Barry had commanded the first Continental cruiser—the *Lexington*—and had in her made the first capture under Continental authority. He closed his Revolutionary career in command of the finest vessel of the United Colonies—after fighting the last battle of the Revolution and commanding the whole navy, small as it was.

When the depredations of the Algerians became unbearable and the Government decided it were better to build ships to fight these preys upon our commerce than to pay millions in money as tribute to secure immunity, John Barry was again, in 1794, the first called into service by the supreme authority.

and Mr. Deane shall think her out of danger of the
enemies Tending and cutting. Wishing you success
We are your friends
John Hancock
Not moving
Joseph Hewes
John Alsop
Jas. Mifflin
Mr. Whipple
Richard Henry Lee

SIGNATURES OF THE NAVAL COMMITTEE TO BARRY'S ORDERS

Washington appointed him Captain and as Number One on the ranking list. He was appointed to superintend the building of the first frigate, the *United States*, constructed by Joshua Humphreys, the first Naval Constructor. Under Barry's direction she was built and on May 10, 1797, launched at Philadelphia, amid the loud and proud acclaim of the entire city, which crowded to the wharves to see the first war cruiser enter the placid waters of the Delaware.

When ready for service the *United States* was commissioned to stop, not the Algerines, but the French, from spoliations on our commerce. In that vessel he made successful cruises and as Commodore commanded the fleet sent to the West Indies to protect our merchants. Details of his operations in this war with France need not be entered upon as we have not done so with his career during the Revolutionary War. These recitals would take too much space, though essential to all who wish to become fully informed of the zeal and fidelity of this Irish-born hero to liberty. Animated by that racial love for liberty, and moreover, by its intense quickening when stirred to activity against the oppressor of his native land, Americans need not be told that John Barry must have loved and labored in the cause of American independence with a heartfelt intensity that none could surpass.

He served steadily, continuously, from the first to the very last. The Continental authorities seem never to have doubted him, never distrusted him, did not make frequent changes in commands given him, nor keep him in idleness for long periods. Barry was always doing. Each assignment had its known cause and each was a betterment until the very best vessel the colonies ever had was given him, and it remained ever in his command while the Continentals owned it. It had really but two commanders, Landais and Barry, though Jones was in charge of her while Landais was, in response to summons, at

Paris accounting for his erratic conduct in firing at the *Bonne Homme Richard* instead of into the *Serapis* during that famous engagement off Flambough Head, on September 23, 1779.

Barry died September 13, 1803. He is buried in St. Mary's Cemetery, Philadelphia.

Commodore John Barry is THE FATHER OF THE NAVY by reason of his early employment—the very first vessel—his continuous and meritorious service—his steady employment by Congress—his several promotions—his commissions on special and most important voyages—his selection as commander of the expedition to East Florida, though it was later abandoned by Congress—his command of the best vessel of the new republic, and when our present navy was founded, his selection as its chief by President Washington, who well knew his Revolutionary services and so selected him out of all the survivors to be the head of the new navy, commissioned him to build its first armed battleship and placed all others under his command, as did his successor, President Adams, when operations against the French were ordered. So the very first record book of our Navy Department has for its initial entry that a commission had been delivered to Commodore John Barry to make seizures of French ravagers upon our commerce.

Obscured as have been all the officers of the Revolutionary navy by the brilliancy of the one exploit of John Paul Jones, made famous because all the world witnessed it, John Barry has not received that recognition which his merits and his services should have secured, and had he had biographers even in lesser numbers than Jones, his fame would have been more prominent than it has been.

But America is ever generous to those who served her. Our President has recognized the worth of both and recommended public monuments to commemorate their valor.

AN INTERRUPTED PROBATION

BY HELEN M. GIVENS



"My dear boy," said Miss Desmond, "I know you're in love. I am sure that Constance and you have not quarreled. Now, what is the cause of your gloom? You're not in debt?" she added as an afterthought.

The man she addressed straightened his tall figure and ceased his pensive contemplation of the ceiling. "Aunt Kate," he replied, "your discrimination does you credit. I love, am loved—I hope—and do not owe even my tailor. Yet," he sighed, "like the rest of mankind, I pine for the unattainable thing—"

"And that is——"

"A model."

"What do you mean?"

"My picture of 'Salome' is at a standstill. The figure and accessories are completed. The type of face, or rather the expression I require, is not to be found."

Miss Desmond looked thoughtfully into the fire, and Raymond Harland looked at Miss Desmond. His artistic taste was always gratified by a sense of harmony between this Old World lady and her Old World room. She had been considered a beauty in her day, and had not yet given up all pretensions to the title. Although Raymond called her "aunt," they were really not related. She and Robert Harland had been great friends—some said lovers—in the old days. At any rate, they had remained staunch allies until his death, and his son

had always been a welcome guest at the old-fashioned house at Chelsea.

Finally Miss Desmond turned again to the young man. "Ring the bell, please," she said.

Raymond complied, wondering a little. She was usually more responsive. With a slight sense of injury, he returned to his station by the fire, paying no attention to John's entrance and exit.

A moment afterward he heard a slight sliding step, and the murmur of a singularly sweet, low-pitched voice. There was a slight purring slur of the final syllables infinitely attractive. As he glanced around he was unable to repress a start of surprise at the strange beauty of the girl to whom Miss Desmond was giving some low-voiced directions. Thoughts of crimson and gold sunsets, of tropical forests, of tangled scarlet-spotted vines, passed through his mind. A mass of tawny hair, brown in the shadows, was folded smoothly about her head; but he could imagine it loosened and framing the creamy oval of her face.

She did not look at him, and his eyes followed her until the closing door and Miss Desmond's voice recalled him. She was watching him curiously. "What do you think of her?" she asked, smiling.

He drew a deep breath. "A lotus-flower just bursting into bloom—a symphony in yellow. Where did you get her?"

"In a way, she was thrust upon me. You remember Manners?"

"Could I ever forget her or her

gingerbread elephants!" exclaimed Raymond with deep feeling.

"I remember she spoiled you. Well, she had a sister who turned out unfortunately—went to the States and married a good-for-nothing Creole named Lamereaux. He abused her shamefully, and she finally left him and, assisted by Manners, returned to England. Shortly afterward a daughter was born and the mother died. Manners, unlike most of her class, was very reticent, and, in fact, I knew nothing of the girl's existence until just before the poor woman's death. Then I discovered that she had been educating her for a governess, and had spent nearly all of her savings upon her."

"Quite a romantic story," commented Raymond, as she paused. "What is to be done with her?"

"I promised Manners to befriend her until she could secure a place as nursery governess, a position she is as well qualified to fill as—" Miss Desmond looked around vaguely as though seeking a comparison.

"But, Aunt Kate, aren't you too severe? She's a beautiful creature."

"Hardly a recommendation for a nursery governess," was the dry reply. "So far, I have been unable to discover that she is fitted for anything useful," she continued. "Her capacity for absolute quiet is remarkable. She will sit in the sun for hours, and if I give her a task in the sewing-room, throws it aside and goes to sleep on the rug in front of the fire."

Raymond laughed. "That promises gentleness and tranquillity," he said; "two desirable qualities in a woman."

"Don't believe it. In spite of her quietude, she has a frightful temper. When she first came, the housekeeper's son, a respectable young tradesman in the city, was greatly pleased with her, and I began to see a way out of my difficulties, although I am bound to say he received no encouragement. One day, so my maid told me, he went so far as to attempt to kiss his charmer. She

flew at him like a tigress, and, I give you my word, actually scratched."

Raymond flushed. "I don't blame her," he said, with more heat than the occasion seemed to warrant. "The fellow's audacity—"

Miss Desmond smiled ironically. "Her good looks probably prevent you from realizing that he was a very excellent person in her own walk in life."

"But if she was educated for a governess—?"

"I have already intimated that she has neglected her opportunities, my dear boy," rejoined Miss Desmond a little impatiently. "Let us discuss her merits as a model for Salome. She is bizarre enough, certainly."

"That creamy fairness is adorable—"

"Constance is dark," murmured Miss Desmond.

"But," Raymond went on without appearing to hear the interruption, "Salome should be a swarthy maiden. The expression is good—still—" He broke off for a moment, pacing the room with an excited air. "By Jove! Strange I did not see it at first. She's exactly what I want for a picture I have been thinking over for a long time. In fact, I have made a number of studies for it. Of late the other has rather crowded it out."

Miss Desmond looked at him inquiringly.

"You remember I described my conception of it to you once. It embodies something of the idea of reincarnation."

"Yes—?"

"The principal figure has never taken so substantial a form in my mind as during the past few minutes. The sight of that girl—" He paused, looking down musingly. "Would she consent to sit?" he asked after a time.

"The real question, my dear boy, is—would I consent to allow her?"

Mr. Harland moved over to a seat at her side. "Dear Aunt Kate," he said persuasively, taking in his one of her

pretty hands, "you would consent to anything I asked——"

"In reason," she interrupted.

"Well, isn't this reasonable? The picture may make me famous. And besides, you proposed it yourself. Why do you hesitate now?"

"You admire her so much——"

"From an artistic point of view," he interrupted.

"You are not old—and——"

"I love Constance," he said, drawing himself up.

Miss Desmond looked at him critically. "It seems not to occur to you that the girl—well, no matter," she broke off, rising briskly. "You may have your old studio in the attic, and begin the sittings when you please."

Désirée Lamereaux exhibited no surprise and made no objection to the proposed disposition of her liberty. It removed the specter of the nursery from her path, for a time, at least; a quite sufficient cause for content.

Fascinated and absorbed by his work, Raymond soon felt an intense interest in the personality of the strange creature with whom he was so intimately associated. From the first, her quiet had appeared to him more positive than negative; and as the work progressed he made frequent efforts to break down her reserve and draw out some expression of individuality. At times he would be startled at the terseness and point of her low-voiced replies; at others she utterly refused to respond to his overtures, regarding him through her narrowed lids with an inscrutable calm at once perplexing and provocative.

As a model she was perfection, catching his suggestions as to pose and expression with surprising readiness, and sitting for hours with scarcely a movement, and seemingly without fatigue.

Miss Desmond felt compelled to frequently interrupt the sittings, sending Désirée into the garden, and declaring Raymond to be a tyrant who would

immolate the world at the shrine of the insatiable Moloch of his art.

Under these favorable circumstances he worked to such advantage that, in a much shorter time than he had anticipated, the picture was ready for removal to his London studio, where he intended to finish up his sketch of the dead tigress whose spirit had passed into the palpitating body of the girl peering back from the dim recesses of a tropical forest.

During the following weeks, crowded with feverish work, he had not once seen Désirée, and it was now necessary to have a last sitting. Miss Desmond was in London for a few weeks on business, so Désirée was sent to the studio under convoy of a maid, who explained that her mistress would appear later in the day.

Raymond was conscious of an unwonted feeling of buoyancy and exaltation when he heard her light sliding step. He wondered whether the sight of the nearly finished picture would stir her to speech, and watched her anxiously as she studied it. As he looked at her he realized that in some indefinable way she had changed. She was thinner, and the soft oval of her face had sharpened, giving her a new expression—more womanly—less of the beautiful animal.

He looked at her questioningly as she turned toward him.

"You go down—to—the soul," she said slowly, as if finding a difficulty in expression. "It's not—right."

"But why, Désirée?" he cried eagerly. "That should be the aim of all who love their art."

She did not meet his eyes. "Because it should be hidden—it's not for the world——" Something in her expression troubled him vaguely. He felt dissatisfied with himself—with life. For the first time he understood how she had filled his mind and thoughts of late. The delight he felt in her presence opened his eyes—to what? He could not or would not answer. The cold delicate face of Constance rose before him, and he fell to painting fiercely.

The girl's own calm was broken up. Once, when he drew a lock of her tawny hair forward into a better position, she swayed slightly toward him. The impulse to take her in his arms was almost irresistible, and he experienced a feeling of irritation against the maid dozing by the fire. Yet, such is man's inconsistency, Miss Desmond's arrival gave him a feeling of relief. He felt the atmosphere of his own world, commonplace, unexciting.

"By the way," she said, having sent the maid home, and settled herself comfortably, "is it true that Constance and her mother return the eighth?"

"That is the present plan, I believe."

"And the wedding is to be the next month?"

The young man colored, as he nodded, casting an uneasy glance at Désirée. But she was apparently not listening.

"Well, I am glad your probation is so nearly over, my boy. Three years should have proved you both. Such faithfulness in this age is delightfully prehistoric."

Raymond was studying the picture and putting a few last touches to the woman's face. The eyes gazed outward and upward, as if on the new life they were just entering. A movement from Désirée made him look at her. She had risen and with trembling fingers was gathering up her flowing hair. Her face had taken on a gray pallor very different from its usual creamy tint. "I'm—tired—" she stammered.

Raymond started up. Then he felt Miss Desmond's eyes upon him and restrained himself.

"Of course you are, Désirée," said the old lady, kindly enough. "The sitting can be finished another time. I am going to set Mr. Harland down at the picture dealer's, and then the carriage may return for you."

The girl had entered the little alcove and drawn the curtains. She said shortly, from behind them, "I don't want the carriage. I would rather walk."

"As you wish," said Miss Desmond. "Come, Raymond."

He lingered a moment after she had left the room. "Désirée," he called softly.

There was a movement behind the curtain.

"Wait ten minutes," he whispered imploringly; "I must see you."

When he joined Miss Desmond she made no comment, if she had noticed his delay; yet she looked at him keenly, more than once, although he controlled himself sufficiently to keep up a desultory conversation. He had a fear that she might enter the dealer's with him. However, she made no offer to do so, bidding him good-by at the curb. He had an appointment to meet some people, but he had no intention of keeping it, and waited only for Miss Desmond's carriage to turn the corner before calling a cab. Promising the man double fare if he drove rapidly, he threw himself back on the seat in a tumult of emotion. Constance—honor—everything was forgotten. His brain was a chaos. He could think of nothing but Désirée, of her tropical beauty, of her lengths of tawny hair. He felt with a sense of exultation that she loved him. What else could her emotion at learning of his approaching marriage mean?

When the cab stopped he sprang out, and, tossing some coins to the driver, ran up the stairs, conscious of living in the present and looking neither forward nor backward.

At the door he saw the studio still empty—the curtain drawn before the alcove. He called: "Désirée!" There was no reply. With a chill feeling of dread he crossed the room and pulled the drapery violently aside. The alcove was vacant. He turned, still grasping the curtain, his eyes mechanically seeking the picture. The canvas hung in shreds, rent from top to bottom and from side to side, and the fragments of a fanciful little dagger of Damascus steel still lay at the foot of the easel.

A PAIR OF MULES

A TALE OF THE PAINTED DESERT

BY KARL EDWIN HARRIMAN

I



PAIR of cane mules had been killed on the right of way twelve miles west of Cottonwood, Ariz., and Freddy Gilson was sent out from Kansas City to settle.

Funny to send a man halfway across the continent to pay for a pair of busted mules? Not at all. Of course, back East a mule is just a mule, but it's different in the West. There he may be a gold mine. Especially is this likely to be true if the mule's remains are sprinkled over ten miles of right of way by a shrieking, oil-burning locomotive. And that was what happened in this particular instance. It is passing strange how a mule's value does rise by leaps and bounds in the event of his being hit by an engine. Accordingly, when the correspondence was placed upon his desk, and he noted the O.K. of the second vice-president through whose office all such matters passed, Freddy's only comment was: "Another pair of gold-plated jackasses gone to heaven, eh?" And he whistled softly three bars of "Bedelia."

In his usual indifferent manner he took up the little batch of correspondence relating to the claim. The letter of the agent at Cottonwood was terse and bald. "Two cane mules," so it stated, "belonging to one Jake Lonergan were killed on the right of way by No. 8, east-

bound, twelve miles west of here, last Thursday. Note claimant's letter herewith."

"That guy's a few chips shy on imagination," Freddy observed as he laid the sheet on his desk and took up "the claimant's letter herewith."

Equally terse but less bald was this. A smile spread across the live-stock claim agent's face as he read it:

"Deer sirs one of yur dam tranes kilt to of my muls. they cos me four hundrid Dollars. they wus worth mor if you folks dont settel ill raze hell yrs respcy Jake Lonergan"

"Billy," Gilson called, and a tall, thin man with a gray mustache looked up from his writing, "did you read this letter from Lonergan 'bout his mules?"

Johnson rose wearily and crossed the room. Gilson gave him the note. Johnson laughed as he handed it back.

"You used to be out in that part of the country," Gilson said. "Ever hear of him?"

"Don't seem to recall the name. Goin' out, are you? I do know a chap out there, though, that could tell you anything you want to know 'bout that part of the country. Fellow b'named o' Houston, Hank Houston. Guess he lives in Cottonwood yet. He's an old-timer; he'll give it to you square."

Gilson made a note of the name in his little memorandum book, and Johnson went back to his desk.

The balance of the correspondence relating to Lonergan's deceased mules was commonplace, including the note from the second vice-president's office informing the claim agent that the road would stand for a maximum claim of three hundred dollars. It had been deemed quite unnecessary to add that a lower amount would be allowed. That was "up to" Gilson.

"That's easy," Freddy muttered as he filed the memorandum with the correspondence.

He looked at his watch.

In one hour and fifteen minutes No. 8 would leave for the Pacific coast. He telephoned for a lower berth and, securing it, proceeded to the office of the second vice-president, where, at his request, that official's chief clerk gave him two blank checks properly signed by the official named.

"And by the way, Mr. Gilson," the chief clerk observed, "settle for as small an amount as possible. Mr. Martin referred especially to the matter this morning."

The suggestion hurt Gilson's feelings a little, but he replied, "All right," and left the office.

Who was old popeyed Henning to tell him to settle as low as possible, he grumbled. Lift any man to the chief clerkship of the second vice-president and his vest buttons begin to fly off right away. The lobster! As though Freddy Gilson hadn't settled for more dead mules and live stock damaged in transit than he or any other chief clerk had ever seen! He didn't propose to allo wany guy that wore eyeglasses and a black cord over his ear to tell him what to do in the case of a couple of busted mules.

And until within five minutes of No. 8's scheduled time for departure he went about the office growling until even the silent, cool-eyed Johnson observed to Miss Carsons, the stenographer, "Mr. Gilson seems annoyed."

But in the open air Freddy's cheerful-

ness returned to him and he waved his hand gaily to Enders of the freight department as No. 8 pulled out.

And all day long he sat in the narrow compartment at the rear end of the last Pullman smoking cigarettes.

He was an odd sort of a chap, Gilson. If you didn't know him and some one were to ask you what he appeared to be you'd be more than likely to guess that he was just a papa's boy, or, maybe, a mother's darling. But he wasn't, though he might have been just that if his father and mother had not died when he was a little tad, leaving him to the care of his mother's spinster sister. He was yellow-headed and his cheeks simply would not tan. And his eyes were blue; not a skimmed-milk blue either, but that sort of blue that goes gray and glints—sometimes. He wasn't tall, nor yet short. He was just ordinary in the matter of shape. He was one of those fellows who can wear ready-made clothes without their looking ready-made. And he had thin hands with long, slim fingers. He might have been a corking piano player as far as his fingers were concerned. In the office they called him "The Kid" more often than not, but it was always respectfully, for, you see, every one liked him. As for the second vice-president, he was wont on occasion and in private, always in private, to prophesy great things for Freddy. In a word, Freddy got his job on the strength of a pull—through his aunt; he kept it on the strength of ability—through his work. If this were not absolutely the case he wouldn't be traveling back and forth through the Southwest with a bundle of blank checks signed by the second vice-president in his wallet, on the most delicate sort of work for the road that paid his salary.

II

HAVE you ever been in Cottonwood, Ariz.? No? Well, I shouldn't worry about it. It consists of a smelter, three

stores, five saloons, one hotel, called the Palace, and a red railway station with a dozen greasers, more or less, sitting in the shade of it. Once in a while some one—usually a greaser—acknowledges a quick call to eternity there, and twice a day three or four twenty-mule teams traverse the main street, which is fringed on the north by the establishments mentioned and on the south by the red railway station, the greasers, and the desert. From the back doors of the Palace Hotel, the stores, and the saloons extends more desert, and east and west from the building extremes, still more. Fifteen miles north are the lands of the Sunset Salt Company.

Freddy Gilson smiled as he dropped to the platform in front of the red station at half-past three on an August afternoon. So far as he could see there was not a human being in the town. Of course he took no count of the greasers on the station platform. Hunching up his shoulders in order that the wide brim of his hat might the better shield his neck and ears from the burning rays of the brazen sun that hung suspended from the turquoise sky, he crossed Main Street and entered the Palace Hotel.

The bartender sat at one side of the door reading a three weeks' old copy of the *Police Gazette*. Across the room at a table, smoking, sat a long, angular creature, with dust on his shoulders and alkali powder on his boots. Gilson set his bag on the floor, removed his hat, and passed the back of his hand across his forehead.

"Jest git in?" inquired the bartender. "Quite warm to-day."

"I want a room; I'll be here a couple of days," the young man said.

The bartender led the way aloft.

"This is fine," Gilson observed.

"Glad you like it," the bartender replied and withdrew.

Freddy washed his face. Before he put his coat on he opened his pigskin traveling bag and took out two things, a pair of leather riding leggings and a con-

trivance. The leggings he buckled on and the contrivance he examined critically. It consisted of a loop like a suspender, and a belt, and where the two joined was riveted a stamped leather holster carrying a "gun." Adjusting this contrivance to his slim body in such a way that the holster fitted snugly to his ribs on the left side midway between his armpit and his waist, he drew on his coat and descended to the barroom. The man with dust on his shoulders still sat at the table.

Gilson approached the bartender.

"By the way," he said, low, "is there a man in Cottonwood by the name of Houston?"

"Hank Houston?"

Gilson nodded.

"Sure; he's the Sheriff; that's him."

And the bartender jerked his head in the direction of the man at the table. Then lifting his voice, "Hank, here's a gent inquirin' fer you," he called.

Houston turned his head.

"Who? Me?" he inquired.

"My name's Gilson," the young man said, "and Billy Johnson back in Kansas City asked me to look you up."

At mention of the name the Sheriff's mouth stretched and a twinkle came into his gray eyes. Yes, he had known Johnson, known him well. Both together in Abilene once; sure, knew him well.

"What you doin' out here, yourself?" he inquired.

And Freddy, leaning across the table, told him.

Houston heard him through without comment.

"Thought I'd look you up and find out what sort of a feller this guy is, y' know."

The Sheriff, after an instant, leaned forward and spat. Then: "Got a gun?" he inquired.

Gilson put his thumb to the left armhole of his waistcoat. Houston saw and nodded.

"That's all right, if you like them

things," he said. "I never thought much of 'em m'self."

Another period of silence ensued, broken at last by the Sheriff, who said in an undertone:

"Yes, I know Loneran; he's been drivin' for the Sunset Company. He's a skunk. If he gits a chance he'll trim yeh. I've had my eye on him fer the past month. He killed a greaser down here in June. I heard about them mules; they got away in the night, seems, and one of your engines come along an' mused 'em up. Jake's been boozin' all the time since; las' time he was down he talked a lot 'bout leavin' the country. I wouldn't be surprised if he did sooner or later."

"I thought I'd ride out to his place to-night," Gilson suggested. "Can I get a horse here?"

"Let you take mine if you want him."

Gilson was profuse with his thanks.

"Think you want to go to-night, do you?" Houston asked.

"I don't want to hang around here any longer than I have to," was the reply.

"All right, if you think you want to. Wait here, I'll git yeh th' horse."

And Houston reared his angular length and strode out of the place.

Ten minutes later he rode up to the door on a little calico cow pony and, dismounting, dropped the reins from the bit.

"He'll give me some supper, won't he?" Gilson asked, with a smile, as he mounted.

"Sure," Houston replied, "and afterward he'll probably work you for a game of cribbage. He's a great cribbage player, Jake is."

Gilson drew up the reins.

"By the way"—Houston laid a hand on the pony's neck—"he's got the name of bein' pretty handy with a gun. Jus' thought I'd tell you."

Gilson raised a hand.

"Thanks." Then he pressed his heels against the pony's ribs and rode forth to the north in the brazen glare of the desert afternoon.

From the doorway of the Palace, Houston watched him until pony and rider disappeared. Then he turned back into the barroom.

"That boy'll either stay or come back; he's a dam fool er he ain't," he observed aloud.

The bartender raised his eyes momentarily from the *Gazette*, muttered "That so?" and resumed reading.

For a long time Houston sat at the table staring out into the yellow afternoon.



III

PURPLE evening, following an amethyst twilight,

was creeping stealthily across the desert into the west where the golden sun had dipped. But all the weird mystery of the magic land was lost upon Loneran, who, seated at the door of his shack, his knees drawn up to his breast, his straw sombrero pushed back, pulled at a short-stemmed cob-pipe and scowled. There was something in the man's attitude, a certain apparent tensi-ty of muscle perhaps, loafing at the moment though he were, which suggested the animal, crouching. He was, in a way, a part of the desert, menacing, and the light of the desert glinted from his eyes. Despite the drink there was nothing of physical instability indicated

*"In the office they called him
'The Kid.'"*



"The light of the desert glinted from his eyes."

in his attitude. Each night, since filing his claim he had waited, as now, in the doorway of his house, gazing off to the south whence he knew must come the railroad's messenger.

Suddenly Lonerger rose. Away off there to the south he discerned a speck, that, even as he watched, grew at last to a pony and rider.

"Comin' are yeh?" he growled and, turning, entered the shack. When next he appeared he was wiping his bristly lips with the back of a hand, a bronzed, hard hand, covered with a fell of reddish hair.

While he was yet a long way off,

Gilson waved his hand and shouted. Lonerger returned the customary greeting. The little pony came to a stop with its distended pink nostrils not a yard from Lonerger's bronze face.

"Rode out to see about those mules," Gilson explained.

Lonerger nodded. "Lemme take yer horse," he said, and led the little animal to the narrow corral at the side of the shack.

"Better eat an' hev a smoke first, hedn't we?" he suggested.

And thus it was that Freddy Gilson and Jake Lonerger half an hour later sat on opposite sides of a pine table and

broke bread together, and ate from the same dish of fried potatoes, and carved slices of canned corned beef with Loner-gan's knife, washing the whole unsavory mess down with coffee strong enough to lift the lid of the pot. And later Loner-gan accepted one of Freddy's cigarettes and they sat side by side in the doorway, the while they tried each to dig into the soul of the other—and failed.

"Well," said Gilson at last, "I'm not allowed to offer you more than two hundred dollars—that's the limit."

Loner-gan stood up.

"An' I ain't goin' t' come a dam cent off'n four hundred," he said.

Freddy snapped away his cigarette end.

"I'm sorry," he said.

Loner-gan had walked a little way off, but now he turned quickly.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," he proposed. "Kin yeh play cribbage? All right; we'll play two games out o' three. We'll split th' difference. We'll call it three hundred—they mules was wuth five an' it'll be three hundred er nothin'. Huh? Wha' d'ye say?"

Now it was not that Freddy Gilson considered himself a master of the cribbage board. It was *ennui*, rather, that induced him to accept the proposal.

"I'll go you," he said, "and just to show you this is O.K. I'll write the check now."

So saying he entered the house, Loner-gan at his heels. A little glass-bowled lamp was brought forth and lighted, and Gilson filled out the check, securing it to the table by a pin.

"Hev a drink?" his host inquired, filling a tin cup from the flask on the table. Gilson shook his head. Loner-gan drank the liquor, wiped his mouth, and produced the board and the dog-eared pack, worn and greasy.

Gilson won the first game by eight holes without counting the crib. Loner-gan grinned and filled the tin cup again. Gilson noted the brown liquor was low in the flask and was glad.

Loner-gan cut a jack, and pegged one. "My game," he declared, "w'en I do that."

Gilson played a three, and Loner-gan paired him. Gilson played a nine and pegged two. Loner-gan made thirty-one with a run of three. Thus it was until halfway down the last row. Loner-gan needed seven to go out, and Gilson ten. Freddy counted. There were nine points in his hand. There were five in Loner-gan's. The latter turned over the crib and spread out the cards.

"Fifteen two, four, six—hell, out——"

"One apiece," Freddy observed quietly, as he lighted a fresh cigarette. Loner-gan poured half the contents of the flask into the tin cup and drank.

Each held "big hands" the first time around the board in the next game. The second time around Gilson held six and Loner-gan ten. The boy bit his lip; Loner-gan grinned. The second hand gave eight to Loner-gan and seven to his opponent. Then Gilson held a hand that moved him forward while Loner-gan could only "see" four. Presently it stood fairly even. Loner-gan needed fourteen to "go out"; Freddy needed twenty, and it was his crib. Loner-gan pegged six. He needed but nine to win. There were eight points in the cards he threw down upon the table with a muttered oath.

"Don't get nervous," Gilson observed quietly, "I haven't got anything in my hand." He laid down his cards.

Loner-gan, breathing fast, and the cords of his stringy neck drawn tense, leaned across the table, but he did not observe the tremor of Gilson's hand as he turned over the crib. Long years of knowledge of the game had familiarized him with all possible combinations. At a glance he saw the points.

Gulping, then smiling weakly, "It puts me out, doesn't it?" Freddy asked. Loner-gan moistened his dry lips with the tip of his tongue and sank back.

Gilson drew out the pin and folding the check thrust it into his pocket.



"At a glance he saw the points."

Loneragan roused himself. "Guess I'll take a smoke," he said. "Better go up and git some sleep; it's a long ride." His voice was steady, but as he rose he staggered and gripped the edge of the table. "Guess I'll take a little smoke."

"I'll give you the receipt to sign in the morning," Gilson said. But Lonergan made no reply as he slouched out.

IV

LYING in the bunk, every sense alert, Freddy Gilson became, as never before,

conscious of the desert's menace. For its physical characteristics he knew the land as only one may know it who has met it often, face to face. Its plant and animal life, the prickly-pear, the stately cactus sheathed in spiny mail, the Spanish bayonet with its long steely spears, the huge furry spiders and loathsome centipedes and the rattlesnakes—these desert things he had seen, and had recognized the harmony between them and the land in which they lived. But now the subtle magic of the desert was working in his blood. What was Lonergan doing out



"Gilson covered It with one of the bunk blankets."

there among the cacti, alone with the velvet night and its frosty stars and the near, glistening moon? And Gilson, what a fool he had been to accept the proffer of a bed! What might Lonergan and the stars and the moon and the drink not conspire? He recalled a multitude of legends of the land, terrible stories wherein the desert had always won in its warfare with man, and there appeared to him the faces of prospectors whom he had met here. One of them had gone mad in Death Valley after seeing his three companions die from drinking the water of an arsenic spring. Recovering, this man went about among his fellows with hair as

white as snow, with an ashy, drawn face, and was ever glancing back over his shoulder with horror-lighted eyes. Amid these images of his imagination Gilson dozed.

When he awoke a path of moonlight had crept half across the rough floor of the loft. He listened. A long time he listened. From the corral came the shivering bray of a burro, then silence. Suddenly Gilson started. He had heard a sound. From its stamped leather holster, which he had not removed when he threw himself upon the blankets of his bunk, he drew his gun, and hid it, in his hand, beneath the bedding. From behind the narrow slit of his eyelids he

watched the hole in the floor across the loft. Once he smiled, and was for dropping his gun, but the spirit of the desert was in him and his grip tightened. Below, something creaked. An age, it seemed to him, he waited, scarcely breathing. And then, as he watched, Lonerган's head appeared above the level of the floor, followed by his shoulders. A moment, and the complete, gaunt figure of the man rose before him, across the path of moonlight. Stealthily he came forward, and the white light glinted from the trigger guard of the gun in his hand. Almost imperceptibly that hand lifted.

Startled by the two reports the burro in the corral brayed. For a long time Gilson watched, motionless, the Still Thing lying in a black heap upon the floor across the path of moonlight. And then suddenly he sprang from the bunk. Lonerган's gun lay beside him. Gilson knelt. Lonerган was breathing. He dragged him into the moonlight and, gripping his shoulders, raised him to a sitting posture, the head against his knee.

"Lonerган," he called softly.

The man opened his eyes—"Lonerган."

And in a rasping whisper he said:

"I's a' ri'; i's a' ri'; yeh got m'; i's a' ri'; lemme lay do'; sleepy——"

Gilson covered it with one of the bunk blankets and descended the ladder.

Over in the east a gray ribbon was unwinding as he rode out of the corral. In the half-light all the desert images were distorted; near things looked far away, and far things near. And as he rode on to the south, suddenly, as though lifted by an explosion, the sun leaped into the sky. In the new light Gilson discerned a rider. As the distance lessened he saw that it was Houston.

Nose to nose the horses stopped.

"All right, are yeh?" the Sheriff said.

"All right," Gilson confirmed.

Houston turned, and they loped away together.

"Did he settle?" the Sheriff asked.

Gilson twisted in the saddle until his eyes met the Sheriff's.

"He settled," he said quietly, and something in his eyes, or some note in his voice, made Houston understand.

"Did you hev t' do it?" he asked.

Gilson nodded.

"Shall you want me to stay for the inquest?" the young man asked, as the Palace Hotel came into view.

Houston shook his head. "They won't be any," he said.



"'He settled,' he said quietly."



"What he saw reflected there, Christ alone knows."

—Page 615.

THE RECKONING

BY ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

CHAPTER XI

THE TEST



It was after breakfast the next morning that Colonel Willett rose from the table, and, laying a familiar hand on my arm, led me to the sunny bench outside the door, where, at his nod, I seated myself beside him.

He drew a map from his breast-pocket and studied in silence; I waited his pleasure.

The veteran seemed to have grown no older since I had last seen him four years since—indeed he had changed little as I remembered him first, sipping his toddy at my father's house, and smiling his shrewd, kindly, whimsical smile while I teased him to tell me of the French war, and how he had captured Frontenac.

I was but seventeen years old when he headed that revolt in New York City, and, single-handed, halted the British troops on Broad Street and took away their baggage. I was nineteen when he led the sortie from Stanwix. I had already taken my post in New York when he was serving with his Excellency in the Jerseys and with Sullivan in the West.

Of all the officers who served on the frontier, Marinus Willett was the only man who had ever held the enemy at check. Even Sullivan, returning from

his annihilation of Indian civilization, was followed by a cloud of maddened savages and renegades that settled in his tracks, enveloping the very frontier, which, by his famous campaign, he had properly expected to leave unharassed.

Colonel Willett had lighted his clay pipe, and now, map spread across his knees and mine, he leaned over, arms folded, smoking, and examining the discolored and wrinkled paper.

"Where is Adriutha, Carus?" he drawled.

I pointed out the watercourse, traced in blue, showing him the ancient site and the falls near by.

"And Carenay?"

Again I pointed.

"Oswaya?"

"Only tradition remains of that lost village," I said. "Even in the Great Rite those who pronounce the name know nothing more than that it once existed. It is so with Kayaderos and Danascara; nobody now knows exactly where they were."

"And Thendara?"

"Thendara *was*, and *will be*, but is not. In the Great Rite of the Iroquois, that place where the first ceremony, which is called 'At the wood's edge,' begins, is called Thendara, to commemorate the ancient place where first the Holder of Heaven talked face to face with the League's founder, Hiawatha."

The hawk-faced veteran smoked and studied the map for a while; then he removed the pipe from his mouth, and, in silence, traced with the smoking stem a

path. I watched him; he went back to the beginning and traced the path again and yet again, never uttering a word; and presently I began to comprehend him.

"Yes, sir," I said; "thus will the Long House strike the Oneidas—when they strike."

"I have sent belts—as you suggested," observed Willett carelessly.

I was delighted, but made no comment; and presently he went on in his drawling, easy manner: "I can account for Sir John, and I can hold him on the Sacandaga; I can account for Haldimand only through the cowardice or treachery of Vermont; but I can hold him, too, if he ever dares to leave the lakes. For Sir Henry Clinton I do not care a damn; like a headless chicken he tumbles about New York, seeing, hearing nothing, and no mouth left to squawk with. His head is off; one of his legs still kicks at Connecticut, t'other paddles aimlessly in the Atlantic Ocean. But he's done for, Carus. Let his own blood cleanse him for the plucking!"

The gaunt Colonel replaced his pipe between his teeth and gazed meditatively into the north:

"But where's Walter Butler?" he mused.

"Is he not at Niagara, sir?" I asked.

Willett folded his map and shoved it into his breast-pocket. "That," he said, "is what I want you to find out for me, Carus."

He wheeled around, facing me, his kindly face very serious:

"I relieved you of your command, Carus, and have attached you to my personal staff. There are officers aplenty to take your rangers where I send them; but I know of only one man in Tryon County who can do what is to be done at Thendara. Send on your belt to Sachems of the Long House. Carus, you are a spy once more."

I had not expected it, now that the Oneidas had been warned. Chilled, sickened at the thought of playing my

loathsome rôle once more, bitter disappointment left me speechless. I hung my head, feeling his keen eyes upon me; I braced myself sullenly against the overwhelming rush of repulsion surging up within me. My every nerve, every fiber quivered for freedom to strike that blow denied me for four miserable years. Had I not earned the right to face my enemies in the open? Had I not earned the right to strike? Had I not waited—God! had I not waited?

Appalled, almost unmanned, I bowed my head still lower as the quick tears of rage wet my lashes. They dried, unshed.

"Is there no chance for me?" I asked—"no chance for one honest blow?"

His kind eyes alone answered; and, like a schoolboy, I sat there rubbing my face, teeth clinched, to choke back the rebellious cry swelling my hot throat.

"Give me an Oneida, then," I muttered. "I'll go."

"You are a good lad, Carus," he said gently. "I know how you feel."

I could not answer.

"You know," he said, "how many are called, how few chosen. You know that in these times a man must sink self and stand ready for any sacrifice, even the supreme and best."

He laid his hand on my shoulder: "Carus, I felt as you do now when his Excellency asked me to leave the line and the five splendid New York regiments just consolidated and given me to lead. But I obeyed; I gave up legitimate ambition; I renounced hope of that advancement all officers rightly desire; I left my New York regiments to come here to take command of a few farmers and forest-runners. God and his Excellency know best!"

I nodded, unable to speak.

"There is glory and preferment to be had in Virginia," he said; "there are stars to be won at Yorktown, Carus. But those stars will never glitter on this faded uniform of mine. So be it. Let

us do our best, lad. It's all one in the end."

I nodded.

"And so," he continued pleasantly, "I send you to Thendara. None knows you for a partisan in this war. For four years you have been lost to sight; and if any Iroquois has heard of your living in New York, he must believe you to be a King's man. Your one danger is in answering the Iroquois summons as an ensign of a nation marked for punishment. How great that danger may be, you can judge better than I."

I thought for a while. The Canienga who had summoned me by belt could not prove I was a partisan of the riflemen who escorted me. I might have been absolutely non-partisan, traveling under escort of either side that promised protection from those ghostly rovers who scalped first and asked questions afterward.

The danger I ran as clan-ensign of a nation marked for punishment was an unknown quantity to me. From the Canienga belt-bearer I had gathered that there was no sanctuary for an Oneida envoy at Thendara; but what protection an ensign of the Wolf Clan might expect, I could not be certain of.

But there was one more danger. Suppose Walter Butler should appear to sit in council as ensign of his mongrel clan?

"Colonel," I said, "there is one thing to be done, and, as there is nobody else to accomplish this dog's work, I must perform it. I am trying not to be selfish—not to envy those whose lines are fallen in pleasant places—not to regret the happiness of battle which I have never known—not to desire those chances for advancement and for glory that—that all young men—crave—"

My voice broke, but I steadied it instantly.

"I had hoped one day to do a service which his Excellency could openly acknowledge—a service which might, one day, permit him to receive me. I have never seen him. I think, now, I never

shall. But, as you say, sir, ambitions like these are selfish, therefore they are petty and unworthy. He does know best."

The Colonel nodded gravely, watching me, his unlighted pipe drooping in his hand.

"There is one thing—before I go," I said. "My betrothed wife is with me. May I leave her in your care, sir?"

"Yes, Carus."

"She is asleep in that room above—" I looked up at the closed shutters, scarcely seeing them for the blinding rush of tears; yet stared steadily till my eyes were dry and hot again, and my choked and tense throat relaxed.

"I think," said the Colonel, "that she is safer in Johnstown Fort than anywhere else just now. I promise you, Carus, to guard and cherish her as though she were my own child. I may be called away—you understand that!—but I mean to hold Johnstown Fort, and shall never be too far from Johnstown to relieve it in event of siege. What can be done I will do on my honor as a soldier. Are you content?"

"Yes."

He lowered his voice: "Is it best to see her before you start?"

I shook my head.

"Then pick your Oneida," he muttered. "Which one?"

"Little Otter. Send for him."

The Colonel leaned back on the bench and tapped at the outside of the tavern window. An aide came clanking out, and presently hurried away with a message to Little Otter to meet me at Butlersbury within the hour, carrying parched corn and salt for three days' rations.

For a while we sat there, going over personal matters. Our sea-chests were to be taken to the fort; my financial affairs I explained, telling him where he might find my papers in case of accident to me. Then I turned over to him my watch, what money I had of Elsin's, and my own.

"If I do not return," I said, "and if this frontier cannot hold out, send Miss Grey with a flag to New York. Sir Peter Coleville is kin to her; and when he understands what danger menaces her he will defend her to the last ditch o' the law. Do you understand, Colonel?"

"No, Carus, but I can obey."

"Then remember this: She must never be at the mercy of Walter Butler."

"Oh, I can remember that," he said drily.

For a few moments I sat brooding, head between my hands; then, of a sudden impulse, I swung around and laid my heart bare to him—told him everything in a breath—trembling, as a thousand new-born fears seized me, chilling my blood.

"Good God!" I stammered, "it is not for myself I care now, Colonel! But the thought of him—of her—together—I cannot endure. I tell you, the dread of this man has entered my very soul; there is terror at a hint of him. Can I not stay, Colonel? Is there no way for me to stay? She is so young, so alone——"

Hope died as I met his eye. I set my teeth and crushed speech into silence.

"The welfare of a nation comes first," he said slowly.

"I know—I know—but——"

"All must sacrifice to that principle, Carus. Have not the men of New York stood for it? Have not the men of Tryon given their all? I tell you, the army shall eat, but the bread they munch is made from blood-wet grain; and for every loaf they bake a life has been offered. Where is the New Yorker who has not faced what you are facing? At the crack of the ambushed rifle our people drop at the plow, and their dying eyes look upon wife and children falling under knife and hatchet. It must be so if the army is to eat and liberty live in this country we dare call our own. And when the call sounds, we New Yorkers must go, Carus. Our women know it, even our toddling children know it, God bless them!—and they proudly take their chances—nay,

they demand the chances of a war that spares neither the aged nor the weak, neither mother nor cradled babe, nor the hound at the door, nor the cattle, nor any living thing in this red fury of destruction!"

He had risen, eyes glittering, face hardened into stone. "Go to your betrothed and say good-by. You do not know her yet, I think."

"She is Canadienne," I said.

"She is what the man she loves is—if she honors him. His cause is hers, his country hers, his God is her God!"

"Her heart is with neither side——"

"Her heart is with you! Shame to doubt her—if I read her eyes! Read them, Carus!"

I wheeled, speechless; Elsin Grey stood before me, deadly pale.

After a moment she moved forward, laying her hand on my shoulder and facing Colonel Willett with a smile. All color had fled from her face, but neither lip nor voice quivered as she spoke:

"I think you do understand, sir. We Canadiennes yield nothing in devotion to the women of New York. Where we love, we honor. What matters it where the alarm sounds? We understand our lovers; we can give them to the cause of freedom as well here in Tryon County as on the plains of Abraham—can we not, my betrothed?" she said, looking into my face; but her smile was heart-breaking.

"Child, child," said Willett, taking her free hand in both of his, "you speak a silent language with your eyes that no man can fail to understand."

"I failed," I said bitterly, as Willett kissed her hand, placed it in mine, and, turning, entered the open door.

"And what blame, Carus?" she whispered. "What have I been to you but a symbol of unbridled selfishness, asking all, giving nothing? How could you know I loved you so dearly that I could stand aside to let you pass? First I loved you selfishly, shamelessly; then I

begged your guilty love, offering mine in the passion of my ignorance and bewilderment."

Her arm fell from my shoulder and nestled in mine, and we turned away together under the brilliant autumn glory of the trees.

"That storm that tore me—ah, Carus—I had been wrecked without your strong arm to bear me up!"

"It was you who bore me up, Elsin. How can I leave you now!"

"Why, Carus, our honor is involved."

"Our honor!"

"Yes, dear, ours."

"You—you bid me go, Elsin?"

"If I bid you stay, what would avail except to prove me faithless to you? How could I truly love you and counsel dishonor?"

White as a flower, the fixed smile never left her lips, nor did her steady pace beside me falter, or knee tremble, or a finger quiver of the little hand that lay within my own.

And then we fell silent, walking to and fro under the painted maple trees in Johnstown streets, seeing no one, heeding no one, until the bell at the fort struck the hour. It meant the end.

We kissed each other once. I could not speak. My horse, led by Jack Mount, appeared from the tavern stables; and we walked back to the inn together.

Once more I took her in my arms; then she gently drew away and entered the open door, hands outstretched as though blinded, feeling her way—that was the last I saw of her, feeling her dark way alone into the house.

I do not here recount in detail the incidents of my journey, of my encounter in the deserted home of the Butlers of the half-breed, Lyn Montour, of my learning from her that she was the wife of Walter Butler and of his desertion, of my being joined by my Oneida guide to the secret sitting of the Council of the Confederacy at the Deadwater, and of the gift of speech that came to me there by which I

was enabled, in a breath, to overturn the entire plan of the Butlers and of the demoralized Iroquois and to win the support of the League for my country.

Neither do I write here of how, while I stood by the smoldering Council fire, from which the Sachems, some taking canoes, others filing off through the forest, had silently departed, dazed as I was that I, a white man, should have done this thing—of how, suddenly, the sounds of a galloping horse were heard, and Walter Butler, out of the forest's edge, drew bridle at the clearing, bent, and examined the covered fire, and stared around him. Of how, when he saw me, his face flushed with passion, and the evil, silent laugh grew terrible as he realized that he had come too late, of the insult he flung into my face and how I stood it, forbearing to slay him then and there for the sake of the woman whom I intended he should yet be made to confess his wife, and of how we struggled and fought, I seeking to make him my prisoner but being foiled by the cunning of the man; of his escape from my hands by the edge of the Deadwater, and my flight from his men, now no longer a spy since Butler had come and discovered my mission.

CHAPTER XII

THE BATTLE OF JOHNSTOWN

Two weeks of maddening inactivity followed the arrival at the Yellow Tavern of an express from Colonel Willett, carrying orders for me to remain at Oswaya until further command, bury all apples, pit the corn, and mill what buckwheat the settlers could spare as a deposit for the army.

Not a word since that time had I heard from Johnstown, although it was rumored in the settlement that the rangers had taken the field in scouts of five, covering the frontier to get into touch with the long-expected forces that might

come from Niagara under Ross and Walter Butler, or from the east under St. Leger and Sir John, or even perhaps under Haldimand.

Never had I known such hot impatience, such increasing anxiety; never had I felt so bitterly that the last chance was vanishing for me to strike an honest blow in a struggle wherein I, hitherto inert, had figured so meanly, so ingloriously.

To turn farmer clodhopper now was heart-breaking. Yet all I could do was to organize a sort of home guard there, detail a different yokel every day to watch the road to Varicks, five miles below, by which the enemy must arrive if they marched with artillery and wagons, as it was rumored they would. At night I placed a sentinel by the mill to guard against scalping parties, and another on the hill to watch the west and south. Meager defenses, one might say, and even the tavern was unstockaded, and protected only by loops and oaken shutters; but every man and woman was demanded for the harvest; even the children staggered off to the threshing barns, laden with sheaves of red-stemmed buckwheat, or rolled pumpkins and squashes to the wagons, or shook down crimson apples for the men to cart away and bury.

And on one bright, cold morning in late October, when to keep warm one must seek the sunny lee of the tavern, I sat brooding, watching the crimson maple-leaves falling from the forest in showers. Frost had come, silvering the stiffened earth, and patches of it still lingered in shady places. Oaks were brown, elms yellow; birches had shed their leaves; and already the forest stretched bluish and misty, set with flecks of scarlet maple and the darker patches of the pine.

On that early morning, just after sunrise, I sensed a hint of snow in the wind that blew out of the purple north; and the premonition sickened me, for it meant the campaign ended.

In an ugly and sullen mood I sat glowering at the blackened weeds cut by the frost, when, hearing the sound of horses' feet on the hill, I rose and stood on tiptoe to see who might be coming at such a pace.

People ran out to the rear to look; nearer and nearer came the dull, battering gallop, then a rider rushed into view, leaning far forward, waving his arm; and a far cry sounded: "Express, ho! News for Captain Renault!"

An express! I sprang to the edge of the road as the horse thundered by; and the red-faced rider, plastered with mud, twisted in his saddle and hurled a packet at me, shouting: "Butler is in the Valley! Turn out! Turn out!" sweeping past in a whirlwind of dust and flying stones.

As I caught up the packet from the grass, Farris ran out and fired his musket, then set the conch-horn to his mouth and sent a long-drawn, melancholy warning booming through the forest.

"Close up those shutters!" I said, "and fill the water casks!"

Men came running from barn and mill, shouting for the women and children; men ran to the hill to look for signs of the enemy, to drive in cattle, to close and latch the doors of their wretched dwellings, as though bolt and bar could keep out the red fury now at last unloosened.

I saw a woman, to whose ragged skirts three children clung, toiling across a stump-field, staggering under a flour-sack full of humble household goods. One of the babies carried a gray kitten clasped to her breast.

Pell-mell into the tavern they hurried, white-faced.

In the midst of this howling hubbub I ripped open my dispatches and read:

"JOHNSTOWN, October 25, 1781.

"CAPTAIN RENAULT:

"Sir—Pursuant to urgent orders this instant arrived by express from Colonel Wil-

lett at Fort Rensselaer, I have the honor to inform you that Major Ross and Captain Walter Butler have unexpectedly struck the Valley at Warren's Bush.

"You will gather from this, sir, that Johnstown is gravely menaced, and no garrison left except a few militia. Indeed, our situation must shortly be deplorable if Colonel Willett does not deliver battle at the ford.

"Therefore, if you can start at once and pick up a post of your riflemen at Broadalbin Bush, it may help us to hold the jail here, until some aid arrives from Colonel Willett.

"The town is panic-stricken. All last night the people stood on the lawn by Johnstown Hall and watched the red glare in the sky where the enemy were burning the Valley. Massacre, the torch, and hatchet seem already at our thresholds. However, the event remains with God. I shall hold the jail to the last.

"Your ob't serv't,

"ROWLEY, *Major Com'nd'g.*"

For one dreadful moment every-drop of blood seemed to leave my body. I sank into a chair, staring into the sunshine, seeing nothing. Then the pale face of Elsin Grey took shape before me, gazing at me sorrowfully; and I sprang up, shuddering, and looking about me. What in God's name was I to do? Go to her and leave these women and babies?—leave these dull-witted men to defend themselves? Why not? Every nerve in me tightened with terror at her danger, every heart-beat responded passionately to the appeal. Yet how could I go, with these white-faced women watching me in helpless confidence; with these frightened children gathering around me, looking up into my face, reaching trustfully for my clinched hands?

In an agony of indecision I turned to the door and gazed down the road, an instant only, then leaped back and slammed the great oaken portal, shooting the bars. Destiny had decided; Fate had cut the knot!

Out of rifle-range, I caught my first good view of the marauders passing along the red stubble-fields north of

Warren's barn—some hundred Indians and Tories, marching in columns of fours, rifles a-trail, south by east. To my astonishment, instead of facing, they swung around us on a dog-trot, still out of range, pressing steadily forward across the rising ground. Then suddenly I comprehended. They cared nothing for Oswaya when there was prime killing and plunder a-plenty to be had in the Valley. They were headed for Johnstown, where the vultures were already gathering.

Rifle at trail, teeth set, I descended the hill, dodging among the blackened stumps, and entered the woods on a steady run. I had no need of a path save for comfort in the going, for this region was perfectly familiar to me from the Sacandaga to the Kenneyto, and from Mayfield Creek to the Cayadutta—familiar as Broadway, from the Battery to Vauxhall. No Indian knew it better, nor could journey by short cuts faster than could I. For this was my own country, and I trusted it. The distance was five good miles to the now abandoned settlement of Broadalbin, or Fonda's Bush, which some still call it, and my road lay south, straight as the bee flies, after I had once crossed the trail of the Oswaya raiders.

I crossed it where I expected to, in a soft and marshy glade, unblackened by the frost, where blue flowers tufted the swale, and a clear spring soaked the moss and trickled into a little stream, which, I remembered, was ever swarming with tiny troutlings. Here I found the print of Cayuga and Mohawk moccasins and white man's boots a-plenty; and, for one fierce instant, burned to pick up the raw trail, hanging on their rear to drive one righteous bullet into them when chance gave me an opportunity. But the impulse fled as it came. Sick at heart I pressed forward once more, going at a steady wolf-trot; and so silently, so noiselessly, that twice I routed deer from their hemlock beds, and once came plump on a tree-cat that

puffed up into fury and backed off spitting and growling, eyes like green flames, and every hair on end.

Tree after tree I passed, familiar to me in happier years—here an oak from which, a hundred yards due west, one might find sulphur water—there a pine, marking a clean mile from the Kenneyetto at its nearest curve—yonder a birch-bordered gully, haunted of partridge and woodcock—all these I noted, scarcely seeing them at all, and plodded on and on until, far away through the trees, I heard the Kenneyetto roaring in its gorge, like the wind at Adriutha.

A stump-field, sadly overgrown with choke-cherry, sumach, and rabbit-brier, warned me that I was within rifle-hail of the rangers' post at Broadalbin. I swung to the west, then south, then west again, passing the ruins of the little settlement—a charred beam here, an empty cellar there, yonder a broken well-sweep, until I came to the ridge above the swamp, where I must turn east and ford the stream, under the rifles of the post.

There stood the chimney of what had once been my father's house—the new one, "burned by mistake," ere it had been completed.

I gave it one sullen glance; looked around me, saw but heaps of brick, mortar, and ashes, where barns, smoke-houses, granaries, and stables had stood. The cellar of my old home was almost choked with weeds; slender young saplings had already sprouted among the foundation-stones.

Passing the orchard, I saw the trees under which I had played as a child, now all shaggy and unpruned, tufted thick with suckers, and ringed with heaps of small rotting apples, lying in the grass as they had fallen. With a whirring, thunderous roar, a brood of crested grouse rose from the orchard as I ran on, startling me, almost unnerving me. The next moment I was at the shallow water's edge, shouting across at a blockhouse of logs; and a ranger rose up and waved his furry cap at me, beck-

oning me to cross, and calling to me by name.

"Is that you, Dave Elerson?" I shouted.

"Yes, sir. Is there bad news?"

"Butler is in the Valley!" I answered, and waded into the cold, brown current, ankle-deep in golden-bottom sands. Breathless, dripping thrums trailing streams of water after me, I toiled up the bank and stood panting, leaning against the log hut.

"Where is the post?" I breathed.

"Out, sir, since last night."

"Which way?" I groaned.

"Johnstown way, Mr. Renault. The Weasel, Tim Murphy, and Nick Stoner was a-smellin' after moccasin-prints on the Mayfield trail. About sunup they made smoke-signals at me that they were movin' Kingsboro way on a raw trail."

He brought me his tin cup full of rum and water. I drank a small portion of it, then rinsed throat and mouth, still standing.

"Butler and Ross, with a thousand rifles and baggage-wagons, are making for the Tribes Hill ford," I said. "A hundred Cayugas, Mohawks, and Tories burned Oswaya just after sunrise, and are this moment pushing on to Johnstown. We've got to get there before them, Elerson."

"Yes, sir," he said simply, glancing at the flint in his rifle.

"Is there any chance of our picking up the scout?"

"If we don't, it's a dead scout for sure," he returned gravely. "Tim Murphy wasn't lookin' for scalpin' parties from the north."

I handed him his cup, tightened belt and breast-straps, trailed rifle, and struck the trail at a jog; and behind me trotted David Elerson, famed in ballad and story, which he could not read—nor could Tim Murphy, either, for that matter, whose learning lay in things unwritten, and whose eloquence flashed from the steel lips of a rifle that never spoke in vain.

Like ice-chilled wine the sweet, keen mountain air blew in our faces, filtering throat and nostrils as we moved; the rain that the frost had promised was still far away—perhaps not rain at all, but snow.

On we pressed, first breath gone, second breath steady; and only for the sickening foreboding that almost unnerved me when I thought of Elsin, I should not have suffered from the strain.

Somewhere to the west, hastening on parallel to our path, was strung out that pack of raiding bloodhounds; farther south, perhaps at this very instant entering Johnstown, moved the marauders from the north. A groan burst from my dry lips.

Slowing to a walk we began to climb, shoulder to shoulder, ascending the dry bed of a torrent fairly alive with partridges.

"Winter's comin' almighty fast; them birds is a-packin' and a-buddin' already. Down to the Bush I see them peckin' the windfall apples in your old orchard."

I scarcely heard him, but, as he calmly gossiped on, hour after hour, a feeling of dull surprise grew in me that at such a time a man could note and discuss such trifles. Ah, but he had no sweetheart there in the threatened town, menaced by death in its most dreadful shape.

"Are the women in the jail?" I asked, my voice broken by spasmodic breathing as we toiled onward.

"I guess they are, sir—leastways, Jack Mount was detailed there to handle the milishy." And, after a pause, gravely and gently: "Is your lady there, sir?"

"Yes—God help her!"

He said nothing; there was nothing of comfort for any man to say. I looked up at the sun.

"It's close to noontide, sir," said Elerson. "We'll make Johnstown within the half hour. Shall we swing round by the Hall and keep cover, or chance it by the road to Jimmy Burke's?"

"What about the scout?" I asked miserably.

He shook his head, and over his solemn eyes a shadow passed.

"Mayhap," he muttered, "Tim Murphy's luck will hold, sir. He's been fired at by a hundred of their best marksmen; he's been in every bloody scrape, assault, ambush, retreat, 'twixt Edward and Cherry Valley, and never a single bullet-scratch. We may find him in Johnstown yet."

He swerved to the right: "With your leave, Captain Renault, we'll fringe the timber here. Look, sir! yonder stands the Hall against the sky!"

We were in Johnstown. There, across Sir William's tree-bordered pastures and rolling stubble-fields, stood the baronial hall. Sunlight sparkled on the windows. I saw the lilacs, the bare-limbed locusts, the orchards, still brilliant with scarlet and yellow fruit, the long stone wall and hedge fence, the lawns intensely green.

"It is deserted," I said in a low voice.

"Hark!" breathed Elerson, ear to the wind. After a moment I heard a deadened report from the direction of the village, then another and another; and, spite of the adverse breeze, a quivering, gentle, sustained sound, scarce more than a vibration that hung persistently in the air.

"By God!" gasped Elerson, "it's the bell at the jail! The enemy are here! Pull foot, sir! Our time has come!"

Down the slope we ran, headed straight for the village. Gunshots now sounded distinctly from the direction of the Court-House; and around us, throughout the whole country, guns popped at intervals, sometimes a single distant report, then a quick succession of shots, like hunters shooting partridges; but we heard as yet no volley-firing.

"Tories and scalpers harrying the outlying farms," breathed Elerson. "Look sharp, sir! We're close to the village, and it's full of Tories."

Right ahead of us stood a white house; and, as we crossed the hay-field behind

it, a man came to the back door, leveled a musket, and deliberately shot at us. Instantly, and before he could spring back, Elerson threw up his rifle and fired, knocking the man headlong through the doorway.

"The impudent sun of a slut!" he muttered to himself, coolly reloading. "Count one more Tory in hell, Davy, lad!"

Priming, his restless eyes searched the road-hedge ahead, then, ready once more, we broke into a trot, scrambled through the fence, and started down the road, which had already become a village street. It was fairly swarming with men running and dodging about.

The first thing I saw clearly was a dead woman lying across a horse-block. Then I saw a constable named Hugh McMonts running down the street, chased closely by two Indians and a soldier wearing a green uniform. They caught him as we fired, and murdered him in a doorway with hatchet and gunstock, spattering everything with the poor wretch's brains.

Our impulsive and useless shots had instantly drawn the fire of three red-coated soldiers; and, as the big bullets whistled around us, Elerson grasped my arm, pulled me back, and darted behind a barn. Through a garden we ran, not stopping to load, through another barnyard, scattering the chickens into frantic flight, then out along a stony way, our ears ringing with the harsh din of the jail bell.

"There's the jail; run for it!" panted Elerson, as we came in sight of the solid stone structure, rising behind its palisades on the high ground.

I sprang across the road and up the slope, battering at the barricaded palings with my rifle-stock, while Elerson ran around the defenses bawling for admittance.

"Hurry, Elerson!" I cried, hammering madly for entrance; "here come the enemy's baggage-wagons up the street!"

"Jack Mount! Jack Mount! Let us in, ye crazy loon!" shouted Elerson.

Somebody began to unbolt the heavy slab gate; it creaked and swung open just wide enough for a man to squeeze through. I shoved Elerson inside and followed, pushing into a mob of scared militia and panic-stricken citizens toward a huge buckskinned figure at a stockade loophole on the left.

"Jack Mount!" I called, "where are the women? Are they safe?"

He looked around at me, nodded in a dazed and hesitating manner, then wheeled quick as a flash, and fired through the slit in the logs.

I crawled up to the epaulment and peered down into the dusty street. It was choked with the enemy's baggage-wagons, now thrown into terrible confusion by the shot from Mount's rifle. Horses reared, backed, swerved, swung around, and broke into a terrified gallop; teamsters swore and lashed at their maddened animals, and some batmen, carrying a dead or wounded teamster, flung their limp burden into a wagon, and, seizing the horses' bits, urged them up the hill in a torrent of dust.

I fumbled for my ranger's whistle, set it to my lips, and blew the "Cease firing!"

"Let them alone!" I shouted angrily at Mount. "Have you no better work than to waste powder on a parcel of frightened clodhoppers? Send those militiamen to their posts! Two to a loop, yonder! Lively, lads; and see that you fire at nothing except Indians and soldiers. Jack, come up here!"

The big rifleman mounted the ladder and leaped to the rifle-platform, which quivered beneath his weight.

"I thought I'd best sting them once," he muttered. "Their main force has circled the town westward toward the Hall. Lord, sir, it was a bad surprise they gave us, for we understood that Willett held them at Tribes Hill!"

I caught his arm in a grip of iron, striving to speak, shaking him to silence.

"Where—where is Miss Grey?" I said hoarsely. "You say the women are safe, do you not?"

"Mr. Renault—sir—" he stammered, "I have just arrived at the jail—I have not seen your wife."

My hand fell from his arm; his appalled face whitened.

"Last night, sir," he muttered, "she was at the Hall, watching the flames in the sky where Butler was burning the Valley. I saw her there in a crowd of townsfolk, women, children—the whole town was on the lawn there—"

He wiped his clammy face and moistened his lips; above us, in the wooden tower, the clamor of the bell never ceased.

"She spoke to me, asking for news of you. I—I had no news of you to tell her. Then an officer—Captain Little—fell a-bawling for the rangers to fall in, and Billy Laird, Jack Shew, Sammons, and me—we had to go. So I fell in, sir; and the last I saw she was standing there and looking at the reddening sky—"

Blindly, almost staggering, I pushed past him, stumbling down the ladder, across the yard, and into the lower corridor of the jail. There were women aplenty there; some clung to my arm, imploring news; some called out to me, asking for husband or son. I looked blankly into face after face, all strangers; I mounted the stairs, pressing through the trembling throng, searching every whitewashed corridor, every room, then to the cellar, where the frightened children huddled, then out again, breaking into a run, hastening from blockhouse to blockhouse, the iron voice of the bell maddening me!

"Captain Renault! Captain Renault!" called out a militiaman, as I turned from the log rampart.

The man came hastening toward me, firelock trailing, pack and sack bouncing and flopping.

"My wife has news of your lady," he said, pointing to a slim, pale young

woman who stood in the doorway, a shawl over her wind-blown hair.

I turned as she advanced, looking me earnestly in the face.

"Your lady was in the fort late last night, sir," she began. A fit of coughing choked her; overhead the dreadful clangor of the bell dinned and dinned.

Dumb, stunned, I waited while she fumbled in her soiled apron, and at last drew out a crumpled letter.

"I'll tell you what I know," she said weakly. "We had been to the Hall; the sky was all afire. My little boy grew frightened, and she—your sweet lady—she lifted him and carried him for me—I was that sick and weak from fright, sir—"

A fit of coughing shook her. She handed me the letter, unable to continue.

And there, brain reeling, ears stunned by the iron din of the bell which had never ceased, I read her last words to me:

"Carus, my darling, I don't know where you are. Please God, you are not at Osweya, where they tell me the Indians have appeared above Varicks. Dearest lad, your Oneida came with your letter. I could not reply, for there were no expresses to go to you. Colonel Willett had news of the enemy toward Fort Hunter, and marched the next day. We hoped he might head them, but last night there was an alarm, and we all went out into the street. People were hastening to the Hall, and I went, too, being anxious, now that you are out there alone somewhere in the darkness.

"Oh, Carus, the sky was all red and fiery behind Tribes Hill; and women were crying and children sobbing all around me. I asked the ranger, Mount, if he had news of you, and he was gentle and kind, and strove to comfort me, but he went away with his company on a run, and I saw the militia assembling where the drummers stood beating their drums in the torchlight.

"Somebody—a woman—said: 'It's hatchet and scalping again, and we women will catch it now.'

"And then a child screamed, and its mother was too weak to carry it, so I took it back for her to the jail.

"I sat in the jailer's room, thinking and thinking. Outside the barred window I heard a woman telling how Butler's men had already slain a whole family at Caughnawaga—an express having arrived with news of horrors unspeakable.

"Dearest, it came to me like a flash of light what I must do—what God meant me to do. Can you not understand, my darling? We are utterly helpless here. I must go back to this man—to this man who is riding hither with death on his right hand, and on his left hand, death!

"Oh, Carus! Carus! my sin has found me out! It is written that man should not put asunder those joined together. I have defied Him! Yet He repays, mercifully, offering me my last chance.

"Sweetheart, I must take it. Can you not understand? This man is my lawful husband; and as his wife, I dare resist him; I have the right to demand that his Indians and soldiers spare the aged and helpless. I must go to him, meet him, and confront him, and insist that mercy be shown to these poor, terrified people. *And I must pay the price!*

"Oh, Carus! Carus! I love you so! Pray for me. God keep you! I must go ere it is too late. My horse is at Burke's. I leave this for you. Dear, I am striving to mend a shattered life with sacrifice of self—the sacrifice you taught me. I cannot help loving you as I do; but I can strive to be worthy of the man I love. This is the only way!

"ELSIN GREY."

The woman had begun to speak again. I raised my eyes.

"Your sweet lady gave me the letter—I waited while she wrote it in the warden's room—and she was crying, sir. God knows what she has written you!—but she kissed me and my little one, and went out into the yard. I have not seen her since, Mr. Renault."

Would the din of that hellish bell never cease its torture? Would sound never again give my aching brain a moment's respite? The tumult, men's sharp voices, the coughing of the sick woman, the dull, stupid blows of sound were driving me mad! And now more noises broke out—the measured crash of volleys; cheers from the militia on the

parapet; an uproar swelling all around me. I heard someone shout, "Willett has entered the town!" and the next instant the smashing roll of drums broke out in the street, echoing back from façade and palisade, and I heard the fifes and hunting-horns playing "Soldiers' Joy!" and the long double-shuffling of infantry on the run.

The icy current of desperation flowed back into every vein. My mind cleared; I passed a steady hand over my eyes, looked around me, and, drawing the ranger's whistle from my belt, set it to my lips.

The clear, mellow call dominated the tumult. A man in deerskin dropped from the rifle-platform, another descended the ladder, others came running from the log bastions, all flocking around me like brown deer herding to the leader's call.

"Fall in!" I scarce knew my own voice.

The eager throng of riflemen fell away into a long rank, stringing out across the jail yard.

"Shoulder arms! Right dress! Right face! Call off!"

The quick responses ran along the ranks: "Right! left! right! left!—"

"Right double!" I called. Then, as order followed order, the left platoon stepped forward, halted, and dressed.

"Take care to form column by platoons right, right front. To the right—face! March!"

The gates were flung wide as we passed through, and, wheeling, swung straight into the streets of Johnstown with a solid hurrah!

A battalion of Massachusetts infantry was passing St. John's Church, filling William Street with the racket of their drums. White cross-belts and rifles shining, the black-gaitered column plodded past, mounted officers leading. Then a field-piece, harness and chains clanking, came by, breasting the hill at a gallop, amid a tempest of cheers from my riflemen. And now the Tryon County

men were passing in dusty ranks, and more riflemen came running up, falling in behind my company.

"There's Tim Murphy!" cried Elerston joyously. "He has your horse, Captain!"

Down the hill from Burke's Inn came Murphy on a run, leading my horse; behind him sped the Weasel and a rifleman named Sammons, and Burke himself, flourishing a rifle, all greeted lustily by the brown ranks behind me, amid shouts of laughter as Jimmy Burke, in cap and fluttering forest-dress, fell in with the others.

"Captain Renault, sorr—" I turned. Murphy touched his raccoon cap.

"Sorr, I hov f'r to repoort that ye're sweet lady, sorr, is wid Butler at Johnson Hall."

"Safe?" My lips scarcely moved.

"Safe so far, sorr. She rides wid their Major, Ross, an' the shtaff-officers in gold an' green."

I sprang to the saddle, raised my rifle and shook it. A shrill, wolfish yelling burst from the rangers.

"Forward!" And "Forward! forward!" echoed the sergeants, as we swung into a quickstep.

The rifles on the hill by the Hall were speaking faster and faster now. A white cloud hid the Hall and the trees, thickening and spreading as a volley of musketry sent its smoke gushing into the bushes. Then, in the dun-colored fog, a red flame darted out, splitting the air with a deafening crash, and the thunder-clap of the cannon-shot shook the earth under our hurrying feet.

We were close to the Hall now. Behind a hedge fence running east our militia lay, firing very coolly into the wavering mists, through which twinkled the ruddy rifle-flames of the enemy. The roar of the firing was swelling, dominated by the tremendous concussions of the field-piece. I saw officers riding like mounted phantoms through the smoke; dead men in green, dead men in scarlet, and here and there a dead Mohawk lay

in the hedge. A wounded officer of Massachusetts infantry passed us, borne away to the village by Schoharie militia.

As we started for the hedge on a double, suddenly, through the smoke, the other side of the hedge swarmed with men. They were everywhere, crashing through the thicket, climbing the fence, pouring forward with shouts and hurrahs. Then the naked form of an Indian appeared, another, another; the militia, disconcerted and surprised, struck at them with their gun-stocks, wavered, turned, and ran toward us.

I had already deployed my right into line; the panic-stricken militia came heading on as we opened to let them through; then we closed up; a sheet of flame poured out into the very faces of Butler's Rangers, another, another!

Bolt upright in the stirrups, I lifted my smoking rifle: "Rangers! Charge!"

Beneath my plunging horse a soldier in green went down screaming; an Indian darted past, falling to death under a dozen clubbed rifles; then a yelling mass of green-coated soldiers, forced and crushed back into the hedge, turned at bay; and into this writhing throng leaped my riflemen, hatchets flashing.

"Hold that hedge, Captain Renault!" came a calm voice near me, and I saw Colonel Willett at my elbow, struggling with his frantic horse.

A mounted officer near him cried: "The rest of the militia on the right are wavering, Colonel!"

"Then stop them, Captain Zielie!" said Willett, dragging his horse to a stand. His voice was lost in the swelling roar of the fusillade where my rangers were holding the hedge. On the extreme right, through an open field, I saw the militia scattering, darting about wildly. There came a flash, a roar, and the scene was blotted out in a huge fountain of flame and smoke.

"They've blown up the ammunition-wagon! Butler's men have taken our cannon!" yelled a soldier, swinging his

arms frantically. "Oh, my God, the militia are running from the field!"

It was true. One of those dreadful and unaccountable panics had seized the militia. Nothing could stop them. I saw Colonel Willett spur forward, sword flashing; officers rode into the retreating lines, begging and imploring them to stand. The pressure on my riflemen was enormous, and I ordered them to fall back by squads in circles to the fringe of woods. They obeyed very coolly and in perfect order, retiring step by step, shot by shot.

Massachusetts infantry were holding the same woods; a few Tryon militia rallied to us, and Colonel Gray took command. "For God's sake, Renault, go and help Willett stop the militia!" he begged. "I'll hold this corner till you can bring us aid!"

I peered about me through the smoke, gathered bridle, wheeled through the bushes into the open field, and hurled my horse forward along the line of retreat.

Never had I believed brave men could show such terror. Nobody heeded me, nobody listened. At my voice they only ran the faster, I galloping alongside, beseeching them, and looking for Willett.

Straight into the streets of Johnstown fled the militia, crowding the town in mad and shameless panic, carrying with them their mounted officers, as a torrent hurls chips into a whirlpool.

"Halt! In Heaven's name, what is the matter? Why, you had them on the run, you men of Tryon, you Ulster men!" cried Colonel Willett.

A seething mass of fugitives was blocked at the old stone church. Into them plunged the officers, cursing, threatening, imploring, I among them, my horse almost swept from his legs in the rushing panic.

"Don't run, lads," I said; "don't put us all to this shame! Why, what are you afraid of? I saw nothing to scare a child on the hill. And this is my first battle. I thought war was something to scare a

man. But this is nothing. You wouldn't leave the rangers there all alone, would you? They're up there drilling holes in the Indians who came to murder your wives and children. Come on, boys! You didn't mean it. We can't let those yagers and Greens take a cannon as easily as that!"

They were listening to Willett too; here and there a sergeant took up the pleading. I found an exhausted drummer-boy sitting on the steps of the church, and induced him to stand up and beat the assembly. Officer after officer struggled through the mob, leading out handfuls of men; lines formed; I snatched a flag from an ensign and displayed it; a company, at shoulder arms, headed by a drummer, emerged from the chaos, marching in fair alignment; another followed more steadily; line after line fell in and paraded; the fifes began to squeal, and the shrill quickstep set company after company in motion.

"It's all right, lads!" cried Willett cheerily, as he galloped forward. "We are going back for that cannon we lost by mistake. Come on, you Tryon County men! Don't let the Rangers laugh at you!"

Then the first cheer broke out; mounted officers rode up, baring their swords, surrounding the Colonel. He gave me a calm and whimsical look, almost a smile:

"Scared, Carus?"

"No, sir."

"D'ye hearing that firing to the left? Well, that's Rowley's flanking column of levies and the Massachusetts men. Hark! Listen to that rifle music! Now we'll drive them! Now we've got them at last!"

I caught him by the sleeve, and bent forward from my saddle:

"Do you know that the woman I am to marry is with the enemy?" I demanded hoarsely.

"No. Good God, Carus! Have they got her?"

His shocked face paled; he laid his

hand on my shoulder, riding in silence as I told him what I knew.

"By Heaven!" he said, striking his gloved hands together, "we'll get her yet, Carus; I tell you, we'll get her safe and sound. Do you think I mean to let these mad wolves slink off this time and skulk away unpunished? Do you suppose I don't know that the time has come to purge this frontier for good and all of Walter Butler? You need not worry, Carus. It is true that God alone could have foreseen the strange panic that started these militiamen on a run, as though they had never smelled powder—as though they had not answered a hundred alarms from Oriskany to Currietown. I could not foresee that, but, by God! we've stopped it. And now I tell you we are going to deal Walter Butler a blow that will end his murdering career forever! Look sharp!"

A racket of rifle-fire broke out ahead; two men dropped.

We were in the smoke now. Indians rose from every thicket and leaped away in retreat; the column broke into a run, mounted officers trotting forward, pistol and sword in hand.

"Why, there's our cannon, boys!" cried Colonel Lewis excitedly.

A roar greeted the black Colonel's words; the entire line sprang forward; a file of Oneidas sped along our flanks, rifles a-trail.

Through the smoke I saw the Hall now, and in a field to the east of it a cannon which some Highlanders and soldiers in green uniforms were attempting to drag off.

At the view the yelling onset was loosed; the kilted troops and the green-coated soldiers took to their legs, and I saw our militia swarming around the field-piece, hugging it, patting it, embracing it, while from the woods beyond my rangers cheered and cheered. Ah! now the militia were in it again; the hedge fence was carried with a rush, and all around us in the red sunset light shouting militia, Royal Greens, and

naked yelling Indians were locked in a death struggle, hatchet, knife, and rifle-butt playing their silent and awful part.

An officer in a scarlet coat galloped at me full tilt, snapped his pistol as he passed, wheeled, and attempted to ride me down at his sword's point, but Colonel Willett pistoled him as I parried his thrust with my rifle-barrel; and I saw his maddened horse bearing him away, he swaying horribly in his saddle, falling sideways, and striking the ground, one spurred heel entangled in his stirrup.

Sickened, I turned away, and presently sounded the rally for my rangers. For full twenty minutes militia and riflemen poured sheets of bullets into the Royal Greens from the hedge fence; their flank doubled, wavered, and broke as the roaring fire of Rowley's men drew nearer. Twilight fell; redder and redder leaped the rifle-flames through the smoky dusk. Suddenly their whole line gave way, and we broke through—riflemen, militia, Massachusetts men—broke through with a terrific yell. And before us fled Indian and Tory, yager and renegade, Greens, Rangers, Highlanders, officers galloping madly, baggage-wagons smashed, horses down, camp trampled to tatters and splinters as the vengeance of Tryon County passed in a tornado of fury that cleansed the land forever of Walter Butler and his demons of the north!

In that furious onslaught through the darkness and smoke, where prisoners were being taken, Indians and Greens chased and shot down, a steady flicker of rifle-fire marked the course of the disastrous rout, and the frenzied vengeance following—an awful vengeance now, for, in the blackness, a new and dreadful sound broke—the fiercely melancholy scalp-yell of my Oneidas!

Galloping across a swampy field, where the dead and scalped lay in the ooze, I shouted the Wolf clan challenge; and a lone cry answered me, coming nearer, nearer, until in the smoke-shot darkness I saw the terrific painted shape

of an Indian looming, saluting me with uplifted and reeking hatchet.

"Brother! brother!" I groaned, "by the Wolf whose sign we wear, and by the sign of Tharon, follow her who is to be my wife—follow by night, by day, through the haunts of men, through the still places! Go swiftly, O my brother the Otter—swiftly as hound on trail! I charge you by that life you owe, by that clan tie which breaks not when nations break, by the sign of Tharon, that floats among the stars forever, find me this woman whom I am to wed! Your life for hers, O brother! Go!"

CHAPTER XIII

BUTLER'S FORD

FOR four breathless days the broad, raw trail of a thousand men in headlong flight was the trampled path we traveled. Smashing straight through the northern wilderness, our enemy with horses, wagons, batmen, soldiers, Indians burst into the forest, tearing saplings, thickets, underbrush aside in their mad northward rush for the safety of the Canadas and the shelter denied them here. Three-score Oneida hatchets glittered in their rear; four hundred rifles followed, for the Red Beast was in flight at last, stricken, turning now and again to snarl when the tireless, stern-faced trackers drew too near, then running on again, growling, impotent. And the Red Beast must be done to death.

What fitter place to end him than here in the wild twilight of shaggy depths, unlighted by the sun or moon?—here where the cold brawling streams smoked in the rank air; where black crags crouched, watching the hunting—here in these awful depths, shunned by the deer, unhaunted by wolf and panther—depths fit only for the monstrous terror that came out of them, and now, wounded, and cold heart pulsing terror, was scrambling back again into the dense and

dreadful twilight of eternal shadow-land.

One by one their pack-laden horses fell out exhausted; and we found them heads hanging, quivering and panting, beside the reeking trail; one by one their gaunt cattle, mired in bog and swamp, entangled in windfalls, greeted us, bellowing piteously as we passed. The forest itself fought for us, reaching out to jerk wheels from axle, bringing wagon and team down crashing. Their dead lay everywhere uncared for, even unscalped and unrobbed in the bruised and trampled path of flight; clothing, arms, provisions were scattered pell-mell on every side; and now at length, hour after hour, as we headed them back from the trail and highway, and blocked them from their boats at Oneida Lake, driving, forcing, scourging them straight into the black jaws of a hungry wilderness, we began to pass their wounded—ghastly, bloody, ragged things, scarce animate, save for the dying brilliancy of their hollowed eyes.

On, on, hotfoot through the rain along the smoking trail; twilight by day, depthless darkness by night, where we lay panting in starless obscurity, listening to the giant winds of the wilderness—vast, resistless, illimitable winds flowing steadily through the unseen and naked crests of forests, colder and ever colder they blew, heralding the trampling blasts of winter, charging us from the north.

On the fifth day it began to snow at dawn. Little ragged flakes winnowed through the clusters of scarlet maple-leaves, sifted among the black pines, coming faster and thicker, driving in slanting, whirling flight across the trail. In an hour the moss was white; crimson sprays of moose-bush bent, weighted with snow and scarlet berries; the hurrying streams ran dark and somber in their channels between dead-white banks; swamps turned blacker for the silvery setting; the flakes grew larger, pelting in steady, thickening torrents

from the clouds as we came into a clearing called Jerseyfield, on the north side of Canada Creek; and here at last we were met by a crackling roar from a hundred rifles.

The Red Beast was at bay!

Up and down, through the dense snowy veil descending, the orange-tinted rifle-flames flashed and sparkled and flickered; all around us a shower of twigs and branches descended in a steady rain. Then our brown rifles blazed their deadly answer. Splash! spatter! splash! their dead dropped into the stream; and, following, dying and living took to the dark water, thrashing across through snowy obscurity. I heard their horses wallowing through the fords, iron hoofs frantically battering the rocky, shelving banks for foothold; I heard them shriek when the Oneida tigers leaped upon them; I heard their wounded battling and screaming as they drowned in the swollen waters!

We lay and fired at their phantom lines, now attempting to retreat at a dog-trot in single file; and as we knocked man after man from the plodding rank the others leaped over their writhing, fallen comrades, neither turning nor pausing in their dogged flight. The snow slackened, falling more thinly to the west; and, as the dazzling curtain grew transparent, a mass of men in green suddenly rose from the whitened hemlock scrub and fired at our riflemen arriving in column.

Then ensued a scene nigh indescribable. With one yelling bound, Ranger and Oneida were on them, shooting, stabbing, dragging them down; and, as they broke cover, their mounted officers, dashing out of the thicket, wheeled northward into galloping flight; and among them at last I saw my enemy, and knew him.

A dozen Oneidas were after him. His horse, spurred to a gallop, crashed through the brush, and was in the water at a leap; and he turned in midstream and shook his pistol at them insultingly.

By Heaven! he rode superbly as the swollen waters of the ford boiled to his horse's straining shoulders, while the bullets clipped the gilded cocked hat from his head and struck his raised pistol from his hand.

"Head him!" shouted Elerson; "don't let that man get clear!" Indians and Rangers raced madly along the bank of the creek, pacing the fugitive as he galloped.

"Take him alive!" I cried, as Butler swung his horse with a crash into the willow thickets on the north. We lost him to view as I spoke; and I sounded the rally-whistle, and ran up the bank of the creek, leading my horse at a trot behind me.

The snowfall had ceased; the sun glimmered, then blazed out in the clearing, flooding the whitened ground with a dazzling radiance. Running, stumbling, falling, struggling through brush and brake and brier-choked marsh, I saw ahead of me three Oneida Indians swiftly cross my path to the creek's edge and crouch, scanning the opposite shore. Almost immediately the rangers Murphy, Renard, and Elerson emerged from the snowy bushes beside them; and at the same instant I saw Walter Butler ride up on the opposite side of the creek, glance backward, then calmly draw bridle in plain sight. He was fey; I knew it. His doom was upon him. He flung himself from his horse close to the ford where, set in the rock, a living spring of water mirrored the sun; then he knelt down, drew his tin cup from his belt, bent over, and looked into the placid silver pool. What he saw reflected there, Christ alone knows, for he sprang back, passed his hand across his eyes, and reached out his cup blindly, plunging it deep into the water.

Never, never shall I forget that instant picture as it broke upon my view; my deadly enemy kneeling by the spring, black hair disheveled, the sunshine striking his tin cup as he raised it to his lips; the three naked Oneidas in their glis-

tening scarlet paint, eagerly raising their rifles, while the merciless weapons of Murphy and Elerson slowly fell to the same level, focused on that kneeling figure across the dark waters of the stream.

A second only, then, God knows why, I could not endure to witness a justice so close allied with murder, and sprang forward, crying out: "Cease fire! Take him alive!" But, with the words half-spoken, flame after flame parted from those leveled muzzles; and through the whirling smoke I saw Walter Butler fall, roll over and over, his body and limbs contracting with agony; then on all fours again, on his knees, only to sink back in a sitting posture, his head resting on his hand, blood pouring between his fingers.

Into the stream plunged an Oneida, rifle and knife aloft, glittering in the sun. The wounded man saw him coming, and watched him as he leaped up the bank; and while Walter Butler looked him full in the face the savage trembled, crouching, gathering for a leap.

"Stop that murder!" I shouted, plunging into the ford as Butler, aching head still lifted, turned a deathly face toward me. One eye had been shot out, but the creature was still alive, and knew me—knew me, heard me ask for the quarter he had not asked for; saw me coming to save him from his destiny, and smiled as the Oneida sprang on him with a yell and ripped the living scalp away before my sickened eyes.

"Finish him in God's mercy!" belated the ranger Sammons, running up. The Oneida's hatchet, swinging like lightning, flashed once; and the severed soul of Walter Butler was free of the battered, disfigured thing that lay oozing crimson in the trampled snow.

Dead! And I heard the awful scalp-yell swelling from the throats of those who had felt his heavy hand. Dead! And I heard cheers from those whose loved ones had gone down to death to satiate his fury. And now he, too, was

on his way to face those pale accusers waiting there to watch him pass—specters of murdered men, phantoms of women, white shapes of little children—God! what a path to the tribunal behind whose thunderous gloom hell's own lightning flared!

As I gazed down at him the roar of the fusillade died away in my ears. I remembered him as I had seen him there at New York in our house, his slim fingers wandering over the strings of the guitar, his dark eyes drowned in melancholy. I remembered his voice, and the song he sang, haunting us all with its lingering sadness—the hopeless words, the sad air, redolent of dead flowers—doom, death, decay.

The thrashing and plunging of horses roused me. I looked around to see Colonel Willett ride up, followed by two or three mounted officers in blue and buff, pulling in their plunging horses. He looked down at the dead, studying the crushed face, the uniform, the blood-drenched snow.

"Is that Butler?" he asked gravely.

"Yes," I said; and drew a corner of his cloak across the marred face.

Nobody uncovered, which was the most dreadful judgment those silent men could pass.

"Scalped?" motioned Colonel Lewis significantly.

"He belongs to your party," observed Willett quietly. Then, looking around as the rifle-fire to the left broke out again: "The pursuit has ended, gentlemen. What punishment more awful could we leave them to than these trackless solitudes? For I tell you that those few among them who shall attain the Canadas need fear no threat of hell in the life to come, for they shall have served their turn. Sound the recall!"

I laid my hand upon his saddle, looking up into his face:

"Pardon," I said, in a low voice; "I must go on!"

"Carus! Carus!" he said softly, "have they not told you?"

"Told me?" I stared. "What? What—in the name of God?"

"She was taken when we struck their rear-guard at one o'clock this afternoon! Was there no one to tell you, lad?"

"Unharméd?" I asked, steadying myself against his stirrup.

"Faint with fatigue, brier-torn, in rags—his vengeance, but—*nothing worse*. That quarter-breed Montour attended her, supported her, struggled on with her through all the horrors of this retreat. He had herded the Valley prisoners together, guarded by Cayugas. The executioner lies dead a mile below, his black face in the water. And here *he* lies!"

He swung his horse, head sternly averted. I flung myself into my saddle.

"This way, lad. She lies in a camp-wagon at headquarters, asleep, I think. Mount and your Oneida guard her. And the girl, Montour, lies stretched beside her, watching her as a dog watches a cradled child."

The hunting-horns of the light infantry were sounding the recall as we rode through the low brush of Jerseyfield, where the sunset sky was aflame, painting the tall pines, staining the melting snow to palest crimson.

From black, wet branches overhead the clotted flakes fell, showering us as we came to the hemlock shelter where the camp-wagon stood. A fire burned there; before it crowded a shadowy group of riflemen; and one among them moved forward to meet me, touching his fur cap and pointing.

As I reached the rough shelter of fringing evergreen Mount and Little Otter stepped out; and I saw the giant forest-runner wink the tears away as he laid his huge finger across his lips.

"She sleeps as sweetly as a child," he whispered. "I told her you were coming. Oh, sir, it will tear your heart out to see her small white feet so bruised, and the soft, baby hands of her raw at the wrists, where they tied her at night. . . . Is he surely dead, sir, as they say?"

"I saw him die, thank God!"

"That is safer for him, I think," said Mount simply. "Will you come this way, sir? Otter, fetch a splinter of fat pine for a light. Mind the wheel there, Mr. Renault—this way on tiptoe!"

He took the splinter-light from the Oneida, fixed it in a split stick, backed out, and turned away, followed by the Indian.

At first I could not see, and set the burning stick nearer. Then, as I bent over the rough wagon, I saw her lying there very white and still, her torn hands swathed with lint, her bandaged feet wrapped in furs. And beside her, stretched full length, lay Lyn Montour, awake, dark eyes fixed on mine.

She smiled as she caught my eye; then something in my face sobered her. "He is dead?" she motioned with her lips. And my lips moved assent.

Gravely, scarcely stirring, she reached up and unbound her hair, letting it down over her face. I understood, and, stepping to the fire, returned with a charred ember. She held out first one hand, then the other, and I marked the palms with the ashes, touched her forehead, her breast, her feet. Thus, in the solemn presence of death itself, she claimed at the tribunal of the Most High the justice denied on earth, signing herself a widow with the ashes none but a wedded wife may dare to wear.

Lower and lower burned the tiny torch, sank to a spark, and went out. The black curtains of obscurity closed in; redder and redder spread the glare from the camp-fire; crackling and roaring, the flames rose, tufted with smoke, through which a million sparks whirled upward, showering the void above. Dark shapes moved in the glow with a sparkle of spur and sword as they turned; the infernal light fell on the naked bodies of Oneidas, sitting like demons, eyes blinking at the flames. And through the roar of the fire I heard their chanting undertone, monotonous, interminable, saluting their dead.

And I heard from the forest the deadened blows of mattock and spade, and saw the glimmer of burial torches; and, through the steady chanting of the Oneida, the solemn voice of the chaplain in prayer for dead and living.

It lacked an hour of dawn when the harsh, stringy drums rolled from the forest and the smoky camp awoke; and I, keeping my vigil, there in the shadow where she lay, listening and bending above her, was aware of a bandaged hand touching me—a feverish arm about my neck, drawing my head lower, closer, till, in the darkness, my face lay on hers, and our tremulous lips united.

"Is all well, my beloved?"

"All is well."

"And we part no more?"

"No more."

Silence, then: "Why do they cheer so, Carus?"

"It is a lost soul they are speeding, child."

"His?"

"Yes."

She breathed feverishly, her little bandaged hands holding my face. "Lift me a little, Carus; I cannot move my legs. Do you know he abandoned me to the Cayugas because I dared to ask his mercy for the innocent? I think his reason was unseated when I came upon him there at Johnson Hall—so much of blood and death lay on his soul. His own men feared him; and, Carus, truly I do not think he knew me else he had never struck me in that burst of rage, so that even the Cayugas interposed—for his knife was in his hands." She sighed, nestling close to me in the rustling straw, and closed her eyes as the torches flared and the horses were backed along the pole.

In the light glow I saw Jack Mount approaching. He halted, touched his cap, and smiled; then his blue eyes wandered to the straw where Lyn Montour lay, sleeping the stunned sleep of exhaustion; and into his face a tenderness

came, softening his bold mouth and reckless visage.

"The Weasel drives, sir. Tim and Dave and I, we jog along to ease the wheels—if it be your pleasure, sir. We go by the soft trail. A week should see you and yours in Albany. The Massachusetts surgeon is here to dress your sweet lady's hurts. Will you speak with him, Mr. Renault?"

I bent and kissed the bandaged hands, the hot forehead under the tangled hair, then, whispering that all was well, I went out into the gray dawn where the surgeon stood unrolling lint.

"Those devils tied their prisoners mercilessly at night," he said, "and the scars may show, Mr. Renault. But her flesh is wholesome, and the torn feet will heal—are healing now. Your lady will be lame."

"For life?"

"Oh—perhaps the slightest limp—scarce to be noticed. And then again, she is so sound, and her blood so pure—who knows? Even such tender little feet as hers may bear her faultlessly once more. Patience, Mr. Renault."

He parted the hanging blankets and went in, emerging after a little while to beckon me.

"I have changed the dressing; the wounds are benign and healthy. She has some fever. The shock is what I fear. Go to her; you may do more than I could."

As the sun rose we started, the Weasel driving, I crouching at her side, her torn hands in mine; and beside us, Lyn Montour, watching Jack Mount as he strode along beside the wagon, a new angle to his cap, a new swagger in his step, and deep in his frank blue eyes a strange smile that touched the clean, curling corners of his lips.

"Look!" breathed Murphy, gliding along on the other side; "'tis the gay day f'r Jack Mount whin Lyn Montour's black eyes are on him—the backwoods dandy!"

I looked down at Elsin. The fever

flushed her cheeks. Into her face there crept a beauty almost unearthly.

"My darling, my darling!" I whispered fearfully, leaning close to her. Her eyes met mine, smiling, but in their altered brilliancy I saw she no longer knew me.

"Walter," she said, laughing, "your melancholy suits me—yet love is another thing. Go ask of Carus what it is to love! He has my soul bound hand and foot and locked in the wall there, where he keeps the letters he writes. If they find those letters, some man will hang. I think it will be you, Walter, or perhaps Sir Peter. I'm love-sick—sick o' love—for Carus mocks me! Is it easy to die, Walter? Tell me, for you are dead. If only Carus loved me! He kissed me so easily that night—I tempted him. So now that I am damned—what matter how he uses me? Yet he never struck me, Walter, as you strike!"

Hour after hour, terrified, I listened to her babble, and that gay little laugh, so like her own, that broke out as her fever grew, waxing to its height.

It waned at midday, but by sundown she grew restless, and the surgeon, Weldon, riding forward from the rear, took my place beside her, and I mounted my horse which Elerson led, and rode ahead, a deadly fear in my heart, and Black Care astride the crupper, a grisly shadow in the wilderness, dogging me remorselessly under pallid stars.

And now hours, days, nights, sun, stars, moon, were all one to me—things that I heeded not; nor did I feel aught of heat or cold, sun or storm, nor know whether or not I slept or waked, so terrible grew the fear upon me. Men came and went. I heard some say she was dying, some that she would live if we could get her from the wilderness she raved about; for her cry was ever to be freed of the darkness and the silence, and that they were doing me to death in New York town, whither she must go, for she alone could save me.

Tears seemed ever in my eyes, and I

saw nothing clearly, only the black and endless forests swimming in mists; the silent riflemen trudging on, the little withered driver, in his ring-furred cap and caped shirt, too big for him; the stolid horses plodding on and on. Medical officers came from Willett—Weldon and Jermyn—and the surgeon's mate, McLane; and they talked among themselves, glancing at her curiously, so that I grew to hate them and their whispers. A fierce desire assailed me to put an end to all this torture—to seize her, cradle her to my breast, and gallop day and night to the open air—as though that and the fierce strength of my passion must hold back death!

Then, one day—God knows when—the sky widened behind the trees, and I saw the blue flank of a hill unchoked by timber. Trees grew thinner as we rode. A brush-field girdled by a fence was passed, then a meadow, all golden in the sun. Right and left the forest sheered off and fell away; field on field, hill on hill, the blessed open stretched to a brimming river, silver and turquoise in the sunshine, and, beyond it, crowning three hills, the haven!—the old Dutch city, high-roofed, red-tiled, glimmering like a jewel in the November haze—Albany!

And now, as we breasted the ascent, far away we heard drums beating. A white cloud shot from the fort, another, another, and after a long while the dull booming of the guns came floating to us, mixed with the noise of bells.

Elsin heard and sat up. I bent from my saddle, passing my arm around her.

"Carus!" she cried, "where have you been through all this dreadful night?"

"Sweetheart, do you know me?"

"Yes. How soft the sunlight falls! There is a city yonder. I hear bells." She sank down, her eyes on mine.

"The bells of old Albany, dear. Elsin, Elsin, do you truly know me?"

She smiled—the ghost of the old gay smile, and her listless arms moved.

Weldon, riding on the other side, nodded to me in quiet content:

"Now all she lacked she may have, Renault," he said, smiling. "All will be well, thank God! Let her sleep!"

She heard him, watching me as I rode beside her.

"It was only you I lacked, Carus," she murmured dreamily; and, smiling, fell into a deep, sweet sleep.

Then, as we rode into the first outlying farms, men and women came to their gates, calling out to us in their low Dutch jargon, and at first I scarce heeded them as I rode, so stunned with joy was I to see her sleeping there in the sunlight, and her white, cool skin and her mouth soft and moist.

Gun on gun shook the air with swift concussion. The pleasant Dutch bells swung aloft in mellow harmony. Suddenly, far behind where our infantry moved in column, I heard cheer on cheer burst forth, and the horns and fifes in joyous fanfare, echoed by the solid outbreak of the drums.

"What are they cheering for, mother?" I asked an old Dutch dame who waved her kerchief at us.

"For Willett and for George the Virginian, sir," she said, dimpling and dropping me a courtesy.

"George the Virginian?" I asked, wondering. "Do you mean his Excellency?"

And still she dimpled and nodded and bobbed her white starched cap, and I made nothing of what she said until I heard men shouting, "Yorktown!" and "The war ends! Hurrah!"

"Hurrah! Hurrah!" shouted a mounted officer, spurring past us up the hill; "Butler's dead, and Cornwallis is taken!"

"Taken?" I repeated incredulously.

The booming guns were my answer. High against the blue a jeweled ensign fluttered, silver azure and blood red, its staff and halyards wrapped in writhing jets of snow-white smoke flying upward from the guns.

I rode toward it, cap in hand, head raised, awed in the presence of God's

own victory! The shouting streets echoed and reëchoed as we passed between packed ranks of townspeople; cheers, the pealing music of the bells, the thunderous shock of the guns grew to a swimming, dreamy sound, through which the flag fluttered on high, crowned with the golden nimbus of the sun!

"Carus!"

"Ah, sweetheart, did they wake you? Sleep on; the war is over!" I whispered, bending low above her. "Now indeed it is all well with the world, and fit once more for you to live in."

And, as we moved forward, I saw her blue eyes lifted dreamily, watching the flag which she had served so well.

CHAPTER XIV

THE END

THAT brief and lovely season which in our Northland for a score of days checks the white onset of the snow, and which we call the Indian summer, bloomed in November when the last red leaf had fluttered to the earth. A fairy summer, for the vast arches of the skies burned sapphire and amethyst, and hill and woodland, innocent of verdure, were clothed in tints of faintest rose and cloudy violet; and all the world put on a magic livery, nor was there leaf nor stem nor swale nor tuft of moss too poor to wear some royal hint of gold, deep-veined or crusted lavishly, where the crested oaks spread, burnished by the sun.

Snowbird and goldfinch were with us—the latter veiling his splendid tints in modest russet; and now, from the north, came to us silent flocks of birds, all gray and rose, outriders of winter's crystal cortège, still halting somewhere far in the silvery north, where the white owls sit in the firs, and the world lies robed in ermine.

All through that mellow Indian summer my betrothed grew strong, and her

hurts had nearly healed. And I, writing my letters by the open window in the drawing-room, had been promised that she might make her first essay to leave her chamber that day—sit in the outer sunshine perhaps, perhaps stand upright and take a step or two. And, at this first tryst in the sunshine, she was to set our wedding day.

From my open window I could see the city on its three hills against the azure magnificence of the sky, and the calm, wide river, still as a golden pond, and the white sails of sloops, becalmed on glassy surfaces reflecting the blue woods.

Too deeply happy, too content to more than trifle with the letters I must pen, I idled there, head on hand, listening for her I loved, watching the fair world in the sunshine there. Sometimes, smiling, I unfolded for the hundredth time and read again the generous letter from Sir Peter and Lady Coleville—so kindly, so cordial, so honorable, all patched with shreds of gossip of friend and foe, and how New York lay stunned at the news of Yorktown. Never a word of the part that I had played so long beneath their roof—only one grave, unselfish line, saying that they had heard me praised for my bearing at Johnstown battle, and that they had always known that I could conduct in no wise unworthy of a soldier.

Too, they promised, if a flag was to be had, to come to Albany for our wedding, saying we were wild and wilful, and needed chiding, promising to read us lessons merited.

And there was a ponderous letter from Sir Frederick Haldimand in answer to one I wrote telling him all—a strange mélange of rage at Butler's perfidy and insolence, and utter disgust with me; though he said, frankly enough, that he would rather see his kinswoman wedded to twenty rebels than to one Butler. With which he slammed his pen to an ungracious finish, ending with a complaint to heaven that the world had used him so shabbily at such a time as this.

Which sobered Elsin when I read it, she being the tenderest of heart; but I made her laugh ere the quick tears dried in her eyes, and she had written him the loveliest of letters in reply, which was already on its journey northward.

Writing to my father and mother of the happy news, I had not as yet received their approbation, yet knew it would come, though Elsin was a little anxious when I spoke so confidently.

Yet one more happiness was in store for me ere the greatest happiness of all arrived; for that morning, from Virginia, a little packet came to Elsin; and opening it together, we found a miniature of his Excellency, set in a golden oval, on which we read, inscribed: "With great esteem," and signed, "Geo. Washington."

So, was it wonderful that I, sitting there, should listen, smiling, for some sound above to warn me of her coming?

Never had sunshine on the gilded meadows lain so softly, never so pure and soft the aromatic air.

A faint sound behind me made me turn, start to my feet with a cry.

All alone she stood there, pale and lovely, blue eyes fixed on mine; and, at my cry, she took a little step, and then another, flushed with shy pride.

"Carus! Sweetheart! Do you see?"

And at first she protested prettily as I caught her in my arms, lifting her in fear lest her knees give way, then smiled assent.

"Bear me if you will," she breathed, her white arms tightening about my neck; "carry me with all the burdens you have borne so long, my strong, tall lover!—lest I dash my foot against a stone, and fall at your feet to worship and adore! Here am I at last! Ah, what am I to say to you? The day? Truly, do you desire to wed me still? Then listen; bend your head, adored of men, and I will whisper to you what my heart and soul desire."

AN OVERLOOKED UNDERSTUDY

BY EDWIN BATEMAN MORRIS



MR. PARTI was a graduate of the Ecole de Beaux-Arts, and boasted that he had built half of Newport and all the decent French Renaissance in New York. He started to practice in the early seventies, when no one in America purposely built anything good. He had a fixed belief in his own genius and a complacent conviction of the helplessness of the rest of mankind; for they had taught him in Paris that Architecture was heaven and earth and the Ten Commandments, and that a man who had no appreciation for architectural detail was as diseased in his intelligence as he was in his taste. Therefore when Mr. Parti saw the rows of brownstone fronts he gave up all hope for his countrymen, and from that time forth his object in life was to reclaim his native land from the sinful rut of disregard for beauty in all its correctness. And he was successful. He did show New York what architecture—French architecture—was; and French architecture, including imperfections, is a long way better than anything they had seen in New York before. He had grown rich; he was a two-millionaire, and that is a limit beyond which men of his profession, except by marriage, never pass. He had always on hand a little more work than he could possibly attend to, so that he could afford to do only the things that particularly interested him and to say, whenever a commission that he did not care about came into his office,

“Let the other architects do that.” Competitions—in which he brought his wits to bear against those of other men—were his delight. There was more joy in his big office when they had won a competition than in Massachusetts after the Battle of Lexington. He and his hundred men believed that their brains were the keenest in the country—and they liked proof of it.

Therefore when the program of the competition for the Cathedral of St. John the Less was laid on the head-draughtsman's table, a murmur of excitement ran around the room. Ninetenths of the men who knew anything about it, and three-quarters of the rest, said it would be done in Byzantine. The others were equally divided between Romanesque and Renaissance—which the better trained men saw at once were equally impractical. One had the hardihood to hope Mr. Parti's sketch would be in Gothic—a hazard which almost resulted in his being expelled from the building; for who in the world ever heard of a man who depended for his daily bread on a Renaissance architect—and moreover a Beaux-Art graduate—allowing the name Gothic to pass his lips.

It was three weeks before Mr. Parti brought out his sketches. And they were Byzantine.

Now he who had raised his voice in favor of Gothic was a boy who had learned all the architecture he ever knew in Mr. Parti's office. Five years before, when he started his career, he had made blue prints for the office. Since then he

had gradually progressed until now he was making details at three-quarters of an inch to the foot for fifteen dollars a week.

College men who came and went in Mr. Parti's office felt sorry for the boy who sat in the corner inking in his own monotonous details; for they thought

office who would never be anything but a drudge—they recalled him when they were pessimistic and wanted to prove there was no buoyancy even to true genius. But the boy Murray had his own ideas.

The work on the church progressed. On the big table beside Murray they



"Without waiting to puzzle it out, he started to draw."

there was something in him. He laid the point of his pen on paper with the dainty assurance older men tried in vain to imitate. But he knew nothing; he had the ability to convey big thoughts without the training to develop them. "Four years at the university," said one man, "would do wonders for him." And many of the best draughtsmen in the country often recalled the boy in Parti's

were laying out a perspective of it. Murray spent his lunch hours mooning over the maze of points and traces laid out on the paper. Often he would refer to a bundle of reproductions of pen-and-ink drawings he kept carefully stowed away and, spreading them out on the drawing, plot and devise schemes of rendering the perspective, until the other men returned.

One day, after it had been drawn on a big sheet of Whatman's paper, a stranger came into the office—a broad-shouldered man with a Vandyke beard—to render the drawing. Murray looked at him with awe as he helped him turn the board to the light. The new man was very rapid. He laid the lines on cleanly and evenly without the slightest hesitation. Whenever Murray had the shadow of an excuse he would stray over to the board and watch the little pen go scratching over the paper.

Murray did not like the new man's work. When he compared it with the reproductions he was fond of, he saw how little feeling, what an absolute lack of personality there was in the work on the perspective. It was impossible to pick out any portion of the new man's work and say it was bad, but the thing as a whole was unsatisfactory—machine-made—and Murray was disappointed. And from that disappointment came his great scheme.

There was a little corner of the same floor on which Parti's office and draughting room were that had somehow got lost in the plan, and, having slipped in between a light-well and the elevator shaft, was never noticed until the building was finished, when it was too late to do anything with it. It was a closet about five feet by six, lighted by a little hole, often supposed to be a window; it was used to store away old drawings that would never be needed again but which no one had the heart to destroy.

It was only a part of Murray's scheme, therefore, when one Saturday afternoon, after a greater part of the office had gone home, save only the men who were toiling on the competition, he had an unaccountable impulse to put the little closet in order. All the afternoon he worked away at dusty rolls of drawings piled up against the window in chaos. Out into the hall he threw pounds of paper reeking with dust, until he had cleared a space in front of the window down to the floor. Into this space he laid the draw-

ings in order, until they reached up to the window sill, forming a sort of desk. This was what Murray wanted, so he went out to supper; and at the same time bought a very expensive piece of hot-pressed paper.

The offices were deserted that night, save for the mice that scampered behind the plaster and a boy who sat beneath a lone electric light nursing the big piece of paper he had pasted down and stretched on some one else's drawing board. It was all wet and still in billows and humps; it looked as if it would never dry. But after an hour he decided it was thoroughly weaned and went to cut himself a large piece of thin tracing paper. This he tacked down over the perspective of the cathedral. Long into the night he traced. The clock chimed twelve and he began to break the fourth commandment without knowing it—oblivious to everything as the church grew under his sure, rapid touch. He paid no attention to the ink lines the man with the beard had put on. It was only the lines that indicated the mass of the building, the position of the windows, and the character of the detail that he wanted.

There was not a sound in the long room—as dark and mysterious as a cathedral with its lone electric light—except for the occasional investigations of a little mouse in the corner. Then after an interminable while—so long that the little mouse had gone to bed and his relatives had ceased scratching behind the plaster—the tracing was finished. Murray looked through the east windows in surprise as he saw the first tinge of morning light. With a sigh of content he flung a lot of drawing-board covers over one of the long tables and, curling himself up with his coat as a pillow, was soon asleep.

On Sunday morning after breakfast he carried the big board on which he had stretched his paper (now as smooth and flat as a ballroom) into the little closet by the hall and put it on the pile of

drawings he had built the day before. Over the paper he laid a beautiful sheet of brown transfer paper and tacked on top of all his tracing of the church. In the morning he had hoped to be finished by noon; when noon came he hoped to be finished by three; at three before dark; and at dark by bedtime. As it was, it was a very late bedtime indeed when he finally stripped off the tracing and transfer paper, disclosing the perspective in stunning brown line ready to be rendered.

There was excitement in the office the next day, for the competition drawings were ready to go on white paper. Murray went the rounds to see the tracing-paper studies, most of which were now completed. There was a young fellow near him who was working on a sixteenth-scale section—easily the most charming drawing of the set. He had

only been out of college a year, but he had a feeling for detail that even the veterans held in respect. There had been no sketch for his drawing—they had simply given him the paper and said "Make a section," and he had done something creditable, as they had expected.

"It's merely a case of sticking to the style and taking your own wherever you find anything good enough," he told Murray. "You never worked on a competition, did you?"

Murray admitted the accusation.

"Well, it's exciting. We are all going to work here every night until after midnight for the next two weeks—until the competition goes in; and when we get it finished it will be something to be proud of. If it wasn't for the perspective I am sure we would win."

The man at the next table stopped in the midst of sharpening a pencil.



"Tear that thing up," he ordered harshly.

"What did you say about the perspective, Byrd?"

Byrd lighted a cigarette.

"I was just saying, Johnson, I don't believe in bringing men in from outside to do the rendering. That man is too professional. He has no feeling. I believe I could fuss up a drawing as well as he does."

"I think it looks like h—," began Johnson, but just then Parti stalked in.

That evening Murray worked behind closed doors in his little closet. For a fortnight he had known just how to render the perspective, so without waiting to puzzle it out he started to draw. In the next room he could hear them singing as they worked. The strains of a popular march floated across the still, summer night from the roof garden. Murray could see the maze of light and color over there and the white-shirted waiters moving among the tables. The boy's pen scratched, scratched, scratched. Closer and closer to the horizon slid the moon; the orchestra at the roof garden put their horns in black cases and went away; in the next room, tired long ago of singing, they scarcely made a sound now.

The steeple clock boomed one.

Some one bawled for a clean towel. They began to sing again. Then there was a snapping of electric-light keys, the door banged, and they were gone. Murray sighed and pushed back his stool.

And from that time on every night he saw the dented moon, more and more behindhand, swing out from the top of his little window and slide down the sky until it finally dropped into a chimney. It was warm in his little den—so warm that one night he flung open the door in desperation to let a few of the ninety degrees float out into the hall. He could hear sighs in the next room. It was a still night; the heavy air hung listlessly about, immovable and stifling; the water in the cooler, long since innocent of ice, sizzled in its hot barrel,

untasted; the big windows, opened to the very last inch, breathed in the languid air from the roofs and bricks beneath them; the electric fan blew out its fuse and stood stupidly looking at them sweltering over their drawings until some one threw a board rest at it and flattened its wings against the wall. Murray heard the noise and went out of his bake-oven for a minute to peep into the room and cool off in the sweltering hall. Then, crawling back, he tied a towel about his head and went on.

He worked unceasingly at the drawing. He was faint from loss of sleep and too little to eat, aching from his long hours, but perfectly happy. He had struck his gait and he knew it.

But at last he awoke to the fact that he had only one more night before the competition went in. However, he knew he could finish.

Johnson came over to his table the next morning.

"Will you work to-night?" he asked.

Murray thought of his perspective.

"I'm afraid I can't," he said; "I've another—"

"Tut, tut," interrupted Johnson, putting his hand on the boy's shoulder. "You can't go calling the night before a competition goes in. See here, Byrd, Murray says he has another date."

"Oh, pshaw!" exclaimed Byrd. "You had better break that. It's for the good of the office, you know. It doesn't look right to back down."

Murray flushed.

"I'll work," he said.

"Come over and get busy, then," said Johnson; "there's plenty to do."

And Murray started to work on the competition in earnest, all the while thinking of his perspective waiting in the hall closet. His only hope was that they would send him home before midnight. But there were so many things to be done on the big plan that Murray saw he would have to stay nearly all night to finish his perspective afterwards.

The excitement as the competition



"Johnson bent over the drawing eagerly."

was thus drawing to a close was contagious. Every man in the office who could find a corner on a board was put to work, until the room looked like groups of flies around sugar-lumps. Even Mr. Parti took off his frock coat and, surrounding himself with a maze of water-color saucers, gave an exhibition of monotone rendering that opened the younger men's eyes. He was so engrossed with his work—dabbing away with his eyeglasses balanced on the hump of his nose and his dainty handkerchief smeared with India ink—that the clock struck seven before he had begun to think it was five.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, looking at his watch to see if anyone had moved the clock ahead. "Come to supper, everyone. Only shut the windows first. It's going to rain."

They all went to supper at the roof

garden, except the man with the Vandyke beard, who expected to finish the perspective in about ten minutes and would not be back again. Just as the twenty men had taken possession of the roof garden (which was a fair-weather resort) it started to rain. Waiters began rushing about gathering up tablecloths; the architects made a unanimous rush for the inside dining room; the musicians packed up and fled; chairs and tables blew over and huddled up against each other, while the rain beat and splashed furiously about them. Nothing could be heard but the solemn roar of the storm on the tin roof and the rush of the water as it coughed and sputtered in the downspouts. As they drank their unwholesome iced tea, the men congratulated themselves that they had shut down their windows.

"Although the Vandyke beard would

have shut them if we hadn't," volunteered some one.

When they left the restaurant the rain had stopped. They hurried along the wet pavements, Mr. Parti bringing up the rear in the midst of his famous story of the Grand Prix of '77.

"Look here!" exclaimed Byrd, as they entered the room.

The window by which the Vandyke beard had been working was wide open.

He rushed to the perspective in front of the window, followed by half a dozen others, and pulling off a sopping red cover disclosed a saturated drawing, hopelessly smeared with aniline dye. The water ran down from the board in an ugly red streak and splashed on the floor.

"Great God!" cried Byrd.

"Get a sponge," Johnson cried at last, "we must do something."

"What's the matter?" exclaimed Parti, at his elbow.

The young man started—but before he could reply Parti had seen. Brushing him aside, he walked straight up to the drawing. His eyes were cold as steel; his lips tightened at the corners of his mouth. The men stood in a silent group, aghast at the big red spot before him. Suddenly the great man turned away.

"Tear that thing up," he ordered harshly.

"But shan't we try to clean it?"

"No. Tear it up. I'm going home." And turning on his heel Parti stalked out of the room. The men, holding their sponges and cloths, stared stupidly.

"Aren't the drawings of any use without the perspective?" asked Murray.

"No, you little fool," snapped Johnson. "Three months' work wasted."

Murray bolted from the draughting room and rushed into Parti's office. He was solemnly brushing his hat.

"I don't want to hear anything about it," he said. "Go back again."

"Mr. Parti, I——"

"Go back and burn it, I tell you."

"But, Mr. Parti, there is a way out of this," cried Murray.

The older man looked at him coldly.

"What?" he asked, with a note of contempt.

"I've drawn a perspective of the church myself."

Parti eyed him doubtfully.

"Well, well," he cried impatiently, "take me to it and be quick. I'm going home."

Murray, his heart thumping violently against his ribs, led the way through the staring, amazed draughting room to his little closet. He turned on the light and nervously pulled the cover from the drawing. Parti, who was irritably mopping his forehead in the stuffy room, started. He looked at the drawing, incredulous, while the beads of perspiration gathered and trickled down his face unmolested. For five minutes nothing was heard but the excited breathing of the man and the boy. Then Parti arose, upsetting the stool.

"Bless my soul!" he muttered. "Johnson," he called.

"What do you think of that?" asked Parti, with the air of a man announcing the discovery of a new planet.

Johnson bent over the drawing eagerly. His eyes sparkled.

"You've quite excelled yourself, Mr. Parti," he burst out excitedly.

"I think I did," returned the older man dryly. "You can finish up the drawings now," he added to the men who had gathered round. "The boy has just presented me with a perspective I wouldn't take a thousand dollars for."

Murray, fiery red, shifted from one foot to another in a vain attempt to appear modest. Parti put a hand on his shoulder.

"I have hoped for twenty years that some day a celebrity would spring up in my office. And I'm proud of you."

With the great man's hand gripping his shoulder, Murray murmured something inappropriate and incoherent.

"Get my table ready," said Parti.



A SHOOTING STATION WITH TWO GUNS

AT WAR WITH THE CLOUDS

BY WILLIAM G. FITZ GERALD



THE vine-growers of Styria have reason to bless the name of Herr Albert Stiger, burgo-master of the little town of Windisch-Feistritz, who first conceived the idea of "warring with the clouds." For, as we shall see, his invention is a proved success recognized by the venerable Kaiser of the Dual Monarchy; and the system has spread far and wide into Hungary, Germany, Italy, and even fair France, whose champagne growers of Rheims have found in the hailcloud an enemy even more pitiless and destructive than the dread phylloxera. For not only will a hailstorm rob them of their precious

grapes, but it likewise maims the vines and impairs their productiveness for years.

In the lovely valleys of Styria the moment a local hail station gives notice that its delicate instruments presage a coming storm, over a hundred vertical cannons prepare to open fire upon the dread clouds as soon as they lower. Then thousands of shots are fired by these strange heaven-pointing guns, until at length the hailclouds are driven away by the mere concussion of the air to discharge their icy bolts upon waste places or to dissolve into gentle summer rain.

Noise and uproar have been employed to "frighten" away the demon of the storm since the dim days of Norse Odin.

The crashing and pealing of the church bells during a dangerous thunderstorm is as old as Christianity in Austria-Hungary; and as the ringers in the belfries were so frequently struck dead by lightning the Empress Maria Theresa, in 1750, issued a special decree prohibiting this altogether. The peasants were tenacious of their old customs, however—especially where the village possessed a “thunder bell”; and so forty years later we find the Emperor Joseph II confirming his mother’s decree. Yet in rural districts of Austria to-day you will hear the “thunder bells” during a storm; or you will hear the huge “weather horns” blown from the church tower on the hilltops of Styria, while the herdsmen set up a terrific howl, and the women rattle chains and beat together the lids of their milk pails to scare away the destructive spirit of the storm. For centuries the Austrian peasants have also *shot* at destructive clouds. But the act had no scientific motive. Consecrated guns, powder, and bullets were used, these last with a pious cross scratched upon them. In some districts horseshoe nails were fired from the guns; a different name being called out at each shot. If by chance it fitted the evil witch of the cloud, she fell dead—though none saw her remains. To make still more noise, the peasants shot through empty barrels or used small

mortars. Accidents were frequent, and the authorities interposed; but it was impossible to convince the country folk that shooting at the thunder clouds was of no avail. The peasants do at last appear justified when they see the Imperial Government, as well as local authorities subsidizing guns and fortresses in every

direction, selling powder at cost or giving it away, remitting taxes in energetic cloud-fighting valleys, and generally coming round to *their* way of thinking!

Authorities differ about the origin and formation of hail. Some point to the fact that shortly before a hailstorm the clouds are heavily charged with electricity; therefore, they argue, it must be this mysterious force which forms the destructive ice fragments. On the other hand, Professor Bombioi, of Bologna University, thinks the water drops freeze at very high alti-



LOADING A CLOUD CANNON

tudes, then meet and freeze with themselves other drops on their way down to earth, and so form a hailstorm.

The hailshooters say the discharge of their guns prevents the formation of hail altogether. Their theory is that the aerial concussion decreases the electric tension in the air, so that in the first instance each water drop freezes singly and does not unite with others. Then, as the ice drops from the coldest air strata find no water drops in the lower regions with which they can join, they

melt and drop "as the gentle rain from heaven."

Herr Albert Stiger, the burgo-master of the Styrian town of Windisch-Feistritz, was the first man to cannonade the hail-laden clouds with scientific intent. From 1860 to 1890 it hailed more or less disastrously every summer at Windisch-Feistritz, so that the vineyard proprietors were in despair. They worked hard, only to see their season's profits destroyed in ten minutes. The rates demanded by the hail insurance companies for that region finally grew prohibitive. The vine-growers—Herr Stiger among them—faced absolute ruin.



A STATION IN ACTION

In 1895 came an unusually violent hailstorm that simply annihilated the hardy American vines which the burgomaster had imported at heavy expense. "I will give up vine-culture," he said sadly, "and sell my ancestral land."



THE AIR RING OR VORTEX

But he tried again. Once more he planted American vines, and then racked his brain by day and night for means of protecting them. At one time he resolved to cover the vineyards with wire netting of small mesh. But he found this too costly for all his acres. Now there was not a man in all the Dual Monarchy who had studied hailstorms so closely as the intelligent burgomaster of Windisch-Feistritz. He had long observed that before the storm broke, the air was strangely still for several seconds—for minutes, even. "This stillness," Herr Stiger argued, "must be most important for the formation of hail; therefore, if only it could be broken up—!" Forthwith he set upon the neighboring heights, about half a mile apart, a number of *poeller*, or small mortars, such as are used by local shooting clubs in the Styrian valleys on festive occasions.



A TEST: THE AIR RING APPROACHING THE FIRST POLE

It was on June 4, 1896, that he had his first opportunity of testing the germ of a scientific invention. A heavy thunderstorm brooded over the lovely valley. Stiger and the few friends who believed in him manned the *poeller*, and soon the hillsides gave back roaring echoes of a cannonade of the clouds.

The result was astonishing. All around, out of range of the concussion set up by the mortars, hail fell fiercely and did great damage; but over Herr Stiger's fields and vineyards, and also over the little town of Windisch-Feistritz, nothing fell but a shower of shining summer rain!

The burgomaster did not lack converts. He himself shot and fought the clouds no fewer than forty times that year. Meanwhile he was constantly improving his "artillery," that he might produce yet greater concussions in the upper air.

"At first," the burgomaster told me, "I used simple little conical cast-iron mortars, thirty centimeters long. These I loaded with about one hundred grams of powder, well rammed, and set off by means of a slow match. As some of the mortars burst, I had others made to my own design of wrought iron and steel, capable of taking without danger a far larger charge."

In order still further to multiply the effects of the explosion, Herr Stiger fitted his mortars with high funnel-shaped pipes, using for this purpose the smokestacks of worn-out railroad engines of the state lines. These he got free of charge, for all classes were interested in fighting the storms.

At this period Stiger's apparatus was constructed as follows: At a spot very carefully chosen for "strategic" reasons, a strong block of oak was driven into the ground, above which only three or four

feet of it protruded. This block was hollowed out so that the mortar could be slipped exactly under the lower opening; and then when the funnel vent of this strange-looking cannon was screwed on, all was ready for the aerial enemy. Naturally, frequent use and unvarying success brought vast improvements in this artillery. At this day many of the most important iron foundries of Austria regularly make hail-shooting ordnance.

A very important improvement recently introduced into the hail-shooting guns, is a steel ring about five inches wide, welded inside the vertical tube, or funnel, near its muzzle. This contrivance acts very much as the rifling of a gun. Its presence causes the air in the big funnel, compressed by the sudden expansion of the gases of the exploding powder, to be driven through the ring with enormous force, so that it ascends to immense heights like an invisible rocket, and

violently agitates the upper air where the hail is formed. After a discharge of one of these late-pattern cloud cannons, I have heard the rushing, screaming whistle of the tremendously violent ascent for fully twenty seconds.

One experiment, conducted by soldiers of the Imperial army with a regulation war balloon, showed that the concussion and aerial agitation were perceptible at heights even beyond 3,000 feet.

The stage when the cannons were erected without protection in the battlefield soon passed, and Herr Striger recommended the construction of huts of various sizes, according to the number of the guns mounted. In this way the powder was kept dry, and shooting might be continued, even during the heaviest downpour of rain. It was, of course, the mortar that needed protection; the barrel of the cloud-fighting gun stuck out chimney-wise through the roof. At certain important strategic



A TEST: THE AIR RING HAS PASSED THE FIRST POLE

points, these huts may now be seen with two, three, and even four guns. They are planned precisely as fortresses. Their location is matter for much thought and generalship. They are manned by officers, artillerymen, and signalists. Great judgment and experience are necessary; and it is a vast mistake to suppose that the systematic and scientific firing at hail-laden clouds in this way is no more difficult than aiming a rifle at a haystack.

"To begin firing at precisely the right moment," the inventor tells me, "is of vast importance. The bombardment can only be effective if it breaks up the ominous calm preceding the storm, when the hail is about to form. Once the frozen masses have actually come into being, shooting is of little use."

A waste of ammunition is avoided by not beginning the battle merely when the dark squadrons of the aerial enemy appear, but rather when the magnetic needle in the telegraph office at Windisch-Feistritz indicates by its agitation the presence of great electric tension in the air.

When this disturbance is noted the central hail-shooting station fires a sharp warning shot, and men come hurrying to man the guns. At their posts, they await the signal, and soon the green walls of the valleys, the tiers of mountain shoulders and peaceful rocky dells, echo and re-echo the roar of artillery—often at the same time the artillery of heaven and earth together.

Every year sees hundreds and thousands of tons of powder shot off at menacing clouds between the Savoyard Alps and the smiling Campagna Felice, and from thence to the orange and lemon groves of Messina and Palermo. And the custom is fast spreading. In many provinces of Austria, the landowners, especially village communities, receive subventions or bounties from the Provincial Government. These small hamlets early saw that union and system were imperatively necessary. Therefore

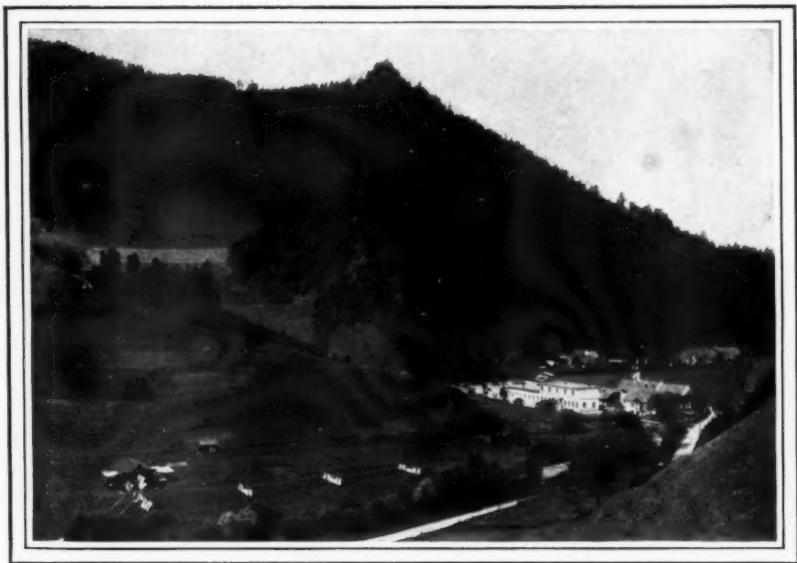
they banded themselves into groups each commanded by a kind of "general officer" whose duty it is to see that the guns are ready and the powder dry. Let the enemy take the countryside by surprise rout and ruin follow inevitably in a few minutes. For each hail-shooting gun a community mounts, the Government allows a bounty of twenty dollars, and, moreover, permits powder to be obtained from the Ministry of War at an extremely low rate per hundredweight.

Furthermore, the Provincial Governments now take a hand in the instruction of the artilleryists, while it is only natural that communities dotted with "forts" should get very easy terms from the Insurance Companies of Graz and Vienna.

When the mayors of a group of villages decide to introduce the guns in common, the first thing to do is to decide where they shall be set up. Their distance is usually fixed at half a mile apart, as it was and is at the parent station in Windisch-Feistritz. In narrow valleys, where the hail does most damage, the stations are placed on high plateaux, whence the concussion of the air may be sent very high into the clouds. The "general's" fort, too, is high up the hillside, so that he may observe the maneuvers of his subordinates in other huts and instruct them by signal.

The construction of the huts is not uniform. They are generally of rough timber and divided into two sections. The larger compartment is occupied by the artilleryman, with his reserve store of powder, spare mortars, etc., while the smaller division contains the gun itself. This shooting is very seldom (there are exceptions, however, rendered necessary by the known vagaries of the storm) conducted near buildings or in village streets, so that accidents are extremely rare.

At present the firm of Carl Greinitz Neffen, of St. Katharein, in Styria, is most favored by the communities of Austria and Hungary, as he makes a



FACTORY AND PROVING GROUNDS, ST. KATHAREIN, STYRIA

new type of cloud-fighting gun, said to be the least dangerous of any, seldom or never bursting, easy to load, and yet producing tremendous agitation and concussion far higher up in the air than any type built. These guns cost more, but then fewer of them are required. Each one is tested both vertically and horizontally before it leaves the works. At St. Katharein many experimental forts have been set up, and not a day passes but tests are made with new guns, different charges, angles, new targets, and the like. The most important of these tests have to be made horizontally, as with any other cannon, and an expert is always on the spot noting results through his field glasses, and working out mathematical problems.

The gun is aimed not at the targets, but at a point as far away from them as is consistent with their feeling the air concussion and so collapsing. Often one may see the great air ring ejected with terrific velocity from the muzzle of the gun, and also hear it whistling

shrilly up the valley. To be struck by that air ring means death, such is the force with which it is ejected by the powder charge.

The ring in the barrel that suddenly narrows the rush of air as it leaves the muzzle, is now made smaller than ever, while the huge funnel is twelve feet long. Also in the Austrian hail-shooting forts of to-day, the old slow matches have given place to friction matches which make rapid firing easy. No sooner is one shot fired, than the used mortar is quickly replaced by another. Six mortars are kept in reserve in the storeroom so that it is easy to allow of cooling. The artilleryman, too, is provided with from fifty to sixty glasses, each containing 180 grams of powerful Austrian service powder. In this way no time need be lost weighing out powder in the heat and fury of battle, when every moment saved may mean a great property wrested from destruction. Last of all there is a powder chest with a final reserve of 100 pounds or more of powder.

All this organization may convey an idea of great expense. Such is not the case. The work is conducted with the wonderful economy everywhere noticeable in the Austrian public service. The entire cost of the average cloud-shooting fort does not reach \$100. To this, however, one must add the cost of powder, a very trifling one, and the artilleryman's wage. All kinds of men enlist as "soldiers," and many become valuable advisers and experts in other districts after a few seasons' experience. They are paid either by the season, or so much for each "battle" with the hailclouds.

Altogether the total cost, *personnel* and *matériel* alike, averages about \$30 per season for each fortress; and this, be it borne in mind, will afford absolute protection to a valuable vineyard one hundred hectares in extent. The expense is met in the first instance by the landowners and local rates, but the bounties minimize these levies.

Many districts provide themselves (especially if their land produce grapes used for costly wines) with watchtowers or stations for signaling the approach of these storms. Here are installed, under the direction of a competent electrician, wonderfully delicate instruments, sensitive enough to give ample warning of increasing electric tension in the air. Other districts rely upon the instruments in the local telegraph office—just as Herr Stiger himself does at Windisch-Feistritz.

In remote and poor regions, where neither of these electrical warnings prompt the gunners, the onus of firing the first shot, and that at the proper moment, falls upon the local "general." His men in the minor stations of the chain follow him, firing perhaps two

shots a minute until the storm has passed away and the clouds been dispersed.

A special flag, flung out from the "general's" own fort is the signal to "cease fire."

As accidents through scared horses are not unknown, the forts run out red flags by day and red lights by night that drivers may be warned in due time. A night bombardment of the heavens is a truly diabolical spectacle with columns of fire, detonations of guns and thunder, multiplied a hundredfold by the rocky slopes and wooded hills, and unearthly screaming of the uprushing air from the big vertical guns. During a long thunderstorm each fort may fire one hundred shots (the average is not much more than fifty); and in one day a group of threatened villages may blaze away Government powder in thousands of kilograms.

There is "system" everywhere, now that Herr Stiger's idea is universally adopted. Every fort, whether mounting one gun or three, contains a "Book of Records." In this is entered the number of shots fired, the date, conditions prevalent, and many remarks and observations. In this way data above all price are being accumulated for the Government records.

The Imperial Government of Austria-Hungary still considers it premature to state positively that the gunners have the best of it, absolutely and every time. This much, however, is established beyond controversy: That in districts where terrible damage and havoc were wrought by hail every year in cornfield, orchard, and vineyard, there have been no such disastrous storms, or their effect has been insignificant, since the introduction of these "fortresses."



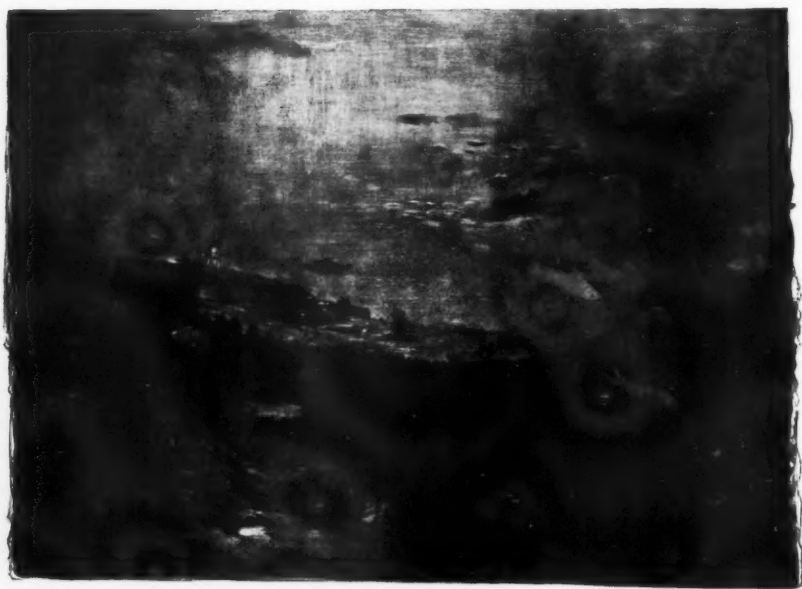


THE DERELICT

By James Barnes.

Bound for the Haven of Nowhere
 Hailing from Ports forgot
Feared and Hated - an Outcast
 Craving a resting spot.
See there no light or beacon
Looms there no friendly Land
The Soul that was mine died in me
 For lack of a guiding hand.
Hopeless I see the Sunrise
 Groaning I greet each day
Aimless I grope and falter
 Into the Beaten Way!

Give me a blow in the darkness
Sink me deep, deep, in the sea
Put me to sleep forever
Out of this misery!
Abject I watch my Brethren
Turn from me, passing by,
Cursing me long for living!
Vainly I wish to die!
Lord of the Storm and Tempest
Strike me the welcome blow
Grant me a grave in the coral
Arest in the sands below!



THE TAX WE PAY TO INSECTS

BY CLIFFORD HOWARD



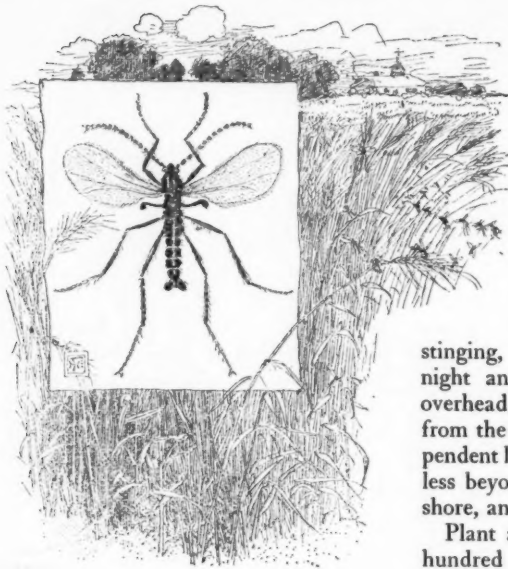
F the destructive insects of the world were to increase tenfold in any one year the human race would go out of existence.

It is not likely that such an increase in the fly and bug population will ever take place, but the hypothesis is interesting nevertheless as an impressive illustration of the tribute levied upon mankind by the worms and the weevils and their many unholy relations; for to say that their numbers need be multiplied only ten times in order to famish the earth is but another way of presenting the fact that under present normal conditions they are exacting an annual tax of ten per cent upon our food. Stated thus it may mean very little or it may mean a great deal. A bald statement of percentage is without significance or dramatic effect until we know with what quantities we are dealing. To declare simply that the insects destroy each year one-tenth of everything we sow or raise does not signify until we calculate the amount and value of our food products. Only then do we realize that this one-tenth means an annual loss to the people of the United States of more than \$800,000,000.

This is the value of the produce that is deliberately seized upon and destroyed year after year by the insect marauders of this invincible republic. If the assessment this represents were levied in the form of a poll tax it would cost every voter of the United States something like

fifty dollars a year. But however it may be divided or distributed, this approximate billion dollars is a tax which the nation is obliged to pay each year to the grasshoppers and the bugs and the worms. To support these predatory insects costs us more than it does to support the entire United States Government, and this, be it remembered, includes not only the army and the navy, but a patriotic band of a million pensioners besides.

As in the days of Moses every tiller of the soil was called upon to contribute one-tenth of his produce to the Levites, so to-day the farmers of America pay their tithes to the insects—the Levites of the field. Following in the footsteps of the bonded Israelites the field workers of other nations, through many succeeding generations and dynasties, gave of their crops the traditional one-tenth, in order that the parasites of society might live and prosper. But in time they grew rebelliously sick of this unworthy taxation and cast it from them; yet although the American farmer, in this his heyday of liberty and enlightenment, is beholden to no one save of his own choosing, he is powerless to escape the yearly tithe that the insects, these Levites of the field, demand of him with insatiable persistence and with the always accompanying menace of increased tribute. And would we know what this tithe, this one-tenth, means in terms of land—what it means for the farmer to give up one acre in ten for the purpose of meeting this tax—let us but bear in mind that ten



THE HESSIAN FLY

He exacts yearly Fifty Million bushels of wheat equivalent to more than Two Billion loaves of bread.

per cent of the total farm lands of the United States, not including those devoted to live stock, amounts to nothing less than fifty million acres.

Fifty million acres is equal to the combined area of all the New England States, with New Jersey, Delaware, and the District of Columbia thrown in. If planted in grain, fruits, and vegetables this area would be more than sufficient to supply ten million families. All of the wheat produced in the United States, which is not only enough to give our eighty million people their daily bread, but helps also to feed the hungry mortals of other lands to the extent of several million barrels of flour a year, is raised on a total area of only a little over fifty million acres. In other and more impressive words, our insects destroy the yield of as much land as is required for the growing of our entire wheat crop.

And what are these insects, these pests, these ravagers, these enemies of the race that lay us under bondage and hold

before us the constant threat of starvation? Their name is legion. Their kinds and varieties are without number—crawling things and flying things and things that hop and jump; flies and worms, moths and bugs and beetles and maggots, lice, midges, grubs, and ants and weevils, a varied and myriad host of pillagers and despoilers, biting, boring, stinging, and devouring; attacking by night and by day, underground and overhead, openly and stealthily, and from the ambush of fruit and bark and pendent leaves. Their number is countless beyond the proverbial sands of the shore, and their presence is everywhere.

Plant a potato crop in virgin soil, a hundred miles—a thousand miles—from any other potato field, and lo! there is the potato bug. Set out an apple orchard, and when the trees are ready to bear, behold! the codling moth is lying in wait to lay its eggs upon the fruit. There is not a single product of the earth designed for man's food that is not without its special insect enemies. And lest the tithe demanded by these Levites of the field should not be forthcoming, care is taken that every growing thing shall have not merely one collector of taxes—not merely one kind of insect to prey upon it—but a dozen or a score or a hundred as the nature of the food may require.

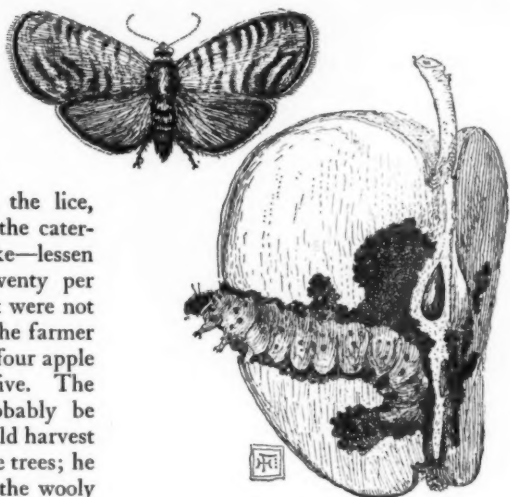
There is perhaps no product that is levied upon so rapaciously and so numerously as the apple. More than two hundred different kinds of insects are constantly at work upon it. They attack it from all points—the roots, the trunk, the bark, the stems, the leaves, the blossoms, the fruit. The woolly aphid is the leader of the attack on the roots; canker worms and caterpillars set the pace for depredations on the foliage, while the codling moth is captain of the fruit raiders; and why the lot of them to-

gether do not devour the entire apple crop—trees, fruit, and all—is a mystery for whose existence we should be devoutly grateful.

Those affecting the health and the vigor of the tree itself—the aphids, the borers, the lice, the worms, the scale insects, the caterpillars, and the rest of their like—lessen its productiveness nearly twenty per cent; which is to say that if it were not for these rascally plunderers the farmer would get as much fruit from four apple trees as he now gets from five. The farmer, however, would probably be more than contented if he could harvest the present fruitage of the five trees; he would willingly put up with the woolly aphids and the canker worm and the rest of the gang, if he could but rid himself of the codling moth.

The codling moth is the insect that levies on the fruit itself. It is not the only one. The apple maggot and the curculio and a score of lesser lights follow its example more or less industriously; but it so far outranks the others in the extent of its depredations that it is naturally looked upon as the chief offender. The larva which hatches from each of the eggs laid by the moth resembles a small white worm, and this is the creature that works the mischief by burrowing into the fruit and thus either ruins it or renders it unfit for marketing. It is this puny worm, this dab of mushy whiteness, scarcely the sixteenth of an inch in length when it makes its appearance upon the globe, that constitutes the unit of a destructive force which each year causes a loss of food valued at no less than \$12,000,000.

Fully 30,000,000 bushels of apples are annually spoiled or made unmarketable by this one insect, the codling moth; and when we take into account the cost of fighting this pest its tax upon the country is vastly increased. Practically all commercial apple orchards are sprayed with

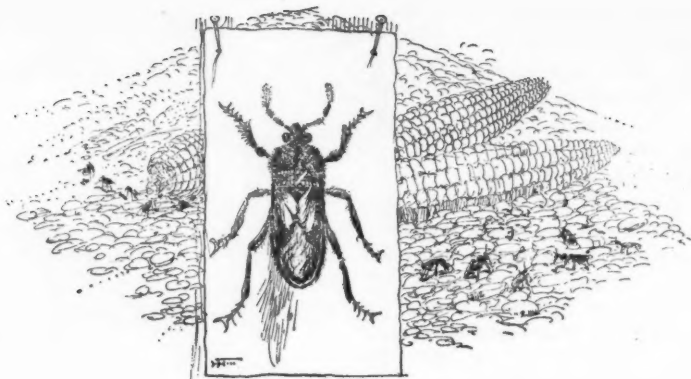


THE CODLING MOTH AND LARVA

This pest consumes over Twenty Million Dollars' worth of apples a year.

poison every spring for the purpose of checking the ravages of the codling moth. This operation involves an expense averaging five cents a tree. A nickel for each apple tree may not seem worthy of mention as an investment, but multiply it by 165,000,000—the number of trees that are annually treated to a dose of arsenic—and the resulting \$8,250,000 is no small item to be tacked on to an already existing bill of \$12,000,000 for spoiled apples.

Such a tax as this upon the apple crop is necessarily a matter of economic importance; but of more vital significance is the loss occasioned by the insects that prey upon our wheat. As in the case of the apple, there are several hundred different kinds of these creatures that attack the growing grain, though the chief work of destruction is in charge of less than half a dozen species. Straw worms, bulb worms, army worms, and cutworms, and sawflies of various sorts and dispositions, not to mention locusts and grasshoppers, are quite bad enough and are capable of working a deal of mis-



THE CHINCH BUG

He collects an annual tax of more than a Hundred Million Dollars' worth of grain.

chief in the course of a season; but it is the Hessian fly, the chinch bug, and the plant louse that hold the record for destructiveness and possess the ability, if so minded, to eat up the entire wheat crop.

The Hessian fly alone has no trouble in destroying 50,000,000 bushels of wheat in a season, and this is his average record. This is equivalent to about a million tons of flour, or enough to make over two billion loaves of bread—twenty-five apiece for every man, woman, and child in the United States. A full-grown Hessian fly is about an eighth of an inch long and looks very thin and delicate. It is much more ravenous some years than others, and will often single out certain sections of the country for particularly heavy onslaughts. About five years ago, for example, it selected Ohio and Indiana for a special invasion, and as a consequence the farmers of those two States found it next to impossible to raise wheat at all. Of the area normally devoted to the growing of wheat more than two and a half million acres were abandoned and planted in other crops. This represented more than half of the usual wheat area, and of the grain that was raised on the remaining acreage the Hessian fly helped itself to about twenty-five million bush-

els, or two-thirds of the entire remaining crop. As the result of this one season's special activity it caused a loss in these two States alone of \$24,000,000. Its record for the entire country that year was over \$100,000,000. This exhibition of its capabilities warrants the prayerful hope on the part of every bread-loving American that the Hessian fly will never take into its fragile head the notion of making a special raid on the whole country in any one year.

This abominable creature is a legacy from King George III. He sent it over here in the straw that accompanied his dirty Hessian troops, and since that time it has been steadily at work levying a retributive tax upon the American nation for its rebellion against the motherland. In one year we will give up to this tax collector as much money as it cost us to gain our independence. The cash represented in the losses caused by twelve months' work on the part of the Hessian fly is sufficient to have paid the entire cost of our eight years' war with Great Britain—a source of grim satisfaction, no doubt, to the shade of the wily King George.

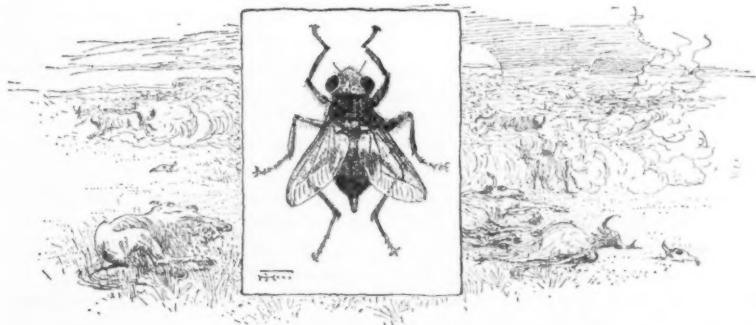
Then there is the chinch bug. It is twice as big as the Hessian fly and four times more villainous. The entomologists say that no other injurious insect

causes anything like the damage that is chargeable to this pest. Let us be thankful, therefore, that the chinch bug is fond of corn and oats and several other things besides wheat; otherwise we would not have any wheat. Of the hundred million dollars' worth of food that this arch despoiler ruins in one year (and this is merely his minimum record, expressed in round numbers) probably not more than one-fifth of it is wheat. That, however, is more than enough; and when we figure up the damage done by the plant lice and the host of lesser wheat ravagers, in addition to the work of the Hessian fly, and add this sum to the results attained by the pillagers of other grains, we come upon the disquieting knowledge that we permit the insects of the United States to rob us annually of some two hundred and fifty million dollars' worth of cereals.

Nor does this tell the whole story. This is merely the tax we pay to the insects of the field. After we have gratefully gathered in the crops they have spared us we find ourselves at the mercy of another lot of grafters—the worms and the weevils that feed upon the stored grain. Their specialty is corn; and the amount of corn they can eat without showing anything in return for it is certainly remarkable. Before the corn gets out of the field the chinch bugs and the billbugs, the ear worms, the cutworms,

the wireworms, the army worms, and the root worms, the stalk borers and the locusts and the grasshoppers and the lice and some fifty other kinds of robbers have helped themselves to about 250,000,000 bushels. After the crop is harvested the granary weevils and the fly weevils, the snout beetles, the sawtooth beetles and the square-necked beetles and the wolf moth—in short, a whole tribe of granary pests fall to and do the best they can to beat the record of their field competitors. This they actually succeed in accomplishing in some sections of the country. In Texas, for instance, nearly fifty per cent of the corn harvest of the State is sometimes destroyed by weevils. The Southern States are particularly subject to the attacks of these granary insects, and the loss to stored corn in that part of the country alone amounts each year to something like \$20,000,000. And what is true of corn applies in only slightly diminished proportions to all other cereals and meal; the total quantity annually destroyed in the United States amounting in value to nothing less than \$100,000,000.

As with apples and grains, so it is with all other food products. There is not one of them exempt from insect taxation. More than \$50,000,000 a year is levied on vegetables; \$35,000,000 on fruits; \$5,000,000 on sugar, and over \$50,000,-



THE OX WARBLE

He makes away with Forty Million Dollars' worth of cattle a year.

ooo on hay, the sustainer of our cattle and horses. Nor is this taxation confined alone to food products. Cotton, tobacco, lumber—in fact, every growing thing needful for the maintenance or comfort of mankind is levied upon for its tithe.

The bollworm and the boll weevil look after the cotton. The weevil is the chief offender. It will destroy in one season as much as twenty million dollars' worth of cotton, and does not hesitate, when given an opportunity, to leave the disheartened planter a mere forty per cent of his crop. The bollworm supplements the work of the weevil to the extent of an additional twelve million dollars' worth; and what these two grafters fail to get, the leaf worm and a band of petty thieves appropriate to themselves, with a net result to the profit of the gang of ten per cent of the total cotton crop. This tithe in 1904 amounted to about 600,000,000 pounds, at a market value of over \$60,000,000.

In the case of tobacco the insects levy an annual tribute of some 85,000,000 pounds; helping themselves indiscriminately to smoking and chewing varieties and paying but little attention to grades. Wood, timber, and forest products generally—nuts, fruit, bark, etc.—are held under contribution by beetles, borers, ants, bees, weevils, and various other despoilers, and through their combined efforts they succeed each year in ruining or rendering unfit enough

building lumber to house a dozen cities, and upon the whole destroy needful material to the value of \$100,000,000.

Not content with laying tribute upon the produce of the fields and the forest, these insect enemies of the human family must needs go farther and demand their tithe of the cattle and other animals necessary for man's food and

service. And so the ox warble, or bot-fly, gets after the cattle and is not satisfied until it has driven thousands of animals to death with its tormenting attacks and lessened the value of the hides and the beef of multitudes of others through its grubby methods of warfare. By the end of each year it may credit itself with having added to the financial burdens of the American consumer an item of about \$40,-

000,000 to meet the losses produced by its pestiferous industry. Gnats, gadflies, ticks, lice, worms, and a crowd of other noisome pests are coworkers with the ox warble, and include horses, sheep, cows, pigs, and goats in their booty. One hundred and seventy-five million dollars a year is a fair estimate of what these animal parasites demand as their tribute, and the ranchmen and the farmers are forced to deliver it through sacrifice of their stock and depreciation of animal products.

And while these insects are demanding and receiving without hindrance or comment their annual tribute of nearly two hundred million dollars, the good



THE BOLL WORM

This humble worm cleans up a neat Twelve Million Dollars' worth of cotton yearly.

people of America are crying out in hysterical wrath against trusts. Let some one devise a means of destroying the ox warble (and who shall say it may not be accomplished if there be brought to the task but one-tenth the amount of money, energy, power, and determination now being expended against the beef trust?), and with the extermination of this one insect the people of America would be rid of a far more dreadful, more expensive, and more dangerous foe than that which lurks in the fancied hideousness of a mere human corporation.

The scope of these remarks on the taxes we pay to insects does not extend to a consideration of mosquitoes, house flies, and such other creatures as are carriers of human diseases and whose work in this field of spoliation, through sickness and death, involves an almost incalculable cost to the human race; nor does it take account of roaches and ants and moths and other household pests, which are not only an item of expense by

reason of their destructiveness, but which involve a total outlay of millions of dollars in the purchase of poisons, traps, and screens.

There is something essentially humiliating—even humiliating—in a realization of our enforced annual tribute to the bugs and the worms.

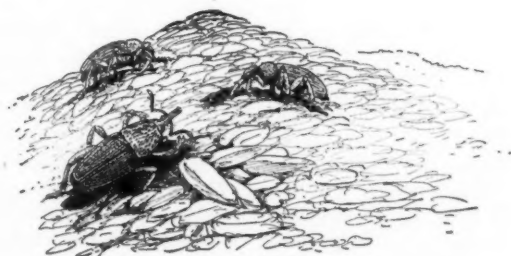
Let there be but a temporary cessation of but one of the several conditions that now act as checks upon the unlimited propagation of destructive insects, and the living world would be consumed. When we peep beneath the cover of nature's mechanism and behold how delicately

adjusted is the equilibrium of forces that maintains the human race upon the planet, and how infinitely slight need be the quiver of this balance to destroy our tremulous foothold in the universe, we turn back with chastened pride and meekly go our way, rejoicing that we are here at all and are permitted the privilege of living among the insects at so small a cost.



THE BOLL WEEVIL

His assessment is more than Twenty Million Dollars' worth of cotton per annum.



THE GRANARY WEEVIL

With others he mulcts stored grain and meal a Hundred Million Dollars' worth per annum.

JAPAN:

OUR NEW RIVAL IN THE EAST

BY HAROLD BOLCE

I. JAPAN'S IMPENDING DOMINANCE OF THE PACIFIC *



LIKE Balboa, Japan with flag held high has waded into the Pacific. The contest for actual commercial mastery of that sea promises to be prolonged, and the ultimate victories will be no less renowned than the peace which the President made possible. But the covenant will doubtless prove a greater blessing to Japan than to us. It may be a humane thing to send the broken armies of the Czar back to the sobered cities of Moscow and St. Petersburg. It is a far different thing to clear the way for competitive Japan to invade the markets of the Pacific, and the world.

With the recall of its forces from Manchuria, the concentration of its ingenious and virile masses upon every line of modern industry, and the return of its merchantmen, which have been serving as naval conscripts, to the channels of commerce, greater Japan launches itself upon a new world campaign which promises to eclipse even its triumphant conflict with the Russian Empire. For many years, far-seeing

statesmen and traffic managers in America have been emphasizing Seward's prophecy that the Pacific Ocean was to be the scene of a commerce greater than that borne upon the Atlantic. And while we dreamed dreams, the Sunrise Kingdom was capturing the trade. In 1903 Japan had upon the Pacific more than 1,000 steamships of modern construction whose combined tonnage exceeded that of our entire merchant marine engaged in foreign trade.

No nation ever needed foreign trade more desperately than Japan does. America in its continental prosperity can afford perhaps for a time to stand pat and let the opportunities oversea pass by; but Japan to be great must traffic with the nations. It is impossible to comprehend the needs of Japan's maritime expansion without keeping in mind the littleness of its area. Its hara, or plains, from which the main support of the empire is derived, if assembled into one prairie would make a field about half the size of some of the counties in American States. For example, all the level land of all the islands of Japan comprises an area of 2,895 square miles,

* This is the first of a most important series of articles on the future of our commerce with the Orient in the light of the new era which begins for Japan with the conclusion of her war with Russia. The series has been specially prepared by Mr. Harold Bolce, of the Treasury Department, Washington, from information gathered by him during a recent trip to China and Japan, taken specially for this magazine.—The Editor.

whereas the single county of Okanogan in the State of Washington boasts 4,300 square miles, and is but one of the many rolling grass areas of that commonwealth. From its "postage-stamp" farms Japan's 45,000,000 inhabitants, increasing at the rate of half a million per annum, have crowded up the mountainsides and even dwell precariously within the rims of craters.

It is impossible for Japan to go farther inland. In all the empire you cannot get 100 miles from the sea! The future of Japan lies beyond its own shore lines, and its ambition is as wide as the world. Not only are its valleys diminutive and its mountains inhospitable and dangerous, but the thin soil of the empire has been exhausted by two thousand years of tillage. Only by the prodigal use of fertilizers, whose manufacture is one of the leading industries of the nation, are the incredible harvests made possible. In constant need of revenue, Japan levies a duty, ranging as high in some instances as 150 per cent ad valorem, upon nearly every commodity entering the empire, but animal bone ash for the replenishment of its worn-out plains it admits free. Yet if all the outer world were a boneyard, the supply applied to the narrow and depleted fields of Japan would not keep from starvation the ultimate millions of that country. Moreover, monsoons add to the uncertainty of harvests in those islands. To keep them from being blown up by the roots, the Japanese with patient art trellis their fruit trees upon overhead latticework. A farmer in Japan can walk across the top of his orchard.

To the masses of Japan who thus struggle against wind and earthquakes and volcanoes, who till with matchless diligence narrow and infertile plains which in America would be sold for taxes or classed with abandoned farms, and who look upon an acre of their poor land as we regard a plantation, the continent of Asia, the great islands of

Oceanica, and the fields of our Pacific slope loom large and alluring. It is not to be wondered that the merchant princes of Japan have already taken possession of the commerce of Korea; that Japanese drummers, credit agencies, and importers have begun to revolutionize the trade of Asia; that they are slipping into our open door in the Philippines; that the Hawaiian Islands have become a virtual Japanese colony; and that the coolies of the empire are swarming in increasing thousands into the orchards and cities of California.

Such was the wide activity and success of Japan upon the Pacific even before the war. No one now questions Japan's might as a military power. It is equally formidable as a trading and colonizing nation. Unless some great need or sense of danger awakens the American people, Japan within a decade will probably be the commercial master of the Pacific. We cherish the delusion that the expansion of Japan means a great trade in the Orient for America. Temporarily the war gave a marked stimulus to our exports to the Sunrise Kingdom, but the record of our shipments of manufactures to that empire before the conflict with Russia indicates that Japan in normal periods of industry is determined to shut out finished products and purchase only raw supplies. It is a manufacturing nation, and is in the same line of business that we are. The five thousand factory whistles of Osaka will not long salute the arrival of competitive goods from the United States.

In these articles I have tried to make clear the valuelessness of statistics unless they are used comparatively. Any strenuous American, for example, can lift a hundred pounds, but it would be foolish to brag of such an exploit when the record shows that Thomas Jefferson and other strong men have lifted a thousand. There has been much said of our exports to Japan. Before the war all our manufactures sold to that country amounted to a little more than nine

million dollars annually, and of that paltry total more than five million consisted of mineral oil.* Manufacturing America produces more than five million dollars' worth of wares every working hour of the day! That is more than all the factory goods, exclusive of kerosene, shipped to the Sunrise Kingdom in either 1902 or 1903. National boasting of so insignificant a trade is obviously absurd. If all our shipments of strictly factory goods to Japan had been lost in the Pacific in either of these years, it would have been no more significant than the closing of the factories of the United States one hour earlier than usual in any one day of the whole twelve months.

If in any measure the fullness of the American dinner pail is to depend upon our invasion of foreign markets with our surplus wares, we must find some more promising field than Japan. Up to the present our oversea exports of manufactures to all the nations is but a drop in the American bucket! At the rate of last year's traffic with the world it will take us seventy years to ship across the seas as great a volume of factory wares as we manufacture and consume annually at home.

Last year we exported in ships to all countries two hundred and thirteen million dollars' worth of factory goods, exclusive of kerosene and copper. That sum divided per capita among the inhabitants of the United States would not quite pay for one twenty-five-cent meal a month! Such is the paltriness of the

oversea trade in finished products which has filled the American mind with delusion and pride. For several months I have been calling to the attention of the readers of this magazine and the United States Government to the fact that we are losing ground in Europe, that the great field of South America is being harvested by our rivals, and that to all the islands of Oceanica, some of them continental in size, we export less than our own Philippines purchase from our competitors. One thing that has served to minimize the startling revelation of America's world-wide defeat as an exporter of finished products has been the care-free optimism that in the awakening of Asia there was abundant promise of a great trade destiny abroad for the United States.

To secure that mighty commerce we are building the Panama Canal. That waterway, in our sanguine fancy, is to be the path, Hawaii the halfway station, and the Philippines the stepping-stone to the Open Door. But to-day we are confronted across the Pacific with a nation, let loose from war, needing the commerce of Asia more than we do, and infinitely better equipped to secure it. Japan has its ships on the sea and its samples and drummers in the field. It is not only prepared and determined to dominate the rich markets of Cathay, which for centuries have lured the adventurous traders of all lands, but it is already actually defeating America in exploiting that kingdom. Even in the year before the war Japan's exports of merchandise to China were greater than our own.

THE MONROE DOCTRINE OF JAPAN

By the Treaty of Westminster Japan has built a wall around Mongolian Asia. With the backing of Great Britain the Sunrise Kingdom will police the Far East from Persia to the Pacific. The thing which no nation may attack without encountering Japan and its powerful ally

* The official record shows that our exports to Japan in normal periods of its competitive activity were not only insignificant but declining at a rapid rate. Up to the war, the only American manufacture that was holding its own in Japanese markets was petroleum. Other manufactures had fallen off as follows: \$1,000,000 in 1901, and \$4,000,000 each in the two subsequent years, making an aggregate decline of \$9,000,000 in the three years just prior to the conflict with Russia. In 1900, the greatest year of our Japanese trade, up to war times, the total revenue from factory goods, aside from kerosene, shipped from the United States to Japan amounted to only \$8,000,000. Distributed among the American people, that would amount to only ten cents per capita, and but a certain per cent of that would represent profit.

is the *status quo*. In substance, it is a new Monroe Doctrine applied by victorious Japan to the Orient. Behind that barrier Japan will become the hegemon of Asia. It has announced that the trade of the Orient will be open to all. In reality there are no open doors there. That is one of the polite phrases of diplomacy. China, like its island leader, has a high tariff, and many of its schedules were prepared by economic experts from Japan. Moreover, the passage of our cargoes through Chinese ports would be futile if railways owned by a hostile government and operated by Japanese imposed discriminating rates against us or granted clandestine rebates to our Sunrise rivals.

There is significance in the reiterated statements that Japanese helped to augment the Chinese boycott against American goods. The cables report that one of the newspapers of Shanghai most active in the anti-American propaganda is owned and edited by loyal subjects of the Mikado. Dispatches from that part of the world also intimate that Japanese influence induced China to force Americans to abandon their holdings in the Hankow Railway. While these statements are unofficial, there is absolutely no rule of ethics or international law to restrain Japan from taking advantage commercially of the present Chinese hostility toward American trade and American exploitation of its empire. And as an opportunist, Japan has nothing to learn from the alert nations of the West.

The promise of American trade supremacy in the Orient is vague. The eminent pessimism, which I quoted a few months ago, that the United States had lost its opportunity in the Far East could be supported now with gloomy arguments. Yet it seems incredible that great America is to be shut out of a share in developing the Chinese Empire, which Senator Beveridge well calls the "world's remaining wonderland." Secretary Taft, who has talked with Chinese officials,

believes (according to the reports) that the boycott will not be an active instrument against American trade. What seems to be overlooked in our optimism is that the movement is primarily a student agitation, and fanned by students who, within a few years, will be in administrative control of China and who to-day are being educated by thousands in the universities of Japan.

We may lift the embargo from a few cargoes, but that will not eradicate the deep antagonism, racial or commercial, that has prompted the feeling against our nation, its products, and its operating genius. The awakening of China is like the discovery of a new planet, and the American people, if they want foreign trade and foreign outlet for energy and capital, should be among the first in this vast field which destiny seems about to throw open for development. In a former article I urged the importance of inviting to our universities the young men of China who are being educated to fill the offices of their empire. It is a matter of no passing significance that these young men fear to come to this country lest they be mistreated at our ports or in transit across our country. Among them are the sons and relatives of Chinese millionaires, scholars, and viceroys. They are all, under our laws, entitled to admission and just treatment, but they have been led to believe that America is a hostile land. Meanwhile, they are getting their ideas of our institutions and our standards from Japanese newspapers and Japanese textbooks, and all their associations and sympathies are with Japan. The Japanese, in furthering their own programmes of trade expansion, will seek concessions in China, and the officials to whom such requests will come will be these students now being schooled in the colleges and universities of Tokio.

Some missionary work on the part of American diplomacy would seem to be in order among these young men of

China. Japan, which aspires to be and is rapidly becoming the Great Britain of the Pacific, cannot but profit immensely by a continuance of the sentiment in America which inspires the Chinese student body in Japan with hostility toward the people and the laws of the United States.

The Chinese, who are above all a commercial people, can be easily induced to abandon a measure which is disastrous to themselves financially, but that they will continue to buy American cotton goods after Japan is equipped to supply them fully with all they need, and at prices perhaps which would be ruinous to our exporters, is hardly to be expected. China has been the best customer as a purchaser of cotton goods the United States ever had. In fact it is the only market in which our sales of cotton manufactures do not present an absurd spectacle on the part of the nation producing three-fourths of the raw cotton in the world. And yet in the year before the war, Japan's exports of cotton goods to China exceeded ours in value by over \$2,000,000.

We have been boasting anew in 1905 because our exports to Japan have suddenly jumped in value. But we neglect to notice that that empire's greatest purchase from us is raw cotton. Its value was nearly four hundred per cent greater than that of any other commodity shipped by us to the Sunrise Kingdom. And after it has passed through Japanese spindles and is placed on the markets of China, its value will be multiplied many fold, and the revenue from the traffic will be Japan's. It is likely that our shipments of raw materials to Japan will steadily increase, and if our boasting is to be based forever on our oversea sales of crude supplies, we have little occasion to be concerned over Japan's impending conquest of the many markets of the Pacific.

With erroneous standards of patriotism, our statisticians are parading, in the case of our trade with Japan, the con-

fusing totals which have long led the American public to believe that we are a great exporting nation.

AMERICA DOING DAY LABOR FOR JAPAN

Unless some national impulse transforms the character of our Pacific commerce, we shall experience in the Orient the same trade defeat that has attended our mythical commercial invasion of Europe. To sell raw cotton to Japan, and thus enable that empire to manufacture for markets which we should dominate, is akin to shipping the same material to Germany and England and buying back from those countries the goods that we should produce ourselves. Already our Southern planters are raising strong protest against the international iniquity that enables Europe to fix the price of American raw cotton. It may not be long before Japan will have a voice in fixing that rate. The fact is that we are doing day labor for Japan. We are toiling in our plantations, sending our bales to our Pacific shore line, where Japanese ships pick them up and carry them to the factories of the Mikado's country. There the finished work is done. Like Europe, Japan is making more money out of our cotton than we are. In fact, in the fiscal year 1905 we bought back from Japan 902,228 yards of cotton cloth, upon which we paid the Dingley duty. These are little facts, but they constitute an auspicious beginning—for Japan.

The truth is that Japan is fast becoming a world trader. A bareheaded race itself, it is manufacturing "European" hats for sale abroad, and even exports them to the United States, although it has not yet set the style in this country! It ships carpets to Europe, coal to England, and Portland cement to America. It buys bristles in Germany and bone in the Chicago stock yards, combines them into brushes, and with them is beginning to outsell those of French make in the stores of Boston and

New York. We are not only beginning to buy from the wide world breadstuffs, provisions, poultry, and sheep to add to our continental banquet table, but we are importing toothbrushes from the Land of the Rising Sun. Of these in the year before the war, Japan sold us a great number, valued at no less than 472,000 yen. We are to Japan what England is to us—its best customer. In 1903 we bought \$44,000,000 worth of merchandise from Japan. A large sum of that money Japan spends in buying goods from our European competitors, some of it comes back to us for machinery with which our Pacific competitor equips factories in replica of our own, and the bulk of the remainder is expended in this country and elsewhere for raw materials to enable the Sunrise Kingdom to manufacture the same kind of wares we do, and to outstrip us in selling them.

It is obvious that Japan is outwitting us in international trade. Our conspicuous fiasco in South America is largely the result of inattention. But in China we are in danger of losing absolutely a commerce which, whether through the need of the inhabitants or because of our enterprise, has been ours. Will Japan take it from us, even though we ally the opposition of the Chinese? Its loss will spread industrial ruin over many States of the South now dependent upon the Chinese cotton-goods market.

Although such would be the catastrophe resulting from the loss of our \$27,000,000 export cotton-goods trade with China, it is not easy to see how we can prevent Japan from crowding our cargoes out of the ports of that country. In the Sunrise Kingdom in the year before the war there were 2,478 factories engaged in the textile industry. Every reader knows that Japan is a great manufacturer of silk goods. It may surprise many, as it did me, to learn that that empire actually produces more cotton goods than silk. The 128,000 operatives in the cotton mills of Japan

receive twenty and thirty yen a day, according to the sex of the worker. A yen is equivalent to half a cent in American money. The Japanese factory owner has made sure of our methods and machinery, and with his pauper pay-roll he can outsell us in any market in the circle of the Pacific.

Against that army of Orientals who cannot afford to buy even the cotton garments they make and who go about half clad, toiling all day for what many an American workingman spends daily for car rides to and from his factory, the cotton-mill men of the South and their employees must compete to hold the markets of the Celestial Empire. Can America hold out in the contest? The total imports of raw cotton into Japan rose from 35,000,000 yen in 1904 to 68,000,000 yen in 1905. In that brief statistical statement is an epitome of the new programme of commercial Japan. The large increase of raw material is for the manufacture of goods for export trade. That is the imperative campaign for these island people. In the case of cotton, Japan's export market for fabrics in China, and the opposition to America, latent or avowed in the Flowery Kingdom, comes at an opportune time for our ambitious competitor across the Pacific. In our robust optimism as a nation, we are apt to underestimate the commercial power of the Japanese Empire.

We should keep in mind that with every additional cargo exported, Japan becomes a greater nation. Nor is its future confined to China, although the invasion and conquest of that field will alone make the Sunrise Kingdom one of the leading exporting nations. We are alarmed over Japan's advance in China as a seller of cotton goods, simply because we happen to have a commerce with that country. We fail to realize that Japan is planning to shut us out of the whole import trade of the Pacific, whose value already exceeds \$1,500,000,000 annually. This does not now

greatly appeal to us, because we have thus far secured so pitiful a share of this great traffic. If we could get half of this commerce, just as we have managed to obtain half of the import trade of Mexico and Canada, it would amount annually to almost as much as the value of our entire cotton-goods exports to China in three decades, even at the rate of last year's unusual transactions with the Chinese Empire.

In the vast Pacific field Japan with its thousand steamships, its four thousand sailing vessels, and its three million junks, not including the uncountable number under fifty koku tonnage, will have virtually a free field, so far as America is concerned, unless a new movement in the United States forces us to embark seriously in search of foreign markets. We have splendid delusions regarding our trade status in the Pacific. Little things, in addition to the remorseless statistics, reveal the truth of our unsuccess.

At a native restaurant in Tokio after fumbling with chopsticks I was offered a fugitive knife and fork. The fork was made in Germany, the knife in Sheffield. We are proud of the opening of Japan at the mouth of our Christian cannon, and there is a statue of Perry in the empire, but it was erected at American expense. We call their manufacturing city of Osaka the Chicago of Japan, but they call it the Manchester of the East. Numberless minute indications of Old World rather than Yankee influence in the Sunrise Kingdom are inclined to abash the American traveler. In fact he is not even an American there, but a European. His clothing is European and so are his customs, from the Japanese point of view.

It would be, of course, a curious ambition to try to sell knives and forks to a nation that still clings to chopsticks, yet the fact that German and English cutlery was dished up in an obscure native eating-place in Japan illustrates in an odd way the extreme competition

of the nations dependent upon foreign trade. Japan well knows that the unfolding of Mongolian Asia presents to the maritime nations the greatest and most dazzling opportunity since the discovery of America. Our inattention to the markets of our own Philippines would seem to indicate that the United States need not greatly be feared by Japan in the contest of nations for the trade of the Pacific. Yet our alarm over the threatened loss of the Chinese trade, and the fact that the Panama Canal, our consular reports, and the investigations of special commissioners in Asia point to a new international trade programme on the part of the United States, has bestirred Japan to prodigious endeavor.

JAPAN IS WATCHING THE PANAMA CANAL

While we are cutting the waterway at the isthmus in the sanguine hope of getting the markets of Asia, which Japan is now securing for itself, that empire is deepening its harbors and otherwise arranging shipping facilities to further its oversea efforts when the time comes to steam through our canal to the ports of Argentina, Uruguay, Venezuela, and Brazil. So confident is Japan of large participation in the commerce of eastern South America, which we are ignoring, that it has appropriated \$12,000,000 to make these port improvements in anticipation of that traffic. This trade of eastern South America which we are passing by in the optimistic idea that something better awaits us beyond, when we can sail through our Panama Canal, is as I have previously stated, and as Japan fully realizes, greater than that of China and Japan combined.

A few weeks ago an economic expert sent out by the Japanese Government to study the opportunities of the eastern seaboard of South America arrived in Washington and secured from the Bureau of American Republics complete data and maps in regard to that

great Atlantic domain of the southern half of our hemisphere. Japan has a conventional tariff system and, like Germany, furthers its foreign commerce, when necessary, by making tariff bargains with nations. It is now announced that it has arranged to get its wheat from Argentina. Although it was not an outcome of the negotiations of Japan, it is a curious coincidence that at the same time that South American republic raised a tariff against certain American manufactures. This is curious as indicating that the United States to-day, as the result of its walled-in indifference to the great world-wide interchange of competitive goods, does not take the lead in making tariff adjustments. Our foreign traffic and our tariff wars are virtually thrust upon us. Even our Chinese trade, now menaced because of our indifference to the demands of its people, is found to be handled mainly by German and English houses. Exporters have no adequate knowledge of how the Chinese trade was developed, for they have no dealings with the consumer.

Japan's alertness in going into distant markets and negotiating for concessions puts it in the progressive class with Germany. The fact that it has come across the wide Pacific to arrange trading terms with eastern South America, whose commerce we could have if we sought it, but which we have permitted to pass to Europe, reveals the marked difference between the foreign policies of the Sunrise Kingdom and the United States. We are building the Panama Canal, it is true, but the federal power constructing it has nothing to export, and as a commercial people we are making little preparation, if any, to utilize the waterway. That it will prove a greater benefit to Japan than to America will probably be one of the startling surprises of our enterprise.

Editorials and speeches in Japan now flame with prophecy of the rôle that country is to fill, both as the leader of

Asia and the commercial master of the Pacific. Possibly the menace of Japan as a trade conqueror in fields which we have vaguely imagined were to be ours will arouse the whole American nation to the opportunity and need of a new policy regarding our foreign commerce. But the advance of Japan as a Pacific power will probably be forced upon our attention by that empire itself.

At the last session of the Legislature of California a resolution was passed by both houses protesting against the unrestricted immigration of Japanese to America. Hawaii, too, has joined in the protest, adding that while the Japanese are a disturbing element in the industrial life of the islands, a limited number of Chinese laborers to solve the urgent problems of sugar-cane cultivation would be welcomed. These memorials have reached Washington, and I am informed by a member of Congress that he has learned that the Government at Tokio will not consent to any treaty or convention aimed specifically against the coolies of Japan; that such anti-Japanese legislation in America would be a blow at Japan's new prestige, and that the Japanese nation would not submit to such humiliation, even at the hands of the United States. It is represented that the Government at Tokio is keeping in close touch with the situation, regarding it as one of grave importance. My informant further stated, upon what he believed to be reliable authority, that Japan realizes the reasonableness of California's complaint that Japanese labor is demoralizing the industrial life of that State; that the Mikado and his advisers earnestly desire to avoid rupture with the United States; and that they will propose, through proper diplomatic channels, the enactment of amendments to the American immigration laws which, while not nominally aimed at the Japanese, will add to the list of undesirable aliens a classification which will include certain grades of coolies from Japan without naming them.

It is hardly likely that such a subtle provision would be satisfactory to the robust opponents of Japanese immigration. And Japan, flushed with victory, and hailed by the world as a first-class fighting nation, will doubtless be in no mood to submit to an exclusion of its subjects. On the contrary, I have heard intimations that Japan will be more disposed to join with China in demanding less rigorous treatment of the citizens of that empire. The voice from California is that all Mongolian laborers, whether from the mainland of Asia or its islands,

be put on the sea level and deported. It is clear that out of this new immigration question some kind of serious conflict will arise with Japan. The issue may open the eyes of America to the fact that the Pacific coast advance of the Japanese is but a part of a national movement which is planting the trade and industrial forces of the Sunrise Kingdom in all the alluring parts of the entire Pacific field. That sea has both an Oriental and an Occidental shore, and Japan may be destined to take industrial possession of them both.

CURRENT REFLECTIONS

By EDWARD S. MARTIN



CANDIDATES for the Protestant ministry are still comparatively scarce, and the lists of entries at the theological seminaries this fall show no improvement. Some one has computed the present extent of the disposition of ministers' sons to become ministers, and reports it to be very much restricted. Ninety per cent of the farmers, it seems, are farmers' sons; forty-one per cent of the lawyers are lawyers' sons; thirty per cent of the doctors are doctors' sons, but only eight per cent of the ministers are sons of ministers. That may be partly because there is so large a demand for ministers' sons to be presidents of banks, railroads, and insurance companies, to be brokers' clerks and ultimately brokers, to work for corporations or advise them, and to occupy various other posts of worldly advantage. But it must be due also to the fact that the ministers' sons, seeing the ministerial profession near to, are not drawn to it.

That is not very seriously significant. Ministers don't raise as many sons as they used to. Nobody does. The ministry is not so good a calling to raise a family in as it used to be when everybody was poorer than now. The Roman Catholic Church, which seems to have no trouble about recruiting all the clergymen it needs, gets none whatever from its clerical families, since its clergy do not marry. It isn't the defection of ministers' sons that makes candidates for the ministry scarce.

I SHOULD THINK the chief trouble was that these are times when a great many of the most religious-minded Protestants are uncertain about various details of their belief, and are wary of committing themselves to opinions which they may presently come to question. A thoughtful layman may revise and re-revise his religious details without anguish or embarrassment. He may let whole groups of matters rest in doubt from year to year until he gets further light about them, preserving his soul in

peace meanwhile, and letting his mind work on the best material he can furnish it. But a minister enjoys these invaluable religious privileges in a much more restricted degree. He is expected—is he not?—to come out of the seminary at twenty-five with everything settled and ready to be expounded. If he gets a new point of view about anything after that, he does it at his peril, so that his profession seems the one in which religious thought and research are most dangerous to peace of mind and material welfare. What is remarkable is, not that there is some dearth of Protestant ministers, but that the calling is so attractive to certain minds that in spite of all risks and drawbacks more than sixty per cent of the number of candidates desired is forthcoming.

TOLSTOI'S RECENT discourses about religion have seemed, so far as I have seen them, to make more for fruitless mental disturbance than for edification, but an article of his in *La Revue* discloses some considerations which to some minds will appear consoling. It purports to be an introduction to a book in which he purposes to analyze all the religions of the world. The book is not written yet, but the gist of the introduction is that, whereas there seem to be thousands of religions now in existence, there is really only one, since all the existing great religions—of Buddha, of Lao-Tse, of Confucius, of the Jews, of Socrates and Zeno, of Christ—have so much in common that they clearly contain the same truth in different stages of development. They will all blend in time—in about five hundred years he says—in Christianity, the most perfectly developed of them all. This opinion, as coming from Tolstoi, is interesting, and especially so at this time when the demonstration we have had of the character and civilization of the Japanese has stirred up curiosity everywhere about the ethical system on which that character and that civilization are based.

The feeling is that the tree on which grew the fruits of grace, devotion, humanity, and efficiency which the Japanese have exhibited must be a tree of some pretty sound roots. What the Japanese have got out of the various religions, or ethical systems, that they have dealt with, and the close likeness of Japanese virtues to the virtues to which the Christian nations aspire, constitute a timely practical comment on Tolstoi's conclusion as to the near kinship of all the great religions of the present day.

THE LIFE-INSURANCE investigations continue to illuminate various details of our contemporary life. Particularly rich in human interest was the testimony of Mr. George W. Perkins in which he recounted his progress up the industrial and fiscal ladder from his first three-hundred-dollar-a-year-office-boy job to the conspicuous and advantageous round near the top on which he now perches. At fifteen Mr. Perkins was an office boy getting \$25 a month; then a clerk at \$1,200 a year. He got \$1,500 a year at 22; \$3,600 at 23; \$15,000 at 24; \$20,000 at 29; \$25,000 at 32; \$30,000 at 35; \$75,000 at 37, and at 38, relinquishing \$50,000 of his salary, he became a partner in a banking firm, out of which he gave us reason to infer that he has drawn annually a very much larger sum than he gave up when he joined it. So far as figures go this is surely a career to make the heart glad.

IT IS EVIDENT that Mr. Perkins received big salaries because he was worth them. It is clear that he has been a splendid man to hire, else he would not have accomplished such rapid advancements in the price of his services. Whether he has been as good a man to be—whether he has got out of life satisfactions that compare as well with the satisfactions that other men get out of it as his salaries and incomes compare with theirs, is an interesting subject of speculation. He must have worked

horribly hard, but that is no harm, for he could do it. Mark Twain when he published the scrap book with gum on the pages—a mighty poor scrap book for a damp climate—said that he hoped for due reward, part in the consciousness of having served his fellow-men, but the bulk in cash. But a man may get over-much of his reward in cash. I don't know that Mr. Perkins has done so. He seems by his own account to have cashed in his efforts pretty faithfully, but the very fact that an outside concern, having no responsibility for his maintenance, outbid the biggest salary he ever got, implies that so long as he got salaries he was worth more than he got in money, and had something coming to him in the way of conscious virtue and the grateful esteem of his fellows. He certainly got a lot of men to insure their lives. He testified that he thought he had brought many more people into the New York Life than any other one man ever did. If he inculcated saving habits upon them and made them thrifty and forehanded, they owe him gratitude.

A BIG SALARY is excellent to have; there is do doubt about that. And as we have seen, it can be earned, and the man who earns it may be worth far more than he gets. The most difficult question which the big-salary men who earn their money have to meet must be whether they are not selling larger chunks out of their lives than any man whose life is valuable to him can afford to spare. It seems to me that no matter how big a man's salary may be, if he puts *all* his energy, *all* his thought, into earning it, he pays too much. An able man should not need to spend the whole of himself in making a living. If he does, the game beats him and not he the game. If a man gets a big salary and does not earn it, it may be that he beats the game, but that is not considered altogether ethical, and very big salaries that are not earned at market rates for work seem very apt to crumble. Of course men differ

enormously in what they can do and in what they are willing to do for hire, but it would seem as if a wise man would hate to spare out of his daily life the effort and the energy to *earn* a bigger salary than about \$50,000 a year. If he needed annually more money than that—as many of us do—surely he would rather gamble for it, or do as Mr. Perkins did—give up salaries, in part or whole, and go into that species of gamble which we call business, for himself. I never won any money on a horse race, but I suppose a man can bear it while it lasts. Winning money in the stock market is disgusting and demoralizing, but not intolerable—for a little while—and you never have to bear it very long. Making money in business or by the advance in value of something you own can be blithely borne, but to accept an enormous salary and feel bound to earn it is surely to bow one's shoulders to a pulverizing burden. We ought to wonder not that so many salaries are so big, but that so many men are willing to assume the responsibility of earning them.

THE PERCEPTIBLE quickening of American sympathies toward Russia which attended the achievement of peace was a timely and fortunate emotion and there is good reason to be glad that it appeared. The old-time friendliness between the Russian Government and ours is a fact of history, and though its depth may at times be exaggerated, it has had some strong roots and has produced some excellent fruits, and is a tangible thing and fit to be cherished. Our spontaneous, natural, and irrepressible sympathy with Japan in the late war was never attended by enmity toward Russia. We have deplored the influences that have lately directed her Government, and railed at her political vultures and her ecclesiastical reactionaries, but our sympathy with the mass of her people has been strong. We have hated Russia's worst enemies, those of her own household. M. Witte has

the reputation of being Russia's best friend. We have never disliked him or what he stood for, and the friendliness of the reception that he met with here, beginning when he landed and culminating in the distinguished civilities of Colonel Harvey's dinner, was the expression of feelings that we have had all along.

THERE HAS BEEN no change in our feelings toward Russia. We hate her vultures, loathe her liars, deplore her robbers, honor her good men, and feel a lively desire that the great mass of her kindly people may progress in liberty, intelligence, prosperity, and happiness. The friendly demonstrations to M. Witte betoken no new attitude of mind. They were perfectly sincere, but we have felt that way all along. Where we have changed is in our feelings toward Japan. We have been very friendly to Japan ever since we have known her. Our sympathies were with her cause in the late war, and we are friendly to her

now. If she should think we had cooled toward her since M. Witte came she would be wrong. Our feelings about her have changed much within two years, but it has been because of the enormous increase in our interest in her as a collection of extra-intelligent, ordered human beings, with a home, a history, and a character.

There was a man who used to say he could not bring himself to be interested in the Japanese. They bothered him, he said; they were so nearly human. He admits now that they *are* human, and that he wants to understand them better. So do most of us. The war has made us know the Japs well enough to want to know them better—to understand them; to get their measure.

War is a wonderful introducer. A little one-hand-tied-behind war lately reintroduced the United States to Europe, with remarkable effects. Small wonder that such a war as Japan has been fighting should have made her acquaintance desired.



THE WORLD FOR A MONTH

ON TUESDAY, September 5th, just one month after the Russian and Japanese peace envoys were brought together by President Roosevelt on board the *Mayflower*, the four statesmen, Witte, Rosen, Komura, and Takahira, signed the Treaty of Portsmouth and ended the greatest war of modern times. Peace was virtually assured so far back as August 29th, when Baron Komura, for Japan, to the surprise of all the world, waived the demand for an indemnity. "In that case," said M. Witte for Russia, "we will give you half of Sakhalin." Accordingly Japan obtained the southern and better part of that island.

The remaining terms of the treaty are that Japan have preponderating influence in Korea; that Manchuria be evacuated by both belligerents and revert to Chinese administration. Russia is to transfer to Japan leases obtained from China for the occupation of Liaotung peninsula, as well as all docks, magazines, and other government works in Port Arthur and Dalny, which Japan had already captured, and also the Eastern Chinese Railway from a point some miles south of Harbin to Port Arthur. Japan obtained fishing rights on the Siberian coast, which promise to be lucrative, and Russia will pay for the mainte-

nance of the prisoners by Japan. There was some rioting in Tokio due to dissatisfaction with the terms, but this was quickly checked.

EARLY IN SEPTEMBER the Tatars about Baku Transcaucasia began to pillage and kill the Armenian and other Christian population. Oil wells, houses, and factories to the value of a hundred million dollars were burned by the fanatic Mussulmans, and the killed and wounded numbered several thousands. The rising was said to be fanned on by Turks in the interests of the pan-Islamic propaganda. Aid from the Russian Government was slow to come and the greatest destitution prevails in the stricken district. Thousands are suffering from famine.

KAISER WILHELM is bellicose. The day the Treaty of Portsmouth was signed six American Congressmen, who attended the International Parliamentary Union at Brussels, paid a visit to the Kaiser, who spoke approvingly of the progress of our navy. "We are just back from the peace conference, the aims of which are to replace warships and armies by arbitration," remarked Congressman Bartholdt. Answered the Kaiser dryly: "Your best arbitrators are your battalions and men-of-war."

BY DIRECTION of President Roosevelt, Secretary Taft appeared as American boycott breaker extraordinary in China. The boycott had spread and threatened serious loss to our Chinese trade. The Secretary of War, while traveling in the Orient, delivered speeches in Canton and Amoy, hotbeds of anti-American feeling, with excellent result. The consuls report that the boycott is dying a natural death.

THE WORST DISASTER in the history of New York's elevated railways, "the real accident on the elevated" that New Yorkers have long imaginatively pictured, happened on September 11th. A

train bound downtown went off the tracks at Fifty-third Street and Ninth Avenue, one car falling to the street below. Twelve people were killed and forty-two wounded, some of them maimed for life. The scene of the disaster was full of horrors.

At Fifty-third Street the Sixth Avenue trains turn from the upper west side elevated trunk line, while Ninth Avenue trains go straight ahead. C. K. Jackson, the tower switchman, had set the switch for Sixth Avenue. Paul Kelly, the motorman, took the train at high speed as though he were going straight down Ninth Avenue. The first car miraculously sailed over the flat curve and held the rails; the second car broke the coupler and was hurled end foremost to the street, turning over roof downward, and leaning against the elevated structure. From the windows and through the breaking roof of this car people dropped out like peas from a bursting pod. The third car, also derailed, ran into a flat building and lodged there, giving the passengers a chance to escape through the flat. The forward truck of this car fell to the street, killing and injuring a number of people.

AS A RESULT of the disclosures in connection with the Equitable Life Assurance Society, the New York State Legislature appointed a committee composed of three senators and five assemblymen to investigate the conditions of life insurance in New York. The committee is headed by Senator Armstrong, and is known as the Armstrong Committee. It began its sessions on September 6th. More than fifty subpoenas were served on officers of the Equitable, the New York Life, the Mutual Reserve, and the Metropolitan. Charles E. Hughes was chief counsel for the committee.

One of the first facts to come out was that voting by policy holders in the mutual companies is a sham. Only 200 of the Mutual's 650,000 policy holders vote for trustees. At the last meeting

of the Metropolitan only three out of 6,000,000 policy holders voted in person. The officers of the company hold proxies which they vote as they choose. It was found that the officers of some of the companies participated in syndicates which sold securities to those companies; that the New York Life, for instance, has often entered into "joint accounts" with banking houses for the flotation of speculative securities. In those cases the company supplied all the money, giving the bankers half the profits. The New York Life, it appeared, had a way of "retiring" blocks of securities worth millions to a hospitable trust company, in order to keep up the market prices. And all these actions were warmly defended by the officers of the companies.

THE GRAND OPERA season will begin at the Metropolitan on Monday, November 20th, with a repertory more rich and varied than ever before. Thirty-two operas will be given in seventeen weeks. Carl Goldmark's "Queen of Sheba," which has not been heard here for years, will be the opening performance. "Haensel and Gretel," "La Favorita," "La Sonnambula," and "Mignon Lescaut" are to be some of the other revivals. Among the new singers engaged are Mlle. Berta Morena, Luisa Tetrazzini, a colorature soprano, and Signor Belrescke, barytone. Mme. Ackte did not return. For all the operas Professor Leffler, of Vienna, has designed costumes, 1,254 of which are for

the "Queen of Sheba" alone. After the season in New York the company will make a four weeks' tour.

ROBERT BACON, of New York, a close friend and classmate of President Roosevelt, and formerly a partner in the firm of J. P. Morgan & Co., has been appointed to succeed Francis P. Loomis as Assistant Secretary of State. Mr. Bacon has a brilliant record as a business man, and the President confidently believes that he will make a splendid aide to Secretary Root.

BEFORE LEAVING this country Monsieur Witte announced to President Roosevelt that the Czar has ordered to discontinue the extra duties levied on American goods in consequence of our tariff war with Russia. The Czar's, or rather Monsieur Witte's act, is meant to strengthen such friendship as there is between the United States and Russia.

ADMIRAL TOGO's flagship, the *Mikasa*, caught fire on the evening of September 10th, and blew up early next morning by the explosion of her magazines. She sank in the harbor of Sasebo, and 600 lives were reported lost.

THE PROVINCE of Calabria, Italy, has been visited by a series of earthquakes, which devastated whole towns and villages, killed thousands of people, and spread famine and destitution through the district.

RESPITE

By BETH SLATER WHITSON

SOFTLY, speak low, spirit of wood and stream!
 S Well sleeps my heart to-day, wrapt in its dream.
 Whisper thy thoughts to me: it must not wake,
 Full of its bitter loss—ah! it might break.
 Help me to hide my pain; it must not know
 All of thy gifts were vain—softly, speak low!

THE BOOKS OF THE MONTH

THE MISSOURIAN, by EUGENE P. LYLE, JR. (Doubleday, Page), is a brilliant and dashing romantic novel. In John Dinwiddie Driscoll, the daring and gallant young Missourian, the author has achieved a creation second only to d'Artagnan. Driscoll is the bearer of a message from the Confederate general, Joe Shelby, and his entire command, who would not surrender to the Yankees, but offered their services to Maximilian, of Mexico. The Storm Center, as Driscoll is called, no sooner enters Mexico with his message than adventures begin to crowd thickly upon him. He undertakes the protection of a fascinating young French woman, the Marquise Jeanne d'Aumerle, known as Jacqueline, whose secret mission from Napoleon III to Maximilian happens to conflict with that of the Confederate trooper. Incident enough to fit out three ordinary novels fills the course of the love that springs up between the two strong young people. The tinsel empire of Maximilian, aping as it does the brilliancy of the Second Empire, gives the author admirable chance for the play of humor.

THE MOTHER, by DUNCAN (Revell), is a novelette of only some 220 pages, but it is an excellent study of the single emotion of motherhood. A poor and rather vulgar young widow of the tenements, who earns her livelihood in a reeking music hall, has one great passion—her little son—and that transforms her life. Ashamed to make him part of her own hard world, she tells him the most fabulous stories of her grandeur, and subsequently immolates herself to give him to a curate who works in the slums in order that the boy's upbringing might be proper. One day, despite all

precautions, the boy is taken to the "show" and he sees his mother in her sphere. But filial love triumphs and the boy elects to go back to his mother.

HERETICS, by GILBERT K. CHESTERTON (Lane), is a collection of essays, some of which have already appeared in various English prints. "Mr. Bernard Shaw," "The Mildness of the Yellow Press," and "On Sandals and Simplicity" are some of the titles in the book. All are in Mr. Chesterton's paradoxical vein of glittering paradox.

RUSSIA FROM WITHIN, by ALEXANDER ULAR (Holt), begins with the assumption that the revolution from which Russia is to emerge free has already begun—with the assassination of Von Plehve. The best part of the book is that which deals with Witte's régime as Minister of Finance, showing how our one-time guest failed to build up the vast empire he dreamed of.

LOVE ALONE IS LORD, by F. FRANKFORT MOORE (Putnams). In "The Jessamy Bride" Goldsmith was the theme; in the present book it is Byron, whose only overlord is love—idealized by Mr. Moore. In early youth Byron falls in love with his cousin, Mary Chaworth, only to find that she is pledged to another. He fares forth a wanderer on the face of the earth, goes East, writes "Childe Harold," and, in the phrase grown familiar since his day, wakes up one fine morning to find himself famous. The celebrated Lady Caroline Lamb and other women come into his life, but when, years later, he again beholds his cousin Mary, he knows that that love only had endured. Mr. Moore is at his best in depicting, not without irony, the

lionizing of the great, wayward, romantic poet by the conservative, church-going British public.

THE BEAUTIFUL LADY, by BOOTH TARKINGTON (McClure, Phillips), a novelette about the length of "Monsieur Beaucaire," is a fine example of Mr. Tarkington's art. Lambert R. Poor, Jr., a young American, owner of a rich papa, is traveling in Europe with a sort of tutor and courier in one, Ansolini, a starving but distinguished Italian his father had picked up in Paris. Poor, Jr., is following Alice Landry, the beautiful lady, across Europe, but alas! she is all but engaged to Prince Caravacioli. But Ansolini is the half-brother of the prince; he knows him well, exposes his meanness and dyed hair, and, of course, Poor, Jr., marries Alice. A slender story, but full of life, and movement, and gayety.

THE COMING OF BILLY, by MARGARET WESTRUP (Harpers), is a boy book strongly reminiscent of Kenneth Graham's "The Golden Age"—by no means a bad recommendation for a book. Billy comes from India to live with his four maiden aunts, whose ideas about bringing up boys are peculiar. He is a brave, hearty little chap, with an affinity for scrapes. He plays his master stroke when he gets himself nearly drowned so that the curate, Mr. Selden, might save him, become "solid" with the aunts, and marry Primrose, the prettiest of them all.

MRS. RADIGAN, by NELSON LLOYD (Scribners), is a sparkling, humorous skit on the "smart-set" life in New York. From out of the far West and humble station the Radigans come up, and Mrs. Radigan's one aim becomes to break into society. Her cleverness, her adroitness in the task, and the background of the "society" itself give Mr. Lloyd a fine opportunity for his native unstrained humor.

FOND ADVENTURERS, by MAURICE HEWLETT (Harpers), is a collection of four tales "of the youth of the world," that is, of mediæval France and Italy, in Mr. Hewlett's best style. Would you read at length the story of Buondelmonte de' Buondelmonti and how he abandoned his choice, Cunizza of the Uberti, and betrothed himself to the beautiful daughter of Forese Donati, and how he was slain therefor? All these fair names, so familiar to the student of Dante, figure here in a stirring tale, and there are others of similar kind.

In **THE MAN OF THE HOUR** (Bobbs-Merrill), her last novel, OCTAVE THANET departs from her usual field so far as to choose for a hero John-Ivan, the son of an American manufacturer and a Russian princess. Happily he lives in America, a *milieu* more suited to Miss Thanet's art than Russia. Dowered with his mother's high-strung sympathetic nature, the young man, after leaving Harvard, goes to work as a mill hand. After enduring the severest hardships, he succeeds in winning his spurs in the industrial world, only to find that the patrimony withheld by his father's will was not withheld at all. The book is not without interest, but Russian character creation is not Miss Thanet's forte.

MY FRIEND THE CHAUFFEUR, by C. N. and A. M. WILLIAMSON (McClure, Phillips), belongs to the new class of motoring novels created by these authors. Sir Ralph Moray, who wishes to help his friend, Lord Terence Barrymore, an Irish peer in difficulties, advertises in the *Riviera Sun* that a titled automobilist offers to conduct ladies in his car to picturesque centers. Three American ladies arrange to go and, even if nothing else happened, their trip over Europe was delightful. But other things did happen. Lord Terence fell in love with one girl, an heiress; Sir Ralph became engaged to another. It is a sprightly tale.

WITH THE PUBLISHERS

THERE IS a word that must be said here about the Christmas number, which will be on the news stands and in your homes by November 20th.

BOOTH TARKINGTON has written a story, in characteristic vein, for this number, entitled "Mr. Brooke." It will be illustrated in color by Lawrence Mazzanovich.

HENRY LEON WILSON, author of "The Spenders," furnishes a short story called "The Sage Hen's Samson," a delicately humorous incident of the West.

AS A BIT OF GOSSIP, our readers will be interested to know that Mr. Tarkington and Mr. Wilson have both settled at Capri, Italy, for the winter, and that these stories were the last they wrote before sailing. They will not, however, be the last of theirs that will appear in APPLETON'S BOOKLOVERS MAGAZINE.

ELINOR MACARTNEY LANE, who wrote "Nancy Stair," the most popular book of this year, is disobeying the oculist's strict injunctions in order to finish a little Christmas story, which may reach us too late to be illustrated.

KATE JORDAN has written for us a story entitled "Two Americans," which has a sweet holiday flavor together with much homely philosophy. Robert Shackleton has sent us a strong story dealing with a real Civil War incident and its ultimate result many years after. This will be illustrated with drawings by De Thulstrup. A charming little holiday sketch, entitled "The Cloisonné Vase," by Mabel Herbert Urner, a new

writer of rather remarkable ability, completes the list of short stories. This last will be illustrated by Harrison Fisher.

WE MUST not forget Frederic J. Stimson's serial, "In Cure of Her Soul." A taste of its quality is given by the first instalment, in the present number. No stronger work of fiction has come from an American writer for some time. It pictures some social and political conditions of modern American life, that have been claiming more and more the attention of the judicious during the past decade. Mr. Stimson's style and mellow attitude toward life are remarkably suggestive of Thackeray, and our readers may expect great things from this serial. The pictures are from Mr. Wenzell's well-known brush.

THERE WILL BE a double frontispiece in color by Charlotte Weber Ditzler, illustrating a Christmas poem by Bliss Carman. Mrs. Ditzler, who used to sign her work "Ch. Weber," since her marriage has been devoting herself to portraiture and to more purely illustrative work. She is one of the few women artists whose work combines strength and feeling with such technical skill that, for a long time, critics took it for granted that "Ch. Weber" was a man. In the illustrations for Bliss Carman's poem, she has indulged in a somewhat allegorical, and we think unusually pleasing, portrayal of the spirit of charity.

ANOTHER WOMAN-ARTIST, whose work is quite as remarkable, is Mrs. Henry Leon Wilson, better known as "O'Neill," who, in the midst of preparations for a

long residence abroad, kindly consented to illustrate her husband's story.

OUR ENDEAVOR to meet the desire for pictures in color will be evident in the Christmas number, which, in addition to Mrs. Ditzler's frontispiece, and illustrations by Wenzell and Mazzanovich, will contain four reproductions from paintings by Robert Reid, together with some account of the notable work of this artist.

THE EDITORS believe that our readers appreciate good poetry, and in addition to Bliss Carman's poem there will be the usual sprinkling of shorter verse, together with a poem in Canuck dialect, written and charmingly illustrated by Charles S. Chapman.

THE SPECIAL ARTICLES in the Christmas number will include an appreciative account of "Montmartre," by Alvan F. Sanborn, illustrated with some fine etchings of this unique republic of arts and letters by V. Trowbridge. Some of the etchings will be reproduced in tint. A pleasing description of "Taormina, the Beautiful," and now popular Italian resort, by Caroline Baker Keuhn, and a view of "Algiers in Transition," by Dr. Maurice Baumfeld, will be of interest to our readers, not least because of the unusually fine photographs with which these two articles will be illustrated.

APPLETON'S BOOKLOVERS MAGAZINE does not purpose to enter the field of sensationalism by constantly raking up some public abuse to be "exposed." The facts, however, in the case of "The Looting of Alaska," told by Rex E. Beach, are so astounding to everyone who believes ours to be a country where each man has a fair show, that we should be almost accessories to some of the worst crimes ever perpetrated against public morals should we hesitate to give them publicity in our pages. Full announcement of Mr. Beach's

series of six articles will be found in the advertising pages of this issue.

AN EXTRAORDINARY AND INTERESTING series of four articles will be published immediately in the magazine, on the general subject of "Japan: Our New Rival in the East," written by Mr. Harold Bolce, of the Department of the Treasury, in Washington, and the first of the four appears in this number. Everyone's sympathy was with the "little Japs" in the magnificent fight which they made against the Russian Bear; and no one could help admiring the extraordinary thoroughness of their military system and the accuracy of their plans and judgment. So far, the American people are unquestionably with the Japanese. We have no hostility toward the nation, therefore, and there seems little probability that we ever shall have. Nevertheless, the facts that are coming before the American people, and will come with greater force as time goes on, are as follows:

ONE GREAT COMMERCIAL MARKET of the world which is left to the United States to develop, one of the greatest outlets for our surplus of manufactured products, is the Chinese Empire. With our position in the Philippines, with our increasing recognition of the necessity for developing foreign markets, we inevitably turn toward the Far East for our chief market. Nothing beyond ordinary competition can prevent the Pacific coast of the United States and the eastern coast of Asia from coming closer and closer together as time goes on—except a strip of land that looks on the map almost like a shield to protect the coast of China. That is the Empire of Japan. To those who have not studied the question, the history of the commercial development in Japan, with regard to China, in the last decade, is something unbelievable. They copy our products, while they exclude the manufactures of this country from Japan; they have

agents in China constantly developing their own business. That Japanese shield across the front of China is becoming a stronger and stronger defense against American commercial advancement, and there is no question that, unless extraordinary measures are taken, Japan will shortly supply to China what would otherwise naturally come from the United States. Mr. Bolce, in four consecutive articles, will take up the whole question and discuss it, not only in theory, but from actual observation, for he was sent out by this magazine about six months ago to investigate the whole matter. These four articles give the result of his exhaustive studies in Japan and in China. No man engaged in the commerce of this country can fail to be interested in the remarkable collection of facts which Mr. Bolce has brought back with him.

WE HAVE MADE some changes in our Advertising Prize Competition. It seems that in our October number we transgressed the regulations of the Post-Office Department, and incidentally broke the Lottery Act. The idea when we began this contest three years ago was to have our readers select the best advertisement, and then have a board of judges decide on the best answer submitted. The Post-Office Department at Washington says that a decision arrived at by a vote of our readers is subject to the element of chance, and so long as this feature of our competition is continued, we are technically carrying on a lottery.

The post-office law, or regulation, which prevents this is, without question, an admirable law. It is only necessary to think, for a moment, of the extraordinary evils of lotteries of all kinds to make one approve heartily of such a measure. When we published our Prize Competition last month, we were quite unaware that we were technically breaking this law; but the moment we became aware of it we proceeded at once to change the matter in the following manner:

WE SHALL AWARD prizes in the November competition for the best answers only, and the prize list will remain the same in point of value. The committee of judges will decide which are the best answers submitted, irrespective of the advertisements voted on. Of course readers will naturally select the advertisement that pleases them most, but a majority of votes cast for any one advertisement will have no bearing on the result; *it will be the reason that counts.* In announcing the prize winners, we shall state, as formerly, which advertisement received the largest number of votes, simply as a matter of interest.

The prize winners in the October contest will be announced in the December issue, and the November prize list will be published in the January issue. We want to take plenty of time so that everybody will be satisfied. The judges are well-known advertising men, and their decision will be final. The competition will be continued in the December number.



APPLETON'S BOOK GOSSIP

THE GREATEST SUCCESS of the present season in London is "Vivien," by W. B. Maxwell. It is on all the lists as the best selling six-shilling novel. The London *Outlook* insists that the author must be a woman, though the publishers use the masculine possessive pronoun in their announcements. The American edition will be published here next month by D. Appleton & Company. The following is a passage from their London correspondence:

"When it became known that Mr. Methuen had been declaring to his personal friends that this book was going to be, almost of a certainty, the biggest success of the season, I began to receive overtures from other quarters for the American rights. I have never known Mr. Methuen to be so enthusiastic over the prospects of a book as he is over this. And the enthusiasm of one of the American publishers who saw an advance copy of the book was equal to his. A second edition of the novel was announced on the very day of publication, and I understand that the first edition was rather larger than usual. The book bids fair to be a gold mine."

IT IS INTERESTING to note that "He and Hecuba," by Baroness von Hutten, is dedicated to Henry James. The writer addresses the great American author in the following modest words:

"To Henry James, Esq., whose kindly criticism of the short-story of the same name encouraged me to lengthen it to its present form, I dedicate this book on the principle that a cat may look at a king."

Thus it is seen that this book, which



MR. ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

has achieved a great success, is an evolution from a strong short story. It is not generally known that the publishers waited for two years seeking the right moment to publish the book, and totally unaware that it was going to be a marked success.

"TIME, THE COMEDIAN," by Kate Jordan (in private life Mrs. Vermilye), is the result of a sojourn in Paris some seven or eight years ago with two other "girl bachelors." The author knows Paris as she knows New York, and kept house for some time with her two friends and a smart young cosmopolitan chap-eron in the Rue de Chaillot just off the Champs Elysées.

Her book is full of descriptions of the haunting beauty of Paris in which she

revels, and of pen pictures of the artistic life; and yet it is so full of action that the author has been able to turn it into a four-act play which will soon be produced in New York.

MRS. FREMONT OLDER, who has written a book on the methods of the Oil Trust in the early days in California, is in close touch with her subject. Henry Hardy, of whom Ida Tarbell speaks in her history of the Standard Oil Company as the first man to organize a company to lay a pipe line from the Pennsylvania oil fields to the sea, is Mrs. Older's first cousin. Her husband is editor of the San Francisco *Bulletin*. Much of her information was supplied her by Governor Joseph Folk of Missouri.

ALL THE DEPARTMENTS of D. Appleton & Company have had to add to their quota of space allotted to C during the last year. Extra leaves have been put in the ledgers under C, extra cards in the files, extra drawers in the cases, and extra type in all the fonts in the composing room. This shows the expensiveness and inadvisability of publishing too many books by successful authors whose names begin with C. There is Hall Caine, whose "Prodigal Son" is now playing at the New Amsterdam Theater, New York; Robert W. Chambers, whose book "Iole," published this spring, exceeded all expectations of the publishers, and whose historical novel, "The Reckoning," is the most important book of fiction on the Appleton list this fall, and Anna Boykin Chesnut, whose enthralling memoirs entitled "A Diary from Dixie" are selling faster and faster as their reputation spreads. Three books under C in active eruption is enough to make any house long to revise the alphabet.

MRS. BURTON HARRISON is one of the few modern writers who can revivify the days of the Civil War, a task especial-

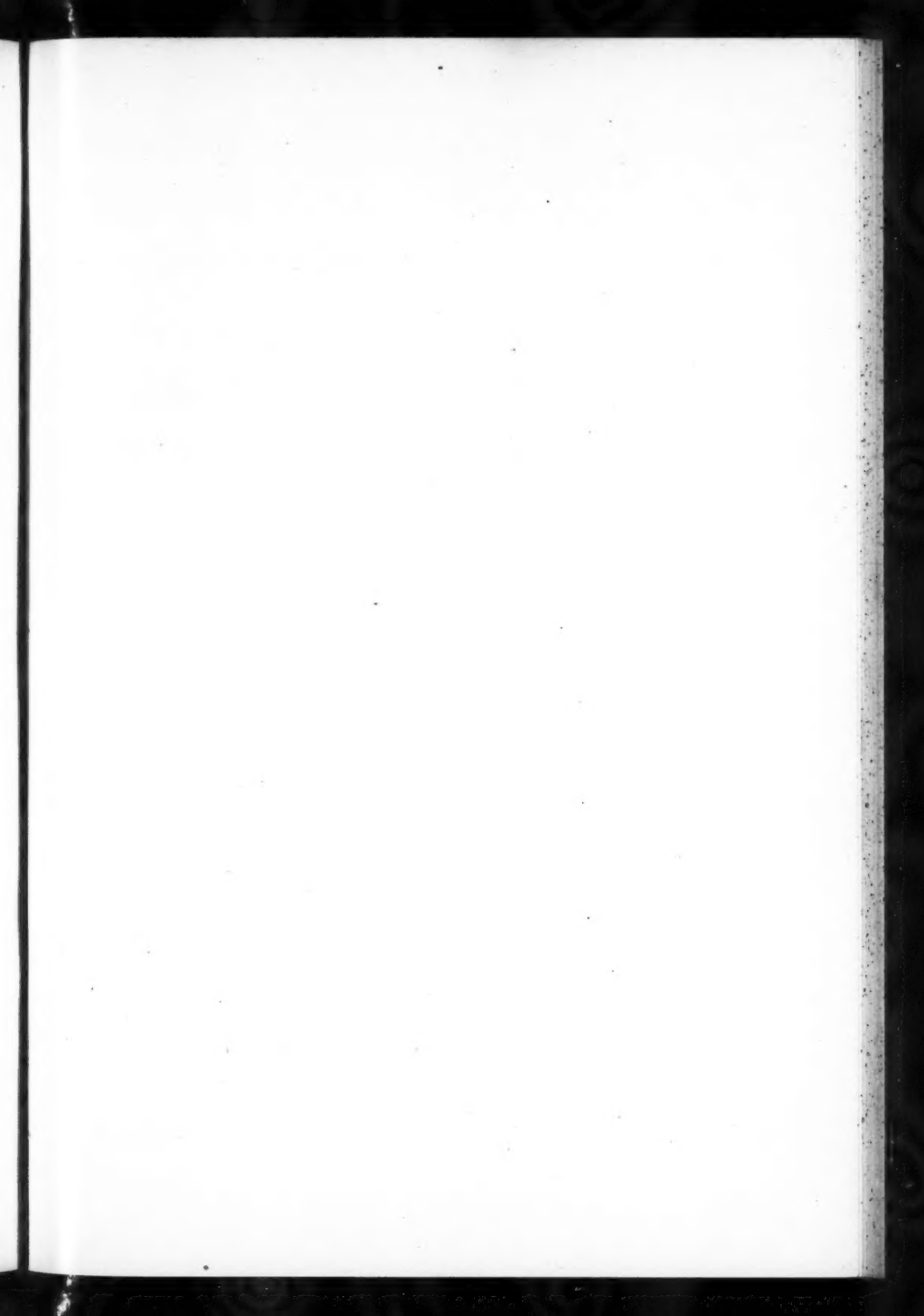
ly difficult at this time of rapid changes in the relations of the great nations of



MRS. BURTON HARRISON

the earth. She has done so in her novel entitled "The Carlyles," which the Appletons publish this fall. One of the Appleton readers is quoted as saying that this is the best work Mrs. Harrison has ever done.

HAVE PARENTS CEASED to give good advice to their boys? It is apparently only during the last decade that youths just entering into manhood are eager to listen to the voice of experience. Where formerly many of them shunned it, now many are willing to pay for it in book form. Perhaps it is the change in form, the absence of personalities, that makes the book attractive. D. Appleton & Company have published such a book by Senator Albert J. Beveridge of Indiana. "The Young Man and the World" is the title, and it is the frankest kind of a talk between a United States Senator who has been through the mill himself and every young man who must go through the mill in his turn. The book will go into every home.



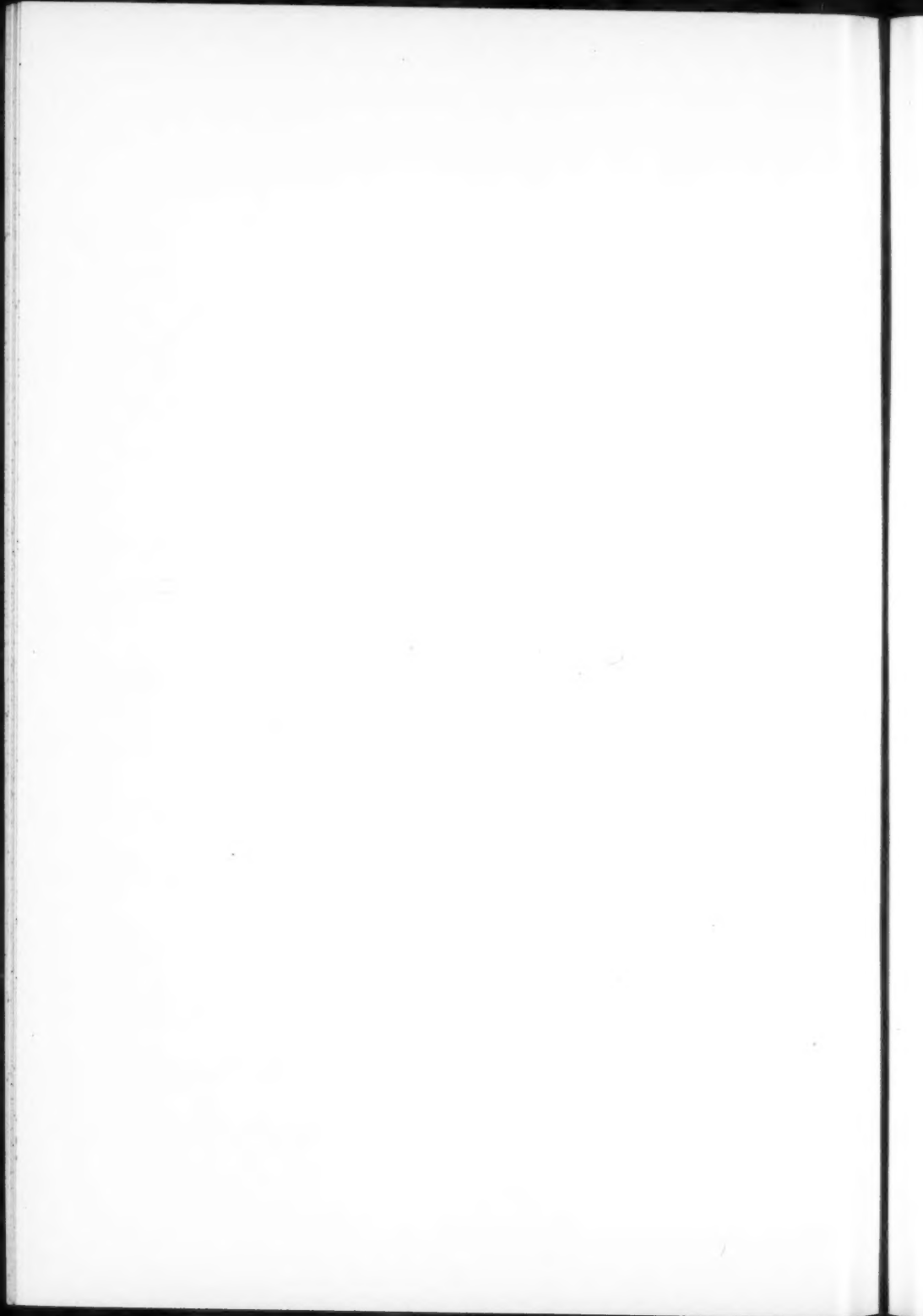


The Princess of the Tower.



Rafael

The Princess of the Tower.



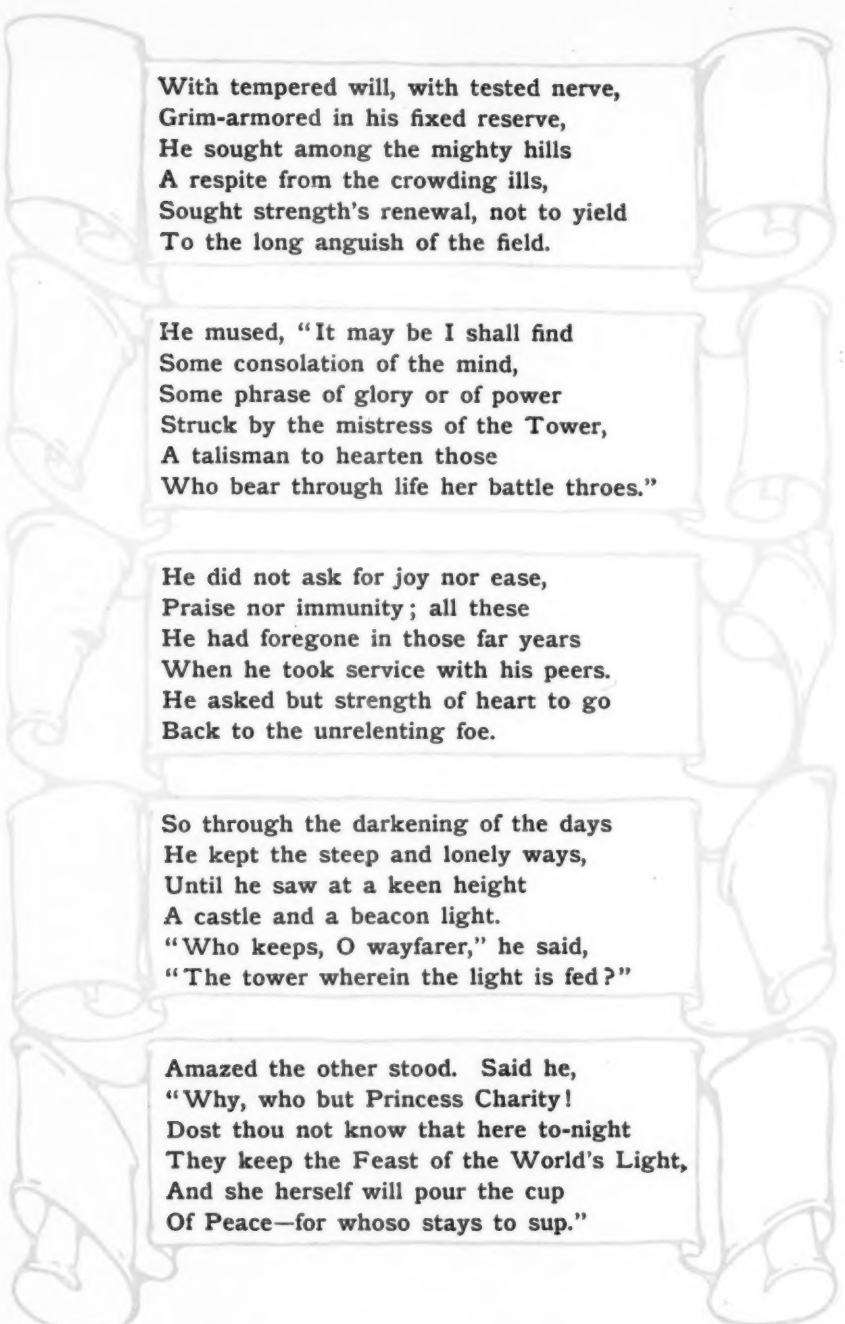
Appleton's Booklovers' Magazine

Vol. VI December 1905 No. 6

The Princess of the Tower by Miss Arman

Once yearly is the heavenly host
Reviewed and marshaled post by post.
Gabriel, Michael, Rafael—
Each captain his account must tell
Of how the battle went with him
In regions terrible and dim.

THERE came from out the strife of men,
One of the Warriors of the Fen
Who war on evil, lance and sword,
Take little thought of the reward,
And lavish all their generous youth
In the white cause of deathless Truth.



With tempered will, with tested nerve,
Grim-armored in his fixed reserve,
He sought among the mighty hills
A respite from the crowding ills,
Sought strength's renewal, not to yield
To the long anguish of the field.

He mused, "It may be I shall find
Some consolation of the mind,
Some phrase of glory or of power
Struck by the mistress of the Tower,
A talisman to hearten those
Who bear through life her battle throes."

He did not ask for joy nor ease,
Praise nor immunity; all these
He had foregone in those far years
When he took service with his peers.
He asked but strength of heart to go
Back to the unrelenting foe.

So through the darkening of the days
He kept the steep and lonely ways,
Until he saw at a keen height
A castle and a beacon light.
"Who keeps, O wayfarer," he said,
"The tower wherein the light is fed?"

Amazed the other stood. Said he,
"Why, who but Princess Charity!
Dost thou not know that here to-night
They keep the Feast of the World's Light,
And she herself will pour the cup
Of Peace—for whoso stays to sup."

Wondering, the wearied traveler came
Up to the port, and in the name
Of Truth, he served, did gently pray
Place at the board. Then answered they,
"The Wine of Joy at Beauty's board
Is taken of one's own accord."

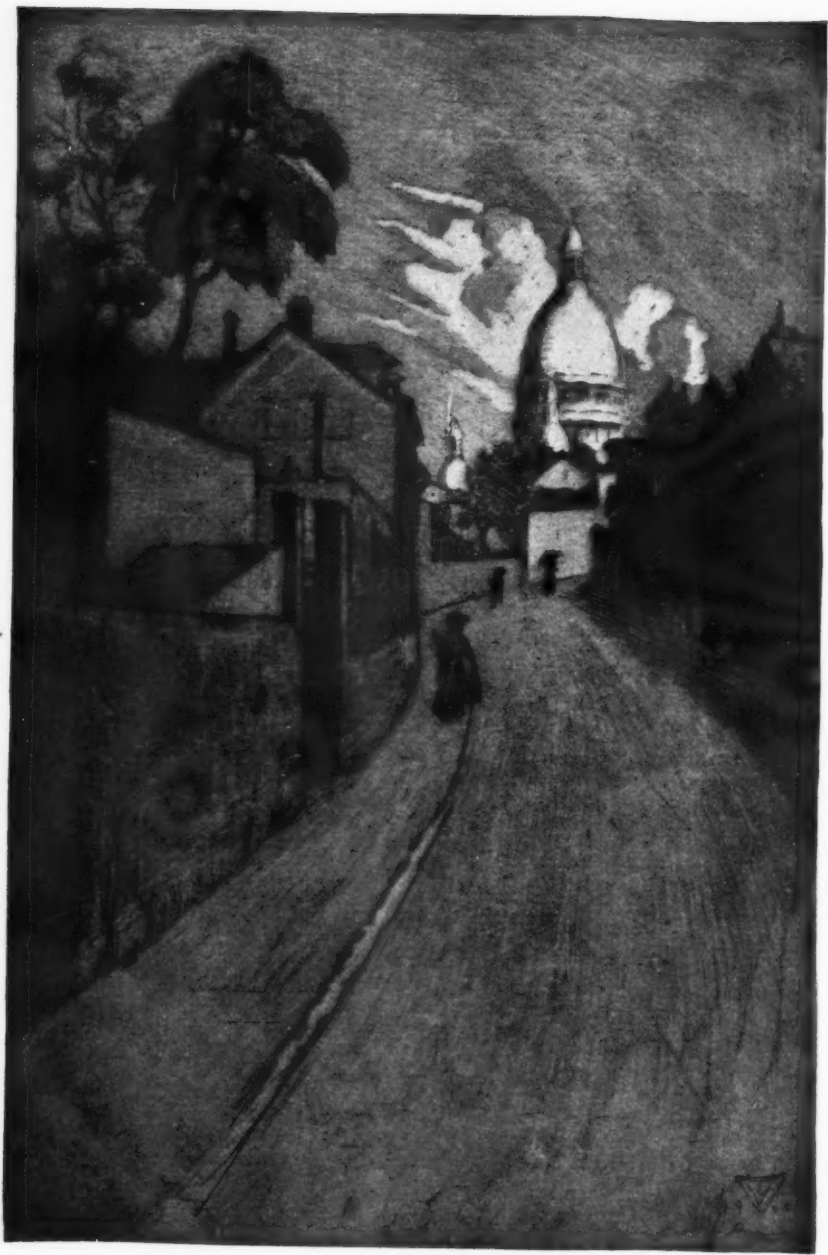
Such was his welcome. "Strange," thought he,
"Is Beauty known as Charity?"
Until at the mysterious hour
Appeared the Princess of the Tower,
And all the world was changed thereby
To a new earth with a new sky.

That fair young head, that lyric mien,
So strong, so gentle, so serene!
The rhythm of time, the poise of space,
Were in her hands, and in her face
The meaning of all things that are,
From evening star to evening star.

Then in her pure, cool, tender voice
She said, "O faithful one, rejoice!
Because thy striving soul was found
Unfaltering, thy quest is crowned.
Take thou my gladness, love, and youth!
The wine is Wisdom. I am Truth."

Thereat was all the silence riven,
As when there is great joy in Heaven
And the tall angels of the Lord
Receive the word of their reward—
Gabriel, Michael, Rafael,
With all their hosts no man can tell.

The End



SACRÉ CŒUR, FROM RUE DE L'ABRÉVOIR

MONTMARTRE

BY ALVAN F. SANBORN

"That's the appropriate country; there, man's thought,
Rarer, intenser,
Self-gathered for an outbreak as it ought,
Chafes in the censer."

—ROBERT BROWNING.

"Where the men and women think lightly of the laws—
Where outside authority enters always after the pre-
cedence of inside authority—
There the great city stands."

—WALT WHITMAN.



INE Americans out of ten have never heard of Montmartre, and most of the remaining tenth have a totally erroneous conception of it. The few who have been in Paris are only a shade better informed regarding Montmartre than those who have not been there. A part of them know it only as the seat of a ponderous modern basilica to which they have been hoisted by a deplorable *funiculaire* or driven by an exasperating *cocher* (himself justly exasperated by the steepness of the ways); and the rest fancy it to consist solely of the show places of the Boulevard de Clichy and Boulevard de Rochechouart, which bear, in point of fact, about the same relation to the real Montmartre as green cheese bears to the moon, as the side show of a circus bears to the ring performance, or as the life of Coney Island and the Bowery bears to the life of the real New York.

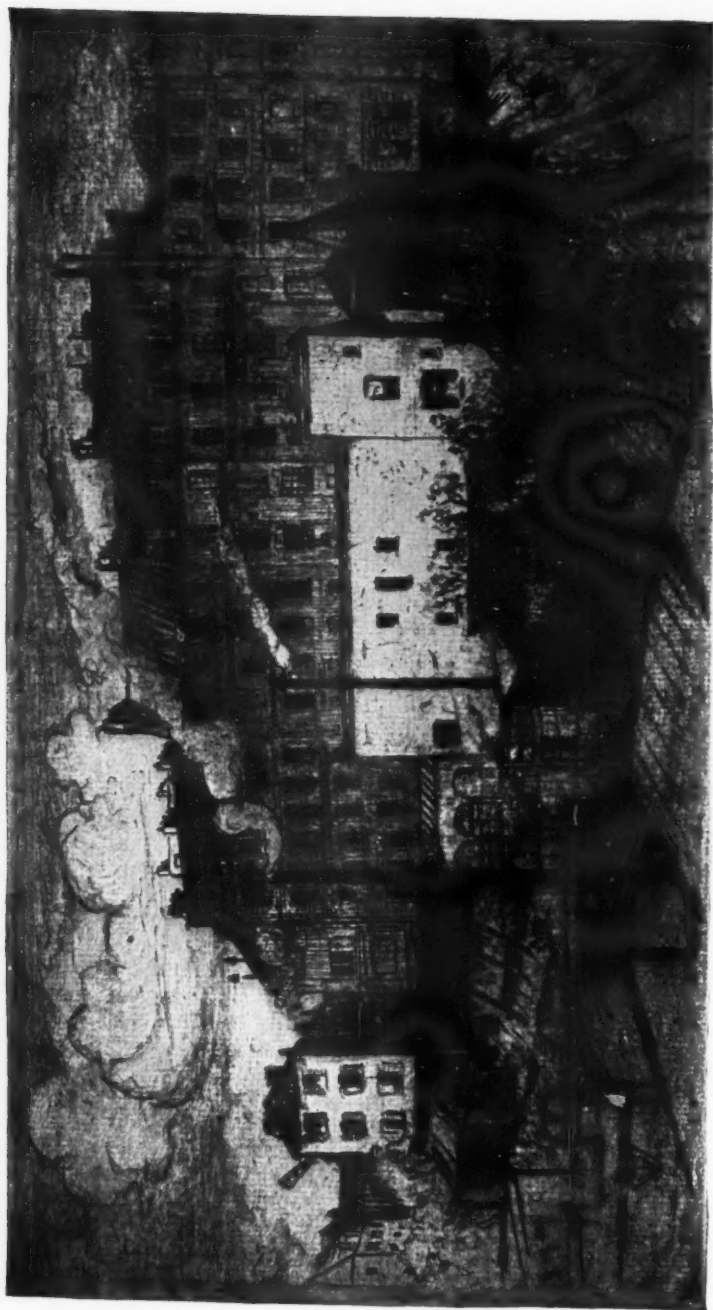
The latter, the would-be "sports" among tourists, have had themselves conducted through the various resorts which they fancy to be particularly naughty, and hence particularly French, but which are kept up, broadly speaking, primarily for the delectation of just such "easy" foreigners as themselves.

And, having made this round, as likely as not in a single night—such is the expedition of the Yankee even in his vices—they assume to know Montmartre.

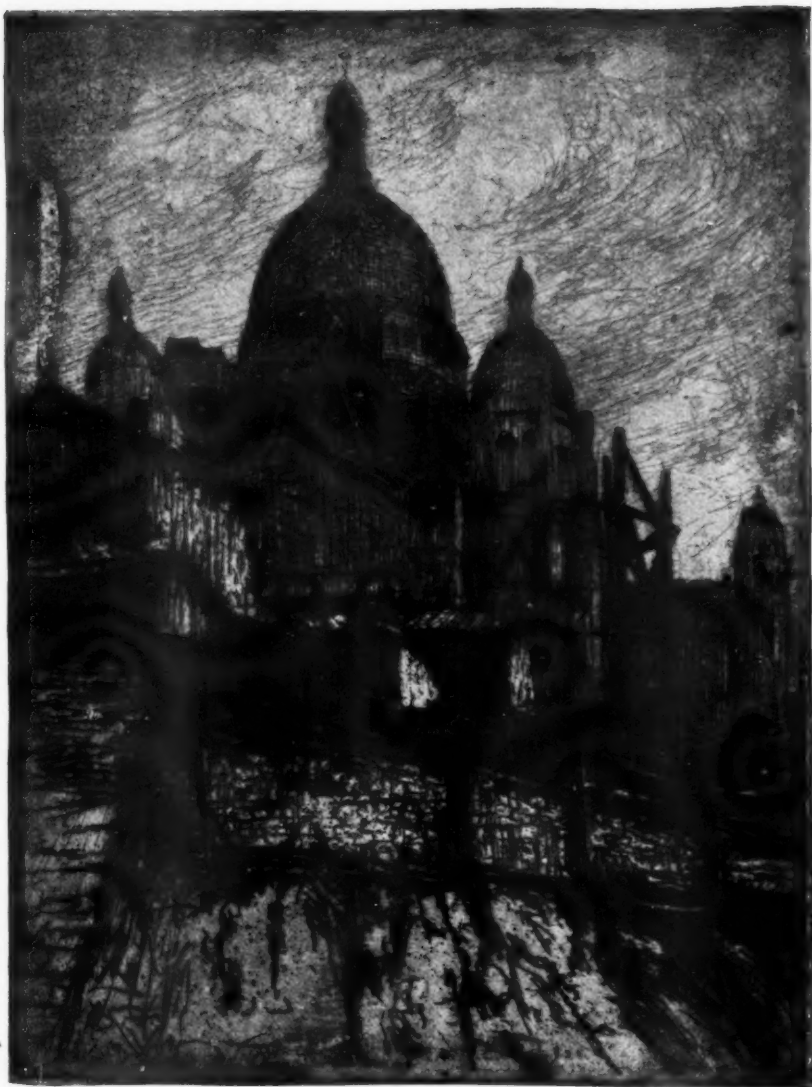
But of Montmartre as a community; Montmartre *ville libre*, a city within a city, commonwealth of culture, republic of arts and letters, center of literary and artistic initiative and inspiration; of Montmartre, the Parnassus of Paris, abode of the muses and of the poets, painters, sculptors, romancers, and musicians the muses love; of Montmartre, the home of robust sentiment, healthy impulse, and virile emotion; of Montmartre the literary and artistic Bohemia of Paris and of the world, perhaps, *par excellence*—of the real Montmartre, in a word, they know nothing. How should they? These were not the things they went out for to see; and in Paris, more inevitably than anywhere else on this round earth, one finds precisely what one looks for.

The artist, musician, or *littérateur* who deliberately fixes himself at Montmartre is a free-thinker and a free-liver; in all essential respects the freest of the free.

"Nothing shows more clearly," says La Bruyère, "what a trifle God deems He is according to those to whom He abandons riches—than the kind of persons on whom He bestows them most



RUE GARREAU



SACRÉ CŒUR

lavishly." The Bohemian Montmartrois has as poor an opinion as La Bruyère's deity of riches and rich men. "Mr. Gripeman," "Mr. Money-love," "Mr. Save-all," and "Mr. Worldly-wiseman" are, to his way of thinking,

no better than they should be; sorry fellows all, scarcely deserving to be called men. He is not deceived by the ostentation of wealth nor deflected from his course by its glittering but specious promises. The golden calf is to him no



KITE FLYING ON MONTMARTRE

less a calf for its bright yellow color; he is not in the least tempted to fall down and worship it. And he has but scant reverence, to put it mildly, for other things to which the average man bends the knee. He is neglectful of appearances, indifferent to respectability, refractory to precedent, contemptuous of custom, and implacable to snobbishness. He ridicules rules and regulations. He flouts earthy, unadventurous, mercenary maxims and precepts, "cowardly and prudential proverbs," cut-and-dried formulæ, stereotyped processes, pedantic systems.

The fact is he elevates independence into a religion. He has faith in little save his instincts and is obedient to nothing but his impulses. Sure, with Montaigne, that "it is not our follies that are laughable but our wisdom," he is not deterred from becoming what he aspires to be by the fear of appearing ridiculous.

His extreme love of independence is manifested in his dress and demeanor, his manners and morals.

He lodges where, other things being

equal, the rent is the smallest and the outlook the biggest—in tiny cottages set in tiny gardens, in ancient country mansions broken up into suites, or in the top stories of common tenement houses—and holds himself ideally lodged when, for a few hundred francs a year (400 to 800 francs, say), he has an atelier or a two- or three-room *logement* with both a garden (in which he can dine and take his after-dinner coffee) and a view.

On the steep northwest slope of the Butte which abuts on the rue Caulaincourt is a section, a sort of reservation, where, by paying a scarcely more than nominal ground rent, the Montmartrois may build himself a cheap wooden chalet, of which he cannot be dispossessed until that probably remote time when the land shall be needed for permanent building purposes. In this reservation, known as "Le Maquis" and as "La Petite Suisse," because of its steepness and its chalet architecture, he gives himself the illusion of leading a Virgilian existence. He keeps a pullet or two for fresh eggs and a goat, perhaps, for fresh

milk, sets out a plum or a peach tree, raises a bunch of table herbs and a handful of table berries, coaxes a lettuce head or so to crispness and a rosebush into bloom, and adds materially to the number of hollyhocks, sunflowers, lilacs, and honeysuckles that adorn and to the number of pigeons and rabbits that enliven or infest the Butte.

On the southwestern slope, almost under the sprawling arms of the somber Moulin de la Galette, there is another and a smaller "Petite Suisse," consisting of a number of diminutive, fenced-in garden holdings well supplied with summer houses, arbors, and bowers. Here, the artists and *littérateurs* who live in the studios and tenement houses of the neighborhood hoe, weed, and prune, especially mornings and evenings, as

diligently as if they had no other interest in life, and hither they repair with their acquaintances for *al fresco* dining and highly colored *fêtes champêtres*.

With the accredited moral code which has been aptly called "a dull, pinch-lipped conventionality of negations" the Montmartrois has nothing in common. It has never occurred to him that the normal satisfaction of normal desires is not normal living. He does not know the meaning of Puritanism and never heard of Mother Grundy. He reserves his respect and his enthusiasm for the fundamental emotions. What Robert Louis Stevenson has called "truth of intercourse" and Edward Carpenter "honest, daily living" is, therefore, preeminently his portion. Free and natural conduct is the only conduct he can admit



CABARET ARTISTIQUE DU LAPIN AGILE



STREET VENDERS

or even apprehend. His walk and conversation are sincerity itself. He holds tenaciously to the realities of life. Brillat-Savarin's famous classification of the senses as six finds in him ample illustration and wins from him unqualified assent. Whatever his shortcomings, he is in no danger of being chidden (as the red-blooded Browning chid the great Duke Ferdinand) for failing to realize

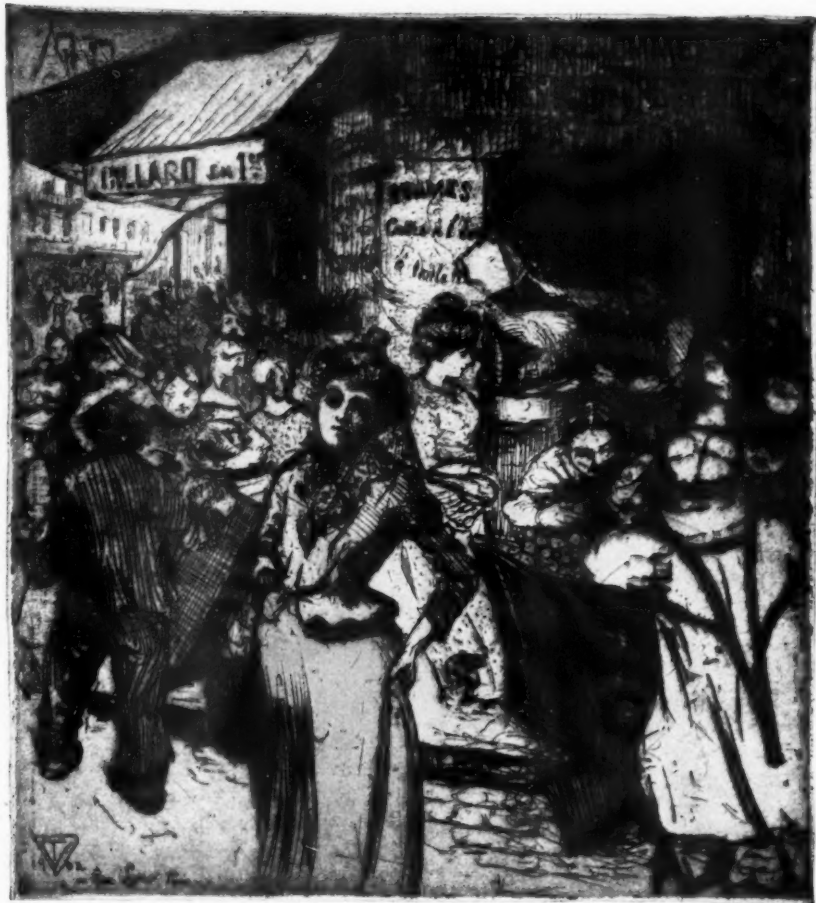
"The use of the lip's red charm,"
for not turning

"As the soul knows how
The earthly gift to an end divine."

On the contrary, he is vastly fit to sing, with the street roisterers of the same red-blooded Browning,

"Flower o' the clove,
All the Latin I construe is *amo*, I love."

He is seldom absolutely unattached, and when he is, prefers to take his meals, at least a part of them, in his own quarters; a manner of proceeding that offers little difficulty to him, since he, like every



CORNER OF RUE LEPIC

Frenchman, is a born cook and Parisian lodgings are admirably arranged for light housekeeping. Consequently, the restaurant holds no very important place in his day-to-day existence. Any restaurant he does frequent, moreover, speedily takes on an atmosphere that lifts it quite out of the category of the public eating house into that of the dining club; almost—thanks to the mural decorating he indulges in, wherever he goes—into that of the art museum.

When the typical Montmartrois

changes his atelier or lodging, he hires a handcart at a few sous per hour, harnesses himself into it like a horse, and transports his *lares* and *penates* to their new abode in the sweat of his own brow. Similarly when he has a picture or statue to get to the Salon he has recourse, more likely than not, to this cheap and primitive vehicle.

He is no disciple of the "cuff-and-collar cult," nor votary of the starched shirt front, the boot tree, or the trousers' crease. He is a warm friend of the tag-



MOULIN DE LA GALETTE

lock and the patch; condones, in fact, almost anything in dress except slavish uniformity. If he particularly favors soft felts and berets, flannel shirts and corduroys, it is not from a desire to impose a standard, but because they are durable, economical, comfortable, and picturesque. He does his marketing in dressing gown and slippers or in a pair of trousers hastily drawn over a nightshirt. He is not ashamed to be seen straining under a sagging *filet* or a brimming market basket. He goes bareheaded into the street, imperturbably smokes his pipe there, and saunters all over the Butte at any and every hour of the day in his shirt sleeves or his frock indifferently. He works at his easel in the middle of a street as unconcernedly as in his studio, with the result that certain streets are rarely empty of busy brush handlers during the possible painting hours. He is careless to the last degree about shutting the street doors of his studio, whatever may be going on within it, being so unspoiled in his estimate of "the value and significance of flesh" that he can imagine nothing but edification to the casual passer from the posing of a scantily draped or undraped model.

The Montmartrois seems to desire little in the line of diversion beyond what his beloved Butte provides. He finds its atmosphere eminently propitious and seldom forsakes it, letting weeks slip by oftentimes without passing beyond its borders. He goes rarely to the Grands Boulevards, except on business errands; still more rarely to the court quarter, since there he must endure the sore discomfort of the claw hammer or the redingote and the still sorer discomfort of the insipidity and stupidity of the swells. He even goes little—except possibly at the hour of the *apéritif*—to the *cabarets* of the Boulevard de Clichy and Boulevard de Rochechouart, the frequentation of which is popularly supposed to constitute his entire existence. His chief pastime is the dispensing of hospitality

of the most cordial and informal sort. The arrival of a check, a box of goodies, or a cask of wine from home, the baking of a *galette* or the roasting of a *gigot*, the finishing of a poem or play, the selling of a picture or the placing of a manuscript is made by him the excuse for a banquet of jubilation, at which the viands and the fizz, however plentiful and delectable, are no match for the quantity and quality of the funning.

Furthermore, he usually belongs to a *cénacle* that holds weekly, fortnightly, or monthly meetings ("literary and artistic soirées") in the basement, back room, or upper room of a wine shop or in the studio of one of its members; on which occasions every person present is expected to take some part; to offer, that is, to the assembled company the freshest achievement of his special talent.

When the Montmartrois spends an evening in a public place, he chooses, as a rule, not one of the resorts by which the stranger knows Montmartre, but either a quiet café where he can take a cue at billiards and a hand at *manille* with his cronies, or a *cabaret intime*. The *cabaret intime* appeals to him because it is *intime*; because it is cheap; because it is free from fuss and feathers; because it is uninfested and even undiscovered by the ubiquitous provincial and foreign tourists who are his pet aversion; because the flannel shirts and the broad-bottomed velvet trousers he loves are in the majority; because he rubs elbows there with wholesome, unaffected workingmen and picturesque ruffians; because he can talk familiarly with his neighbors and chaff, guy, and shout as unrestrainedly as in his own *cénacle*; because the programmes, being held by the censorship quite beneath its notice, include many shrill cries of revolt; finally (and this is probably the decisive reason), because he, or any other person present, is at liberty to sing an original *chanson* or recite an original monologue or poem if the spirit moves.

The heaviest millstone that can be

hung about the neck of originality is, in the very nature of the case, servility. Even innocent-appearing deference is the mildew of genius, the dry rot of talent, and conformity is the running

strained." So it is that at Montmartre this free-and-easy living with its unmitigated, undisguised contempt for conventionality in dress, taste, manners, and morals is not uncondusive to the conse-



RUE DES CALVAIRES

mate of mediocrity. The artist who allows himself to be other than his best self is foredoomed.

"The least forced and most natural motions of the soul," says Montaigne, "are the most beautiful; the best employments, those that are the least con-

creation which is well-nigh indispensable to achievement along creative lines. For all its liveliness and apparent flippancy, and all its seeming shirking of what the respectable exponents of dogmatic social ethics have conspired to call the serious obligations of life (by which they mean,

of course, the amassing of wealth and the rearing of a family), it possesses great power of concentration and a high degree of moral earnestness. Its recalcitrance to the petty tyrannies of

faith in the holiness and the ultimate triumph of the beautiful and the true. While its reluctance to assume the obligations of bread winning for others is not due to poltroonery but to an honest and



LOVERS' WALK, RUE ST. VINCENT

society, far from being an indication of frivolity, is rather a sign of absolute determination, of the existence of an exalted governing purpose which no consideration of profit or prudence can change; an earnest of enthusiasm, a token of zeal, and a proof of limitless

rational doubt of the right of a man to give hostages to fortune who has a message in his soul. This downright, defiant manner of living is one way (which is not saying it is the only way) of setting honesty above policy, truth above consistency, art above interest, the essential

above the casual, the real above the artificial; one way of subordinating the part to the whole, the detail to the ensemble; of detaching the worthy thing from the unworthy thing, of differentiating the spiritual and eternal from the material and transitory; one way—with all due apologies for the strenuousness of the phrase—of serving God rather than Mammon. St. Francis and Thoreau would have understood, for whatever frailties this course includes, it excludes relentlessly that only unpardonable sin of being recreant to a high inspiration and renegade to a realized mission.

The genuineness and strength of the Montmartre consecration, underlying the Montmartre nonconformity, are evidenced by the hardships the Montmartrois voluntarily endures. Industry and economy—appearances to the contrary notwithstanding—are the presiding geniuses of the Butte.

Hard work is a fashion there and sacrifice a habit. There is not a corner of Paris where so much night oil is burned over the poem and the novel, nor yet one where nerves are so martyred, backs so racked, and fingers so numbed by overapplication to the obdurate etching plate or canvas.

Nowhere is the strenuous life (in the earlier and higher acceptance of that now degraded term) more consistently and persistently followed. Nowhere is the yearning for perfect beauty more intense, the endeavor to give substance to visions and texture to dreams more resolute and more unremitting than in this laughing, lightsome, liltful, love-making, law-mocking, rollicking, reckless, reprobate Montmartre.

At Montmartre, if anywhere in a modern, civilized community, living has been reduced (mathematically speaking) to its lowest terms. *La vie simple* is there a condition, not a theory; a hard, stern, unchanging reality, not a passing fad. The average Montmartre poet or painter lives on less than the average petty clerk or day laborer. His annual budget

would appear to the uninitiated small and contemptibly finikin.

"To starve in a garret" is for him no idle form of speech. Scores of splendid, talented men have done it, are doing it; and surely a fellow is no trifter who is willing for love of his chimera to go hungry and cold.

This *misère* which it would be guarantee enough of moral stamina to bear at all, your dyed-in-the-wool Montmartrois bears blithely. He "makes haste to laugh at it," like Figaro—and in this he is eminently French, eminently Parisian—"for fear of being forced to weep over it."

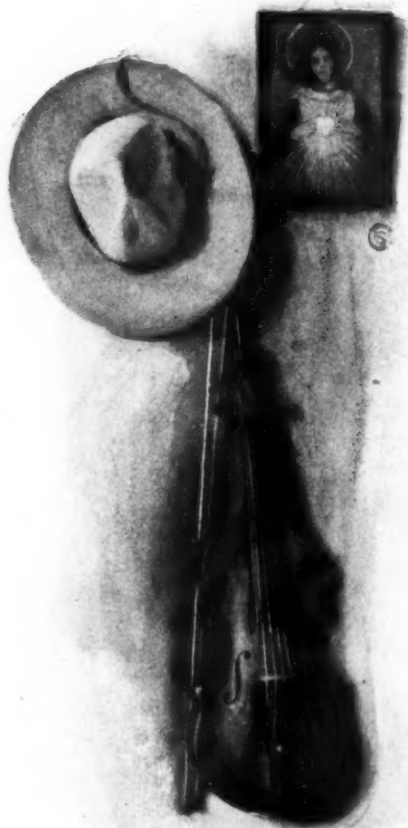
His gaiety never abandons him. In season and out of season, in woe as in weal, a little more even in woe than in weal, he is *blagueur*, *farceur*, wit, and practical joker. When his hollow stomach is clinging to his spinal column to keep itself from dropping into space, and his frosty toes to the soles of his feet to make sure of their bearings; when illusions are his only food and fiery imaginings or the fumes of fancy his only fuel, he can still revel and rail.

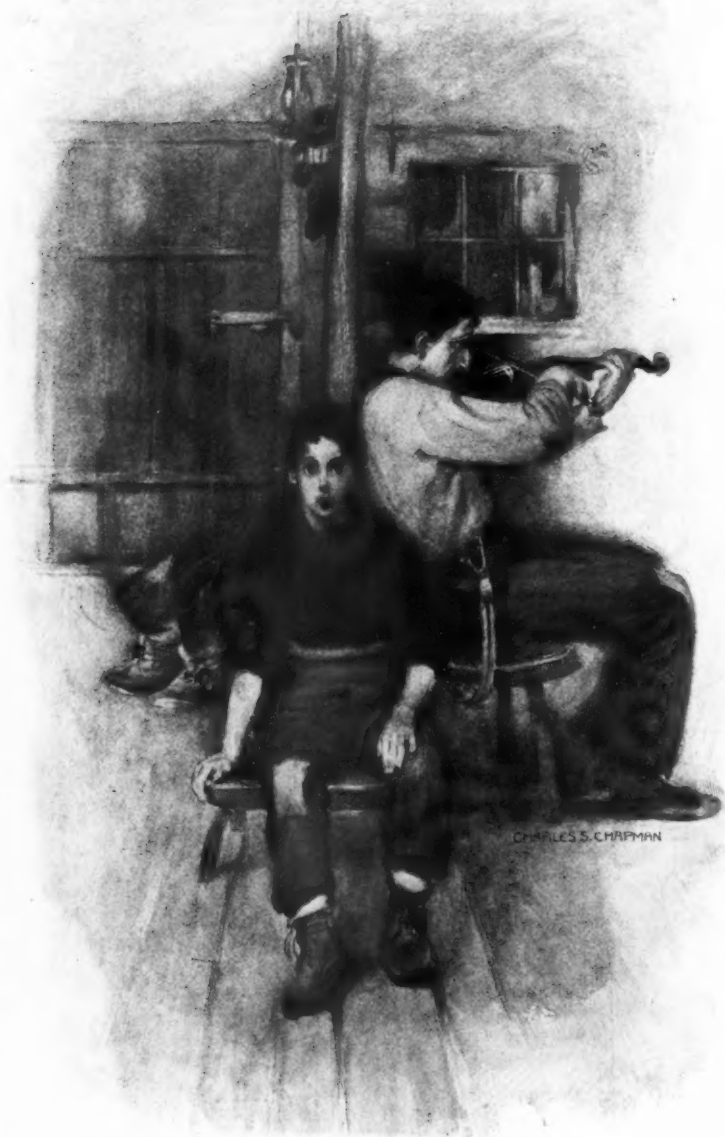
Montmartre is the place where the young artists, musicians, and *littérateurs* who have finished their studies but have not yet "arrived" try to solve the difficult double problem of supporting themselves and of discovering their respective ways in their respective arts; a place of growth between the Quartier Latin and the literary and artistic court quarter (des Terns and de Courcelles) where the *arrivés* have their private *bôtels*, but where, too often, alas! they stop growing.

Montmartre, like heaven (and its opposite), is "less a place than a state of mind"; and as a state of mind it represents heroic loyalty to ideas and ideals, mellowed (but not weakened) by the buoyant gaiety of youth and the *esprit moqueur et sceptique* of the Parisian.

W'EN BATISTE HE PLAYS


by CHARLES S. CHAPMAN

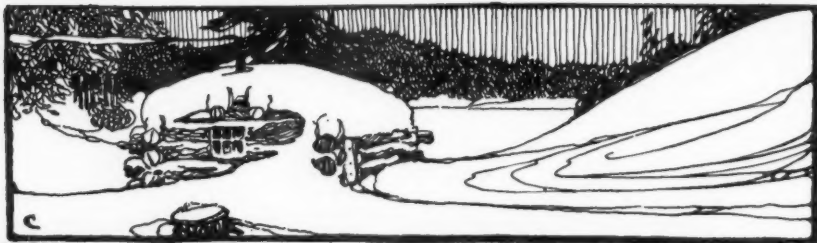




Wondair eef I'm evair plöy ~
On de violeen lak dat some day.



 don't care eef eet's cold outside
Or de montagne deep wid snow.



I Wondair eef I'm evair play
 On de violeen, lak dat some day.
 I don' know whedair eet's ju' me
 But I know var well I'd lak to be
 Lak Bateese playin' dar;
 An hol' de bow ju' so:
 Makin de violeen whispair
 A song lak de nord wind blow.
 To speak wid de trees an de montagnes,
 An' know what dey're sayin' back;
 An' anyair de music de water she's mak'
 On de shore of de leetel lac.
 To-night Bateese when I listen
 An' de violeen whispairs low,
 I don't care eef eet's cold outside
 Or de montagne deep wid snow.
 For de music ees bringin' summair back
 So I feel de warm win' blow:
 An I know some day I'll learn de way
 Of de violeen an' bow.



MR. BROOKE

BY BOOTH TARKINGTON

"*Cho.*: 'In the good old Colony times,
When we lived un-der the King. . .'"



HAD attended Mrs. Betty Winter's rout the evening before, and repaired late to Mr. Mitts's, where we played until morning. We had over-plenty wine with our play, so that we left his house in a tumbling fashion and smashed old Bender, the watch, who was silly enough to interfere with our progress, which was already difficult enough for some, heaven knows! There was the Major (that rat of Mars) and Keeswick, and Noisy Charingford and young Mitts, who insisted upon coming forth with us, and myself. The last I could not swear to; I think I was there. I had a dream of a brown dawn and us lurching through it with uproarious songs and a slamming of all the knockers we passed. I remember that silly old creature, Bender, accosting us, and when I awoke at noon, he seemed to be just falling upon the pavement before me. There was a clamor in my head and the whole hot room at Mitts's, where we had played, seemed to have got inside it. Jim fetched my clothes; I dressed with difficulty, being in an ache all over, and, eating nothing, went forth to walk.

My hand shook; it would not grip my cane; my head rang with the racket of songs without an air, the bellowings of Charingford, Keeswick, and the Major; and I would have given all that I had

left of my aunt's fortune to be just a clean, white-and-black tabby cat that I saw sunning herself in a doorway. She moved gracefully and without pain, and it staggered me to see a being that could lower its head and waggle it about without agony.

I crept out of town, following a path into a grove, and, groaning in every part, sate my poor bones on a log in a dense thicket. I cursed play, wine, and especially my associates, forswearing them all aloud. At this there was a laugh from behind me. I did not turn to peer into the underbrush, but requested the mocker to come forth and beg my pardon, and, for answer, there came the sound of giggling.

"I fancy, sir," I cried, "I could cure that habit of eavesdropping for you, and if you will have the kindness to come where I can see you, I will mention the first dose of physic to be taken."

Then there was a strange, high voice close to my shoulder. "Turn about. There will be two physicians, sir!"

"Come in front of me," I replied, for I did not wish to turn. "Come in front of me."

"Sheba to Solomon," replied the voice, and there swished round the log that minxy cousin of Charingford's, Miss Pruitt.

I stumbled to my feet and made a sad bow.

"Pray, Mr. Brooke, renew your meditations," cried she. "I would not interrupt such virtue for worlds! Only, until



"You have done it now, Mr. Brooke."

I get out of hearing, forbear to use wicked words!"

"Madam," said I, "the oaths were none so bad."

"Whr-r-itt!" She made a mock-chiding sound at me, with perfect impudence. "And the worst of all upon my cousin's singing!"

"You shall hear no more," I returned coldly.

She turned, one hand holding her skirts, as if to go (to which she had my

heartiest consent), and yet she did not. "Now that you have forsworn swearing, sir," she said, laughing at me all the while, "tell me, is it true that you have forsworn the society of ladies?"

"Can Miss Pruitt believe one so ungallant who lives but in her smile?" I bowed, and the effort gave me a twinge.

"Ah, that," she returned, "may be called the proof contrary!"

"Why? Are such speeches out of fashion?"

"Nay," she answered; "but to deliver them with a groan might well be!"

I received this in patient silence, and she, regarding me with a certain twinkling curiosity, continued: "Is it not true that you shun us poor creatures completely? I fear the ladies complain of you, Mr. Brooke. At an assembly, you begin to collect what gentlemen you can as soon as your compliments are made; then you hurry them quickly to a night of dice, cards, and wine. And the next day you curse them! Fie, sir! Why have you forsworn *us*? It might be that we should use you better!" The girl laughed in my face.

"Unhappily, I doubt it," I replied with some disdain. "I find little favor with the sex."

Miss Pruitt looked upon me languishingly and sighed. "How little you have sought where you might have found it!" says she, murmuring; and laughed openly again.

"This confession is touching, madam," quoth I, my head ready to burst and my whole body faint with the effort of standing to attend her.

"You have little perception, Mr. Brooke," she gibed. "And yet, in all the follies of the gentlemen, I hear you are the foremost leader."

This was not true; she was twitting me maliciously; for the common talk held that the Major was plucking me, though that he never did. I bowed, however (ignoring what she designed to sting me), and, as I did so, my cane fell from my hand.

I was afraid that if I stooped to pick it up my head would swim, and I let the thing stay where it was. She laughed, so that I think she understood—and more, I believed that her cruelty in not bidding me to resume my seat upon my log was deliberate and did not spring from mere thoughtlessness.

"There are some things I admire in you, sir," says she, looking very solemn. "I am happy."

"One of them is your braggadocio."

"Miss Pruitt's servant."

"Ah!" she exclaimed quickly, "I should not have said braggadocio. That is no word for a brave man such as your present conduct shows you to be. And I confess"—she faltered and looked down—"I confess I find the quality vastly becoming."

"I fail to comprehend you, madam."

"What!" cries she, "when here am I, so charmed by your indifference to what hangs over you, that I stand chatting in a wood with you, regardless of what tatters the proprieties would leave of me if they should ever hear of it! Is it strange that I must pause to admire a gentleman who lounges on a log while a rope's end dangles above him?"

"Will Miss Pruitt explain?" I was entirely puzzled; for she spoke with complete earnestness.

"What need to explain that any man's courage in the face of such a death is a thing worth living to see? The others make off on fast horses, but Mr. Brooke, so please you, strolls through the streets as if nothing had happened, and lounges indifferently in a grove upon the very borders of the town!" Her face glowed with incomprehensible fervor, and I stared at her, amazed.

"Ah!" she cried. "It was a sin to strike down the old man, but a woman of heart might forget that, sir, in her love of a daring so splendid as yours!"

There was not a vestige of mirth or mockery in the girl's face; nothing but a profound and exalted enthusiasm; and it is cause for no wonder that I began to be alarmed.

"I should be glad to know your meaning," I said, with no inconsiderable anxiety.

"Have I not made it clear?"

"No," I replied emphatically. "I have not the least vestige of it!"

"How!" she cried, falling back a step. "Am I to find my admiration so misplaced? Is it possible that you do not know that the man is dead?"

"What man?" I stared at her in horror.



"The faint sound of fisticuffs was borne to my attentive ear."

"Angels of mercy!" She lifted both her hands as though lamentably amazed. "How I have been deceived! I had thought your bearing the wildest bravery, and I find it mere ignorance!" She gathered her skirts. "Oh, I could be careless of gossip for a hero; but I find little advantage to risk my reputation for stupidity! Adieu, sir. I must be off indeed!"

She began to move away from me, but I sprang forward and caught the edge of her cloak.

"Tell me what you mean!" I cried.

"Unloose my cloak."

I dropped it at once; I had forgotten myself for the moment; but her hints had been no pleasant hearing.

"Will you not tell me?" I repeated, and I could hear my voice shaking.

She looked at me gravely over her shoulder, without saying a word, while I felt a-trembling with nervousness, awaiting, in an anguish of suspense, what she would say, for now I was sure that some horrible thing had happened. She spoke at last.



"There are some things I admire in you, sir."

"And you do not know it was your blow that did it?"

"In heaven's name, did what?"

"Killed the watchman!"

On my honor, my first thought was of poor old Bender. I would not have hurt the man for the world! (We had met him often in the early hours, but it had always been one of the others who had knocked him down.)

"Truly," said she slowly, "do you not remember?"

I leaned against the trunk of a tree, and, in answer, shook my head.

"I will tell you. You struck him behind the ear with your cane."

I was glad I had let the thing lie where it had fallen, and I shuddered.

"After your party had passed," she continued, "the watchman was discovered and carried into the nearest house; insensible, though still living. The physician said he would die within three hours; the news was noised abroad, and your companions took horse and fled—evidently so panic-stricken that they could not even pause to warn you. The poor old man became conscious at noon and swore with his last breath that you had struck the mortal blow. You must have left your house just before they came to take you—and I fear it can be the matter of but a little time until they track you hither. Should you not take some thought of flight? Since it seems that you have not that gaudy quality of courage which I dreamed was yours!"

I tried to answer, but no more than an incoherent syllable came, like the ghost of a word, from my dry throat. I stared at her, without seeing her, my mind's eye pitifully fixed on the far flight of my companions, galloping on the long road to the coast. They had left a scapegoat to bear the punishment and take whatever might come, while every moment they were safer! I saw the sun shining on the broad back of the Major, thumping in his saddle, like the bad rider he was; upon Keeswick and

Charingford and little Mitts. They had left me to bear the brunt alone, the cheap rascals! Well, thought I, there might be some stories told, ere Robert Brooke stood on the scaffold!

This last contingency made its apparition plain. For I could not hope to hide in the woods, nor escape to the tender mercies of the aborigines. I had no woodman's craft; had been but four months in the Colonies; I was soft with sweet living and wine, and doubted my capacity to run a hundred paces before my heart would break and halt. Now that I am free with my confession, I would have none decry me; for there be few who cannot understand (either through some youthful memory, or by shame of later lapses) what agony of apprehension sate upon me as a fog upon the bosom of the hysterical sea. I was lost: the ultimate had stricken me. If I had laid low a young man fairly! But no! *My* lot was to murder a defenseless octogenarian. Defenseless—yes! He carried a truncheon, fit weapon for a gesture; but take him all in all he was a jest, a butt, an aged dolt to push, as if he had been a toy mandarin. Unhappy-pensionary! he had been knocked down safely a hundred times by a hundred smug drunkards, safe now, all of them. But I—me miserable! *I* so much as touch him—and he shrivels up and dies! The others pound, hammer, choke, beat, bruise, stun, strangle him, and he springs elastic, but *I* lay my slender cane to his ear, and he withers like a melon in the sun—evaporates—is fitted with the coffin in three hours! The incredible devilry of it! The horrid lawlessness of it!

This girl had thought I knew that horror and carelessly lingered in the neighborhood—waiting to be caught and hanged! That was what she had admired! Even in my anguish I found time to wonder what things she deemed a man could bear and of what consist. I had heard it whispered that she inclined to her cousin Charingford, that she was kind to him and loved to please

him; but it seemed to me that this flight of his should cure her, since she professed herself a lover of heroes. Despite my anguish I thought of her, and that was a strange matter; for I had heretofore given her scant notice. In truth, before I crossed to the Colonies, I had some sorrows which justified her sling at me that I was no admirer of the sex. In spite of that there was something so compelling about this fanciful trix that I found her imperial over my distress and hated her the more on that account!

She stood looking at me. The thicket was mottled with sunshine behind her; brown leaves lay strewn upon the ground; the picture she made against this woodland (even in my tremors, I thought) might have seemed enchanting to a mind untroubled. And she had thought me a dare-devil and had liked me for it!

In a trap as I was, I had no more influence than a rat, neither great wealth nor powerful relatives; there were many in the Colonies, from Boston to Georgia, who had connections that might have saved them in such a strait, but I was no more than the grandson of a draper, and had sailed for the New World with a design to make me a name—which conception I had carried out, but the name, I may say, was none of the handsomest. It came over me sorrowfully that though a certain notoriety I had achieved, of true friends to stand by me in my trouble there were none! The whirl of life was at an end for me—ah, truly it had been but a whirl! And I was brought to such a pass that this girl, this uppish maid, this Miss Pruitt, stood—like a Brahman idol—with an impassive serenity, almost a smiling curiosity, watching me.

The pursuit would seek me out, of course; at any instant I might see the constables break through the thicket. If there had been a hiding place near by, I could not have reached it. I was like one in a dream who would fly and can-

not. I had faced in my time (for I was thirty-five) some evil situations blithely, but this was beyond my calmness. It is the truth that my companions had sometimes made little gibes at me, referring to occasions when I had withdrawn with dignity from brawls and the like, but I passed over such jests good-humoredly, satisfied with my own conduct and knowing that I had never been a jot of a coward. Yet the dreadful thing I now confronted might have daunted a Paladin, and, as I leaned against the tree, I own I shook with fright. I could not think; my mind was a horrid chaos; despair howled in my ears.

"For God's sake, tell me what to do!" I cried miserably. And that was the depth of my humiliation.

I saw a deep light gleam suddenly in her eyes, and feeling myself the creature most outcast of all the world, I knew that its fuel was mirth. I could not endure her gaze; my own dropped before it, the which was my salvation, for my eyes fell upon a bush which stirred, but, palpably, not with the wind, and through a small parting in the thick underbrush I saw the purple, choking face of the Major and a woman's brow and laughing eyes.

I had the sense to place my hand immediately upon my eyes, and looked out between my fingers. I had made no mistake. It was the Major, and Mrs. Keeswick, Keeswick's hoydenish wife. More! As I peered, I caught a gleam of an epaulet through some moving leaves, so Charingford crouched there; and, near by, the edge of a brocade skirt glimmered from behind a stump—a skirt which I knew belonged to Mrs. Keeswick's gossip, that rollicking widow, Mrs. Mavitt.

At once I understood, and a great rage took the place of fear in my bosom. If Mrs. Keeswick, Charingford, Mrs. Mavitt, and the Major were there, then the others were there—Mitts, Keeswick, Betty Winter, the whole roaring, cantankerous crew of them; every one of

them now, I knew, in agonies of suppressed laughter, while that worthless old Bender was no doubt at home snoring out his day sleep. They had planned it carefully—following me, and sending this girl to make a spectacle of me for the mirth of gods and men, while the others crept to their hiding places and half died of stifled laughter. I had walked into the rascal trap as a sheep goes to the slaughter pen—and yet, perhaps my discovery had been made not too late, perhaps there was still time for a just vengeance. . . . I would try!

She stood with her face partly turned from me, and a little distance away. I dropped my hand, drew myself to my full height, stepped close to her, and looked at her. When she saw me, calm and smiling, beside her, she started.

"What!" she exclaimed in evident puzzlement. "Are you intending an escape? A moment ago you seemed unable to move!"

"Conscience, madam," I replied; "not fear!" I bowed. "I was for an instant overcome by the thought of the poor fellow-creature whom I had destroyed with such tragic carelessness. Pity for him almost unmanned me; even so that I appealed to you. What folly! The thing cannot be undone——"

"But," she interrupted, amazed, "you cried out to me, begging me to tell you what to do!"

"Yes, madam, for Bender—in expiation; for my remorse seemed greater than I could bear. It was sheer folly; for it is beyond the power of man to make reparation to one deceased. Let us speak of other matters. See how beautifully the sun falls through the trees——"

She interrupted me, the look of wonder growing deeper in her eyes: "But do you not realize that you may be seized at any instant? The pursuit may be within sound of our voices——"

"Believe me," I smiled, waving my hand, "flight would prove not only un-

becoming but useless. As you say, the officers of justice may be very near. Well, I am at their service, for I am not one to shun the consequences of any act of mine. My companions are doing the running away, which is almost laughably in keeping with their character—as one of them, himself, not long ago confessed to me. 'Brooke,' said little Mitts, 'tis my profound belief that Keeswick, the Major, and Noisy Charingford are cowards, all three of them.' And to-day they are proving his words. Does Miss Pruitt connect me with so craven a crew?"

"I am beginning not to," she replied in a low and troubled voice.

She had fallen back from me, the most amazed person I ever saw, and with her astonishment I saw commingling a look of consternation and shame. "I trust you will continue that beginning, madam," I said gently. "They have been my companions, never my friends. Such as they are, they are all that the place affords, and—may I tell you something?" I spoke hesitatingly, as a tutor who had a gentle chiding of some loved one to perform. "A man in my situation, Miss Pruitt," I continued, "feels the follies of the world drop from him, and he may be frank. In the few moments of liberty yet left me I should be happier if I might effect a good deed. May I speak?"

"Yes," she answered softly. "What is it?"

"'Tis but that during the months I have been here, I have for some time observed you with great wonder and trouble."

If anything could have astounded her more than what had gone before, it was this. "Observed me?" she cried. "You never looked at me!"

"Nay," said I. "I am a quiet man in my inner self. I do not live on the surface, nor wear my heart on my sleeve for daws to peck at. I have been in this little hurly-burly attempt at fashion here, but never of it. I confess to a profound

amazement that one like you should appear its center. These others, these Keeswicks and the rest, are unworthy to be the associates of so much beauty and virtue!"

"You mock me!" cried the lady, and blushes like waves suddenly ran over her face and neck.

"Madam"—I infused a quality near sternness into my voice—"is it probable that at this time I would waste one precious instant in mere impudence? Nay!" I exclaimed, "I have looked upon you, surrounded by these pinchbeck fashionables, as the single flower among so many weeds! How I have wondered that you could endure them! And my only conclusion is that you have not understood them, have not seen through them!"

"Well?" says she, somewhat breathlessly.

"Ah!" cried I. "These people are as transparent as glass and as cheap as tinsel! Do you not read them? No, because you are too young, too light-hearted, too trusting! What better can I do than utter a last warning against them, before I go to the cell which awaits me? Miss Pruitt, there is not one of them fit to touch your shoe! To begin with, they have not even the virtue to like one another; they have not even loyalty; and in all the Colonies you cannot hear such backbiting and slander as in this small circle. Do they not ape the vices and folly of London and forget its wit? Is there one stupid and unmannerly prank to which they would not stoop, or any consideration of the anguish of the victim which could prevent them?"

I paused and her eyes fell before mine; her head bent slowly, and the blush darkened upon her cheek. "None," she murmured. "But I—I am not better than they."

"As much better," I cried, "as light than darkness! Surely you could never think yourself so base, for instance, as Betty Winter, who but last night spoke

titteringly in my ear of her bosom friend Mrs. Keeswick as——"

"Be careful!" cried Miss Pruitt with a slight scream.

"Nay," I replied. "Let my last act be to reveal these people to you! She said——"

"Do not tell what she said!"

"But why?" I asked. "It was mere slander, and I did not believe it. Indeed, I have heard Mrs. Keeswick say worse against Betty Winter!"

The lady cried out again, and the crimson of her cheek had gone to white. "In pity's name, Mr. Brooke, you do not know what havoc you——"

"But how?" I asked. "No one shall know these things but you, and I feel that you should know the worst." (There was a stirring in the thicket that was sweet to my ears.) "If you will not let me tell you how these two ladies speak of each other, you will surely hear me when I repeat what Mrs. Mavitt, whom *they* unite to call the 'harridan,' says privately of them?"

"No!" cries she. "No! No! No!"

"But why?"

"There are reasons," she stammered. "You must not."

"Do not fear," I returned, taking care all the while to keep my voice clear and loud. "I should so modify the original speeches as to make them modest enough for your ear——"

"Alas!" She lifted both her hands and dropped them in despair. "You have done it now, Mr. Brooke!"

And by the increasing stir in the bushes I thought she spoke the truth.

"I have done what?" I inquired.

"I cannot tell you," she answered, with every appearance of confusion and distress. "I cannot tell you."

"I am sorry that the revelation should have pained you," I said gravely; "but I think it best that you should know, just as you should know that little Mitts suspects the Major and Keeswick of dividing their winnings from him, and that they suspect *him* of unfair devices with

the cards, and intend laying a trap to detect him. And they——”

“Stop,” she cried faintly. “Pray, pray, stop, Mr. Brooke.” And she leaned her back against a tree and shuddered.

“Nay,” I answered, “let me do this little act of kindness and continue. It will comfort me in my cell to have caused this enlightenment.”

“Enlightenment!” she whispered.

“And the strangest thing in the world,” I went on rapidly, “is this friendship between Keeswick and the Major; for the Major brags to the rest of them that he is making a conquest of Mrs. Keeswick, while Keeswick confided to Charingford—who cannot keep a secret—that his wife was making a fool of the Major, who sends them baskets of game and wine which Keeswick gorges! And——”

But at this she gave a scream and covered her ears with her hands. I paused and heard the stirring in the thicket increasing mightily; also there was a sound like a groan.

Again I caught a glimpse of Noisy Charingford’s epaulet and my purpose deepened. Well I knew that the plot against me was his, and that it was he who had persuaded this girl to her part in it. That was why I had saved him for the last.

I stepped close to her, confronting her, but she kept her hands to her ears, and shook her head at me violently to make me understand that she would not hear me. Therefore I looked sadly into her eyes, like one nobly compassionate, lifted my hands and gently took hers (which were small and shapely in green gloves) and pulled them down.

“Not another word!” she cried, struggling.

“Yes,” I said. “There is something more needful that you should hear than all I have said, for it nearly concerns yourself.” At that she stopped struggling, and in the compelling curiosity that shot into her eyes, I saw that she

truly forgot that I had not dropped her hands. (I did not forget it, and was suddenly aware—without any astonishment, which was the strange part of it—that I might never forget.)

“What do you know that concerns me?” she whispered; but though I stood so close to her I did not whisper in return.

“Captain Charingford,” I began, in a firm and resonant voice.

“My cousin,” she interrupted.

“Yes. Noisy Charingford.”

“What of him?”

“He tells,” I said. “He tells when he kisses!”

She sprang back from me with a loud cry.

“Last night at Mitts’s house, in his cups,” I went on rapidly. “I believe he said it happened when he put you in your chair on your departure from Betty Winter’s and——”

“He stole it!” she cried, the crimson flaming up in her face. “He stole it!”

There was a mighty to-do in the underbrush now; crackling of twigs and branches, a scurry and the sound of running feet, and at this, as it could be no longer ignored, I stepped toward her.

“Hark!” I said over my shoulder to her. “The pursuit is upon me and I go to meet it. Good-by. If you will walk in the opposite direction, no one need ever know that we have met. Good-by.”

I turned and started to break through the thicket, but she leaped forward and caught the cuff of my coat between her fingers. “There is no pursuit,” she said, and I saw the tears of shame and anger shining in her eyes. “There is nothing except a pitiful plot to make a brave man play the woman!”

“But I heard them,” I answered sharply. “There was a great stir here!” And I pressed forward into the underbrush, which I found untenanted, though there was noise in plenty beyond. In a moment I came out into the open,

clearer grove and was pleased with all I saw.

In the distance, upon the edge of the woods where the trees gave way to meadow, were three men busy with a running battle, Keeswick, the Major, and Mitts. They engaged each other impartially; not two of them allying to fall upon one; but each assailing each of the other two, now and then tripping, anon running a space and coming again together, when the faint sound of fisticuffs was borne to my attentive ear. And after them ran a woman, hallooing anxiously, Keeswick's lamentable wife. Mrs. Mavitt had disappeared entirely, but down a pathway that led to the high-road I saw the figure of Miss Pruitt's red-coated cousin hastily making off alone, and she saw it too; for she had followed, and stood beside me.

Not far from us upon a log sat Mrs. Winter, heaped up and rocking herself. "God forgive you, Robert Brooke!" she said, rising at the sight of me, "I should hope to live to see you hanged if I were sure you would make no last speech upon the scaffold!"

And, taking her head in her hands, she set off, groaning, following the others.

As I stood staring after her, I heard the girl at my elbow catch her breath, almost as if she had sobbed; but when I turned, I found no trace of the tears I

had seen upon her cheeks; for her eyes were dry and angry.

"And so," I said sorrowfully, "this is how you tricked me!"

"Yes," she said between her teeth.

Again I bent upon her a gaze of lofty yet gentle reproach. "You tried to frighten me, to make me a butt for these weaklings, who fly at the first breath of truth—dead leaves before a breeze—you set out to make me comedian before this audience of——"

"Yes," she repeated doggedly. "Think what you like of me!" (Her little face was pale and I vow it was a pretty one!)

"But what do you think of them?" I asked.

"They deserved it all," she answered fiercely. "Every word!"

"And do you not think," I pursued, "that you and I are of a finer metal than they?"

"Not I!" She shook her head, but suddenly her anger seemed to depart from her, while something warm and yielding took its place. "I—could never ask you," she faltered, "to forgive me—though all that I did—only showed you forth as the—the daring man you are."

Her upturned face was no great distance away—and she had called me daring. . . . But I am no Charingford!

NATURE'S SOLACE

By ARTHUR STRINGER

THE twilight is for thought, the night for grief,
And so the wounded heart that may not rest
Has mourned the lighter for the sheltering leaf,
Has wept the deeper for the darkening West!



THE SAGE HEN'S SAMSON

BY HARRY LEON WILSON



AT sunset I had missed a deer—missed under circumstances that seemed at the moment to make the disgrace of it also lute. At no small square of grayish brown, glimpsed uncertainly through curtains of leafage, had I been compelled to aim; but fairly in the open, a hundred yards distant, the creature had stood to paw the earth and to erect a most desirable pair of antlers in splendid challenge.

Free had I been to fix the tiny bead immovably upon his lithe fore shoulder. But, with the shot, a flash of lightning struck the edge of the forest—and left no mark.

Mechanically I pumped out the empty shell and, in a tremble of dismay, turned to Marvin Twilley, who had crouched near me in the buck-brush that fringed the base of the hill. I had long known Marvin for an able and unscrupulous diplomat, but the atrociousness of my late performance was too brutally obvious to sustain any friendly misinterpretation. There, under the peace that slept along the mountain tops, amid the chastened serenity of that little cup in the hills, I was ready to face Marvin Twilley as man to man. I expected and wished nothing but the frankest admission of my wretched failure, and such simple honest comment as would

readily emanate from a tired and disgusted woodsman who had watched a novice throw away the single chance of a toilsome day.

But Marvin was to reveal new and amazing capacities for dissimulation. He had come quickly to his feet in an admirable pleasure of excitement, his blue eyes glinting, his partially grayed mustache bristling over a smile of keenest enjoyment in my prowess, his browned and weathered face lighting with a friendly shrewdness.

"You got him! Good work! Notice how his tail was down?"

The tail had been up—flaunted most arrogantly. I had been quick enough to see that. But Marvin's little fiction was appealing to the verge of pathos, so I weakly stammered that I had not noticed.

"Well, it was down. He'll stagger in there about a hundred yards. Then he'll tumble over and bleed to death."

But this was too brazen.

"Marvin," I said, "I don't know where you gathered your notions of a staggering deer, but if they're accurate this one is staggering something like a mile a minute. We'll never see him again, Marvin, unless he runs into one of those big spruces and breaks his neck. I shan't be surprised if he does—the careless way he started through those thick woods."

Marvin dropped into deep silence and lighted his pipe, turning partially away from me. He was hurt by my coarseness.

"Oh, well, we'll go over and look," I said, relenting; whereupon Marvin revived to his mendacious eagerness.

"Wait till you see the trail of blood he's left. I'm only afraid you've tore him all up. Them thirty-forties are sure a great gun for true shooting and plumb destruction. They go right where you hold 'em."

For half an hour, at the other side of the opening, Marvin strove loyally to feign the suppression of such excitement as should justly attend our search for the mangled remains of my quarry. He simulated the most poignant expectancy. At intervals along the trail of the fleeing buck—a trail with ever-widening intervals between the heart-shaped hoof prints—he pointed out minute specks on fallen leaves which he declared to be blood. These I had the grace not to examine too closely.

But presently the strain told and my overloyal companion relaxed from his dogmatic positiveness so far as to say, with a speculative eye upon the ascent up which the trail led:

"Well, you certainly shot it *some*. I can tell a hit deer as fur as any man. Likely you paunched it and it'll worry on for two, three miles, account of our coming in here so quick. If we'd stayed over there and smoked a couple pipes, all quiet, it'd run about this fur and then laid down and got all stiffened up, but it heard us comin' and kep' on goin'."

His glance shifted uneasily to the back trail, and I promptly took the lead.

"No, sir, I wouldn't have one o' them thirty-forties. They ain't balanced right. You can't tell *where* to hold 'em."

This as we first turned back. But as we crossed the little "park" Marvin spoke of weather signs.

"A red sun's got water in his eyes.

Yes, sir. And see the way them quakin' asp turn up their leaves. Yes, sir, rain to-morrow, sure."

Having thus dismissed a particular deer, it was not ungraceful to return to deer in general. That Marvin should return to missed deer in general was to be anticipated. That he returned to deer that he himself had missed was fresh testimony of his guile. As we made back to camp he regaled me with vivacious narratives of wild shots he had unaccountably made at deer happened upon absurdly close. Invariably these had been occasions when no excuse could be found for missing. He had not been hurried; he had taken careful aim; his sights were not jammed. Once he had emptied his last three shots at a recumbent buck, only to have it rise and walk off in disdainful leisure; and this at a distance from which he might have clubbed it to death—"almost."

This was not bad of Marvin, in theory. Done with moderation and a trifle of finesse, it is conceivable that I might have found a legitimate consolation in the tales. But Marvin's sense of proportion was, for the moment, faulty. He became slightly feverish, I believe, in a fear that he might not think of a new one before he finished the anecdote in hand. One who had tramped those last three miles with us would have been obliged to believe that Marvin Twilley had spent his life in vain efforts to shoot a deer; that he had missed them under all possible circumstances in which a miss would be unpardonable and inexplicable. In not one instance was there a single unfavorable condition.

Clearly then did I see how wholly bad, how baldly inexcusable, was my own exhibition held in the secret soul of Marvin Twilley. I perceived, too, how adroitly he had glided from feigned certainty that I had hit my deer to this tacit assumption that I had scored a clean miss.

But I could still be a man among men. "Marvin," I said coldly, in the midst

of his interminable "Yes, sir, there he stood, plain as day, horns like a big armchair settin' up on his head—so I gets a good rest over this here downtown I'm tellin' you about—"

"Marvin—did you ever hit a deer?"

He stopped abruptly, I believe to light his pipe; for I, pushing on, heard him mutter profane disparagement of his pipe, his tobacco, his matches, and his luck. He lingered behind me thereafter and went for a look at our tethered horses when we reached camp.

Through the cooking of supper, he was taciturn, even avoiding my glance. Not until we had eaten and Marvin had lighted his pipe over a last tin cup full of the black coffee did he again become at all possible. Not of guns nor of deer, hit or missed, was our talk at first. The situation being yet a little difficult, we spoke of matters foreign to the chase—of Marvin's now ancient visit to the Chicago Fair—that being the occasion of his only sortie from the big hills since he had invaded them in '75—of local affairs at Pagosa; of the snowslide that carried off a whole night-shift up at Red Mountain the winter before; of the alarming shrinkage of free range in Colorado; of what any self-respecting man should do to a Mexican when he finds one running a bunch of sheep over good cattle country. And of the West at large we spoke.

In the opinion of Marvin there was, strictly speaking, no longer a West.

"What does a boy run away from home for nowadays?" he asked somewhat petulantly. "To fight Injuns? No, sir. It was that way in my time—to fight Injuns and be trappers and scouts. Now they run away to be detectives or to join a circus or something. Yes, sir,

there ain't no more picturesqueness to the West. Its romance is plumb faded. Now you take Buckskin Charley. He was the last surviving monument, as the feller says, to them old days. *He* was picturesque, good and plenty, up and down and across the board. But what befell him? Why, the Sage Hen befell him, and now Buck ain't a mite more picturesque than me or you. Buck ain't a right bad fellow, but he had ought to of been shot and stuffed and set up in a musee up in Denver or some place. But, 'stead of that, what does the Sage Hen do—?"

"Well, what did she do?" I asked this because Marvin had stopped as one

meeting a counter train of thought. He waited a moment, then slapped his thigh with the vigorous satisfaction of a discoverer.

"There, now, *that's* why you missed—you clean overshot in that there twilight."

I was willing to accept this, for the man seemed honest at last. I beamed cordially upon him.

"Do you really think so?"



"*Him being a romantic and picturesque figger.*"



"She had the powers and capacities to make some man a true and valuable wife."

"Surest thing you know! You got to hold low when the light's dim. You overshot that deer a good inch. I wouldn't 'a' thought of it, mebbe, but for speaking of Buckskin Charley."

"Who was befallen by the Sage Hen," I prompted.

"He had such beautiful long, silky curls, and wore such purty clothes." As this came with the reminiscent gleam of the determined raconteur, I waited in silence.

"And that's why I ain't went down to Rock Creek this last summer and mebbe not this winter, till I see things are good and settled."

"The Sage Hen," I suggested.

"Oh, jest a name they give her at Pagosa; and so it kep' a clinging to her after she moved herself and six little Pulcifers up to Rock Creek to make their daily bread—and giving it out plain, the day Tobe Mellish freighted her in, that she had the powers and capacities to make some man a true and valuable wife—some steady, God-fearing man

that would come home at mealtimes and be a father to the fatherless. That's the kind of a lady she was—no simpering or beating about the bush—but downright outspoken, looking you square in the eye meantime, she being of the true pioneer stock that had come across in the wagons and lived hard all her days—cut wood, drewed water, plowed and planted and shot bob cats and already buried three——"

"Bob cats?"

"Husbands—and a fearless, capable lady, six foot and over, strong as an ox. I bet she could 'a' gone on up to Red Mountain and made her two and a quarter a day tramming ore if she'd wanted to; and yet a very womanish person, surprisingly, having romantic pains and streaks that would of astonished any good judge who'd only witnessed her chopping wood or plowing up her truck garden, with proper speech to the mule. But she'd always read the *Family Story Paper* and such like fiction writing, and she had romantic dreams. You might say she was full as poetic inwardly as Buckskin Charley himself, only she'd never had time to make much of it, being took up continuously with reg'ler toil, so's it hadn't a chance to break out on her like on Buck—he having no cares to speak of and poeticals being his sole pursuit."

"Poetry?"

"Yes, sir—that's the way the bills read—'Buckskin Charley, the Cowboy Poet.' Me? I don't know. It might 'a' been good poetry; might 'a' graded way above standard for all I know. Good for a cowboy anyway, prob'ly. I ain't ever set up to pass on that kind of literary writing. I get so dog-goned nervous wondering if the last ends of the lines is going to rhyme, why, I lose the sense of it. I get to making bets with myself that its bound to fall down and miss the rhyme, next line. It always looks to me like taking a lot of fool trouble to be fancy when you really got something to say. But that's neither here nor there.

"Buck was the cowboy poet, or sometimes 'the Poet Scout,' with long brown curls hanging down on his coat collar and dressed up ornamental with buckskin pants and coat, all fringed, and a low-necked shirt and the hat all proper—

"Yes, sir—jest like a Wild West—that's it. He'd go off with one o' them shows every spring, selling his poetry and his photos and taking tickets and telling his recitations and adventures among the red devils of the far West at various entertainments, and bringing back pieces in the paper about him being a romantic and picturesque figger with his flashing eyes and his gift of song.

"Well, yes, of course—he'd *been* West. He was with the chuck wagon for the 'S-lazy-S' outfit one round-up that I know of, and he'd seen plenty Injuns when he clerked at the agency store down to Ponce, but he had to send to a Jew firm in Cincinnati for his buckskin clothes, and he didn't make no big hit when he got back to the San Juan country with 'em. They chiefly wear 'You-can't-bust-'em' overalls 'stead of buckskin pants around here. I took it Buck kept his costume on after he come back as a matter of economy. He cal'lated to wear it out among us and get a new one in the spring. And he wa'n't ever molested much after a couple years when the folks around Pagosa and Rock Creek got kind of used to the sight.

"Well, it's a year come next month Buck gets back to Rock Creek for the winter, and I fall in with him the first day I go down, me being also there for the winter, having left Jeff and Aleck up here to the ranch to feed stock. We met in front of the All Friends' saloon, where I'm going for my morning dram, and while I'm shaking hands with Buck the Sage Hen rides up. Well, sir, that woman was plump buffaloeed the minute her eyes fell on this long-haired Buckskin boy. She jest sets and gazes spellbound, like they say. Having been West so long she'd never had the chance to



"Making a low bow to the lady, like on the stage."

see anything like him before. And Buck, being a great grand-stand player, straightens up, brushing back his long silky curls, careless wise, and goes on talking to me like he hain't noticed her. You see, I was on to Buck in a minute. That was because he thinks he looks like Buffalo Bill in the side profile. And she sets there looking. Her eyes was plumb wonderful, now I tell you. I could gawp all I wanted to because she didn't even know I was there.

"In a minute I asks Buck in and he accepts promptly, first turning and making a low bow to the lady, like on the stage, with a flashing look in his eye, as if he'd jest happen to notice her.

"Yes, sir, the days that follered was marked by a good deal of gossip first and last. The Sage Hen, as they called her—not to her face—talked free. There was social gatherings, to mingle in the dance and have a few refreshments and so on, and the Sage Hen come near being

gang boss of all the doings. And at everyone I'd pick up something or other. 'There's girls here that will be miss long after my name is once more changed,' says she to a group of ladies. 'And marriage,' says she, 'is a proper estate, honorable and best of all for parties concerned. It's an outward sign,' she says, 'of a holy and undissolving union fortified by grace,' or something like that, though where she got it I don't know. She wa'n't a very wordy person as a rule.

"That was at first—this here vague kind of talk. But purty soon she gets down to cases, like you might say. First it was Buckskin Charles. She said he was a beautiful person and recited his cowboy poetics by heart, and had his show picture nailed up back of the stove—him looking off'n a mountain top watching a wagon train coming in to invade his peaceful solitudes. She let on that she felt powerless in his presence, like a poor little birdy being charmed by a horrible flat-headed serpent with gleaming fangs.

"Well, now, I ain't so awful light-minded, as you know, but it kind of grated on such vanity as a man's got a right to have—I mean her passing me up so entirely for this here cheap valentine boy. Any man feels miffed when something passes him clean by that a-way, even if he don't want it at all. So naturally I began to put forth a few efforts of light conversation in my own behalf—not aiming for anything, you understand, but a jest acknowledgment of my presence on God's green earth, merely as a man and a fellow-citizen. Mebbe I *did* talk a bit strong. Of course I did; because there was a good bit to overcome in the way of this fascination for Buck, and because at first I couldn't seem to get the ground loosened up none—couldn't get below the grass roots, so to speak.

"But all of a sudden one night at the Lit'ry, which was held in the school-house—I'd been talking strong—yes—

having grown reckless from previous re-buffs, as the man said—all at once I seen a new look in her eyes. 'Twa'n't a melting look exactly, but it was highly interested. I'll say that, and a whole lot determined. 'And Mr. Twilley,' she says, 'you'll think me romantic and foolish, but you behold a woman that's been tore between two fires'—or something like that—'my love of the beautiful,' she says, 'and my common sense for what is substantial and solid and has a few dollars laid up in the bank, and those sterling murrins that'd make him a father to the fatherless—has had a fierce combat, them two,' she says. 'And now, Mr. T.,' she ends up with, 'your faithful heart will rejoice to know that my common sense has won out. I have vanished romance, Mr. T., as St. George slayed the dragon.' And she stood, kind of waiting.

"Say, there was such a look in her eyes, with the way her jaws set—I felt like I did that day over on Pine River when I had to get that silver tip with one shot or else be got myself. I looked down, purtending I'd lost my hat, and then stumbled over my own feet and got to the door in a cold sweat. Thinks I, 'I'll get a pair snowshoes first thing tomorrow and work back to the ranch; Jeff and Aleck are good enough company for me. But, come morning, I got back a mite of nerve and made inquiries of a couple ladies I know. 'Why,' says they, 'she's been asking about Charley and about you and she's been told that you're well fixed and would make a good purvider, whilst Charley's a mere butterfly and greatly uncertain. She says Charley is cal'lated to inspire a great passion in a woman's heart, but that you'd make the best father, so she feels at her time of life that she's bound to, sacrifice herself to you for the sake of her little ones.' 'Oh, *does* she?' says I, jest like that.

"Well, say, I shivered, but, come to think of it, I see I hadn't signed no papers nor stuck up any claim—only jest



"'You're our new papa.'"

prospected the drift rock a bit, so I says to myself, 'Wait awhile and see.' And I did—but going to my shack thereafter, mind you, over the hill and not up the road past the Sage Hen lady's humble dwelling—not no more.

"Yes, sir, then the talk began to go back and forth right lively. This lady gives out that nothing ever turned her back once her mind was set; that she never stopped at anything to reach her goal. You'd give her 'good' on that proposition, once you seen her. And she further give out that I am one of the finest men America has yet purduced. Of course, that was drawing it purty strong. But me? I jes' lay quiet, going home and back over the hill, so's not to be prominent on the public highway, and turning down invites to several evening parties on the grounds that I wa'n't well. At least I said that at first, till I heard she was threatening to come and nurse me back to my old time vigger.

"Meantime I get a heart-to-heart talk with Buckskin Charley boy, leaning on the bar. 'Between you and I,' I blurts out to him, by way of bringing up the

matter, 'I'll bet chips to coppers that you're as much afraid of her as I be.' 'Afraid,' says he, getting into one of his show attitudes, all graceful—'I ain't afraid of anything that wears hoof, hide, or hair, black, white, red, or yellow, bar none. I don't know the meaning of the word fear. I'm that reckless of life and limb I marvel I'm alive to tell it. *But,*' he says, 'they's a thing about that lady that when she looks at you your energies is paralyzed. You know you're all in if she gives the word. You're roped, throwed, and tied, waiting for the iron.'

"'Then you're playing with fire,' I says.

"'None knows it better than me,' says Buck, 'but there are reasons.'

"'Are there, indeed?' I says. 'As what, now?'

"Then he goes on and tells me about setting in a game of cinch with two of the boys from Pagosa, over at the 'All Friends,' and he thinks they double-teamed him—him being a bit over-drunked. Anyway they skinned him and they done it purty. He says to 'em afterwards, kind of sobered, 'Why, that's every cent I got.' 'Oh, well, that's

enough,' says they, and when he starts to make a real kick, one of 'em sends him through the front door of the 'All Friends' like the door wasn't there at all. So it seems he's counting on the Sage Hen for a get-away stake, come spring, meaning to keep friendly with her, but no more, she having some little insurance money from the late Pulcifer who was an A. O. U. W. or something. I must say Buck showed nerve.

"Well, things go on, me meeting the lady—but only casual like when not meaning to—and purtending to be a good deal deaf from a blast up to the Last Hope; and reports going about that she is again being torn between love and common sense, owing to my not being so impetuous as first suspected.

"Along comes Christmas. Jest before the glad day, Buck comes and says they's to be a Christmas doings at the Sage Hen's—tree for the kids and folks bid in and dancing later and so forth, and she's set her heart that Buck'll have to be Santy Claus. But he's holding back 'less he's got a friend that'll never leave him the whole night long, not for a minute, and will I be that friend, because he's in hock at the Oro Fino house and has to have his fare East and the price of some new fancy pants when the snow goes off.

"Well, I hemmed and hawed, not knowing what to say. And says Buck, 'Give me no feeble friendship whose chains snap when adversity frowns.' 'Oh, if you put it that way,' I says, 'I'll go. I won't leave you dooring the evening, but neither do you leave me,' I says. 'Mind that.'

"'We'll purtend to be jealous,' says Buck, 'and watching each other close,' which was the poet's idea and a good one at that.

"Yes, sir, it's understood that Buck is to come as Santy Claus and I'm to come with him, helping tote the pack of purties for the blessed little ones. We're to come in the back way, jest after they

get through singing a yuletide carol or two.

"Well, Christmas eve is beautiful, all moonlight and clear with the big stars so firm in the sky, and Buck and me start for the scene of innocent gayety about 8.45 P.M., he being rigged out fine in a pink false face with white hair and whiskers, sent up from Durango. Between us we lugged the pack full of dolls and toys and peanut bar and such truck, Buck aiming to take it on his shoulders at the last minute and me to jingle-jingle a string of sleigh bells merrily.

"All went well, as the story says, till we clumb the rail fence back of the house, choosing a place jest by the hencoop where the lady kep' a fine lot of Bramys and buff Cochins. I'd ought to remembered right then that she'd had great trouble over certain people bothering them pullets. In fact she'd got so she'd act awful sudden any hour of the night when she heard scared chicken talk coming out of that coop. I'd ought to remembered that. But so had Buck ought to. He knew it as well as I did. But we was both thinking of the sport and how we'd make jealous cracks at each other all evening and glare like mad and talk fight and so forth, and when we pulled the pack over the fence Butk's foot slipped on the frozen snow and over he went against this coop, so he nearly tipped the thing over. Say them fowl made trouble right off. They'd got nervous and was light sleepers, I reckon, from having been molested so much at night. Anyway they squawked like they was all having their necks wrung at once.

"But still we didn't remember. We picked ourselves up and started on, laughing, when all at once I see the Sage Hen come out into the moonlight. Gosh all hemlock! She looked eight feet high. I dropped quick as a flash, yelling to Buck, but 'bang! bang!' she went—both barrels of her shotgun—before he could duck like I did; and good old

Saint Nick, elias Buckskin Charley, the Cowboy Poet, had two loads of shot into him.

"Ever notice people get shot on the stage? They put one hand on their heart, reach the other up in the air, this way, and say, 'My Gawd!'—then they stagger back two steps and plunge forward like they'd seen a diamond pin on the floor and wanted to nail it first.

"'Oh, no!' says she—'only half a load of fine shot. It couldn't hurt a person so *very* much.' And she looked at me very queer, I must say, and cool like, jest as if her first excitement had been put on. And when I get him in on the bed, with the flustered people and kids all about, she says, still very much collected, 'I plainly see the hand of Fate in this here. Fate is stronger than us all.'



"So that was the end of poor Buckskin Charley—so far."

"It ain't right—'tain't true. Buck slumped down like every bone in his body had been took out in a second by some trick or miracle. I h'isted him up at once, and down he slumped, groaning. Then I reh'isted him and starts to get him up over my shoulder.

"Meantime the Sage Hen runs up screaming, 'Oh, what *have* I done, what *have* I done?'

"'Looks like you got Buck that time,' I says, still lifting on him.

"Me? I made off suddenly for Doc Billings. I sent two of the boys back with him to do things needful, told Doc I'd pay his bill, and then—me on to the pinto and a lovely night ride down to Pagosa. Yes, sir. Think I was going back to set up with her and nurse Buck? Not me, with other able-bodied men about. I'd seen that funny look in her eyes when she noticed who it was had the bullet leaks.

"The rest of the news I had to get

from kind friends. Next morning, it seems, Buck is lying in bed, pale and weak, and wakes up to see the six little Pulcifers march in and line up, all staring at him pop-eyed and solemn. Then the biggest one pointed her finger at him and said: 'You're our new papa.' Then they all said together, 'You're our new papa,' and marched out.

Buck groaned and turned his face to the wall. Then the lady comes in and feels his pulse. Buck says, very puny, 'What's all this mean?'

"Why, you've compromised me," she says, 'coming on to my place at night and getting shot up that a-way. There's only one thing a gentleman can do,' she says, 'and that's to make good. I'm unprotected and a fair mark for the foul tongue of scandal.'

"It seems Buck got his wits back a little at that and says: 'But I have to be away so much on tour. How lonely you'd be. Why, I have to leave for all summer in a couple months. Mebbe when I come back next fall—' 'Oh, no,' she answers. 'Look there,' and she holds up a glass so's he can see himself.

"At that Buck let out a yell that was heard far and wide, for he saw that the Sage Hen had cut off his lovely long hair in the night. She hadn't taken time to do a neat job, either. She'd hacked a good bit and left Buck's head looking rough and spotty. I'm told he was a sight.

"It seems like he froze into a reg'ler horror when he saw it. His living was gone—they won't stand for a poet scout without long hair—and no telling what time it'd take to grow long enough again. Poor Buck he jest fell back weak and shut his eyes.

"I've kep' the curls," she says, 'and I shall treasure 'em ever and ever.'

"Buck took another look at himself, and he must 'a' done some hard thinking about what he owed in town and what he'd do when spring come. Anyway, he put his hand over into hers and says, 'I ain't worthy of you.' 'Oh, never mind—we'll see to *that*,' she says, very

cheerful, and so that was the end of poor Buckskin Charley—so far. Fate's had him down up to date. He's now plain Charles P. Timmins and works around the house and in the truck garden, and is father to the fatherless. At least he done so all last summer. I'm told that every time his hair grows out a bit he gets a far-away look in his eyes; but she gives him a two-bit piece and makes him go down to Dutch Jake to have it cut close again. Threatens to take a pair of clippers and do it herself if he don't go."

Hereupon Marvin refilled his pipe, covered some live coals with ashes under the burned side of the log, and went for a last look at the horses.

I had a question to ask, but fell asleep before he came back. I awoke from a dream in which I faced and sought to slay a monster, half deer, half cougar; a dream in which at every shot the bullet rolled slowly to the muzzle of my rifle and dropped straight to the ground.

It was a relief to emerge from this fever of maddening futility; to put my hand out over the edge of the blanket and feel the firm ground, to scent the thin, cold air of morning and then to see Marvin dimly puttering with twigs over the remains of last night's fire. I became aware that he had spoken to me.

"Yes, sir, them trained seals, now, at that Fair—one playing a banjo, and one a drum, and one a mouth harp. It certainly beats me how they teach 'em. Yes, sir, a seal could live in the same house with me for thirty years and never learn a note of music."

"By the way, Marvin, what did your story last night have to do with my overshooting that deer?"

"Oh—that?—didn't you see?"

He blew on the bed of coals and stirred a dancing little flame up through his twigs.

"I said you're apt to overshoot in a dim light. Well, there's just enough conceit in me to make me think the Sage Hen overshot her real mark that night—she seen us plain enough."

BEVERIDGE

A STUDY OF THE SELF-MADE MAN

BY GEORGE HORACE LORIMER



HE just judge did not die with Brutus, but the impartial friend has not yet been born. For one to tell a friend's faults would be ungenerous; to recount his virtues superfluous. As surely as a man's sin will find him out, a man's strength will be found out. If his light can be hidden under a bushel, we may be sure it is but a one candle-power light. The divine fire is not lit by the hand of friendship, nor quenched by the breath of enmity. Every man must serve his own gods and guard his own altars.

We may write around the living, but our shrewdest analysis will fail to reach that inner man—that subconscious self, so subtle that we cannot understand its reasonings in our friends, nor fathom its motives in our enemies; so elusive that we cannot follow its workings even in ourselves. It is only when the disembodied spirits come trooping back to people the pages of history that we begin to know men as they were and are.

This, then, is not to be an article on "The Real" Albert J. Beveridge—a chronicle of human weakness that lifts us to fellowship with a man in one anecdote; and of superhuman strength that exalts him far above us in the next. Rather it will be a little sermon on The Self-made Man, with Beveridge's name as a text to tie to, and only so much of him in it as I may need for my firstly,

secondly, and lastly. For there is nothing that we cannot best get at by expressing it in terms of some one man. To know whether the Panama Canal will be dug, we need not look over the ground, but we should hunt up Shonts. If he is a strong man, then the canal is an accomplished fact. If he is the right man for the work, then Roosevelt has added another force to those working for his own fame.

Around every great figure in history is grouped a company of the great. Napoleon found not only the crown of France lying in the dust, but swords for the men who helped him hold it against all Europe. He knew military genius wherever he saw it, and in its hands he placed the baton of a marshal. A strong man lets out his strength at usury when he joins strong men to his fortunes.

The tree of life still springs from the same parent stock as in the beginning. Unpruned and unrestrained it still bears the same bitter fruit. Like the wild apple by the roadside, it kills itself by the very exuberance of its growth. And the dominant strain in every boy tends down and back to the primal savage. So life must be a ceaseless pruning back of the bad and a careful grafting on of the good. Every man must be a Burbank, working patiently through repeated failures to fix the good and the true in himself.

The natural man is simply selfishness raised to the *n*th power. But that is the

seedling stock which, properly grafted, brings forth the fruits of unselfishness in the end. It is from this natural man that we get our useful variations. It is in the acquired man that we see how any individual has fixed and developed them. And so it is that the acquired, not the natural, man is peculiarly significant.

We know as much about keeping the human body sound as about the care of trees; as much about training a boy as about developing fruits; as much about shaping the mind as about changing the colors of flowers. But we shall not use that knowledge to the full until we really believe that Nature plays no favorites; that she recognizes but one law—obedience. And Success is the science of obedience. It is only because we do not more fully apply our knowledge that we have the anomaly of the self-made man succeeding in almost any given thing out of all proportion to the number who start with the world to choose from for their equipment. For from the first the self-made man has had to obey in order to live.

The law of averages applies to men as well as to trees. There is just as much potential energy and ability cradled in Fifth Avenue as on the farms along the Wabash. But the news of what the old man's son has been doing appears oftenest in the society columns, while the second generation from the Wabash figures in the big political story on the first page.

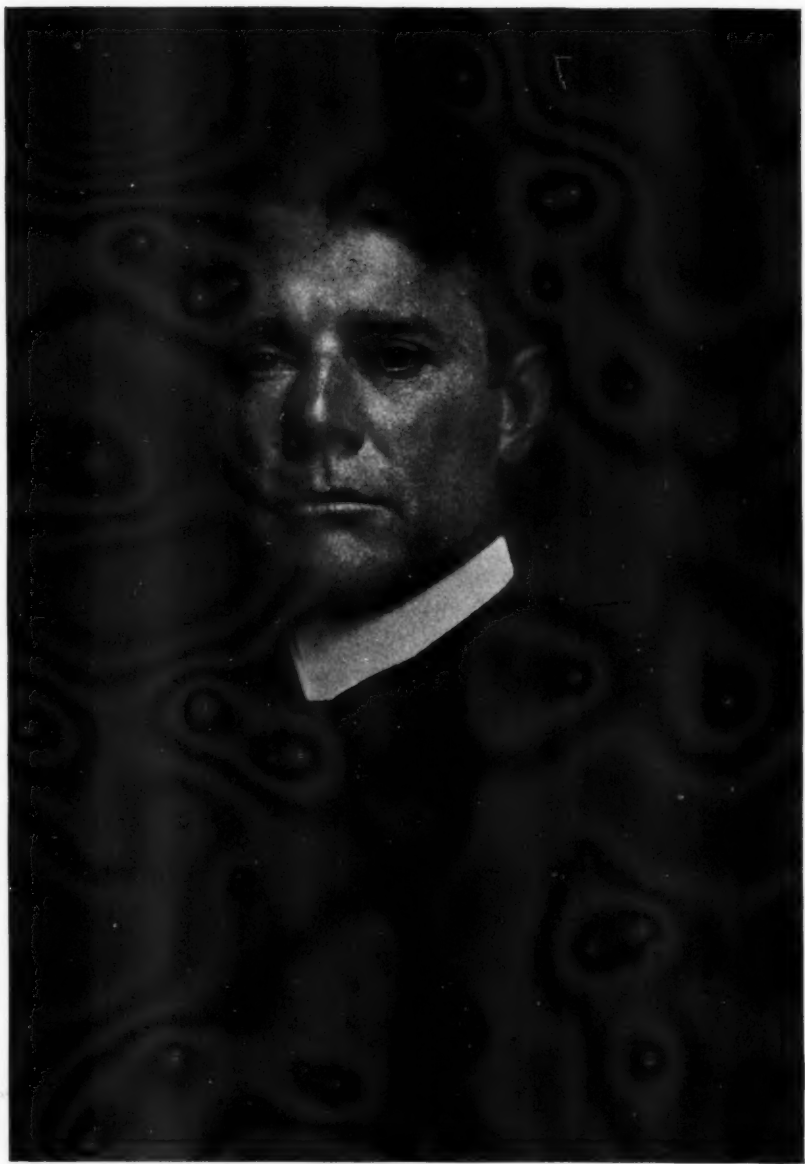
It is of no significance that Beveridge began life on a farm, became a logger, a book agent working his way through college, a plainsman, a law clerk; but it is significant that by these steps he mounted to the Senate. It is significant that by this process, or its equivalent, so many men win the greatest prizes of life; so few, comparatively, by other and easier ways. The necessity for the old struggle as a means to bread may be removed, but not, apparently, as a means to development. Life is not yet a game for the gentleman amateur.

It must be that in this familiar American process there is something that develops character, that vitalizes education. And if we can make that thing a part of the home and the college life of the boy who starts out with every material advantage, we shall take a step toward replacing natural with intelligent selection in the making of men.

That we are coming more and more to appreciate the importance of starting a boy right is shown in the steadily increasing drift toward country life. For a part of the year, at least, we take our children to the fields. But just when their city pallor has given way to country tan, we hurry them back to town, that they may develop their minds in its schools and their bodies in its streets. As yet we have only half-convictions and the half-courage that goes with them.

When our boys go to the country they play; when they return to the city they study and play; but the real country boys study, play, and work—not the stunting, stupefying work of the town, but the wholesome work of the fields. They are unconsciously, often unwillingly, obeying the simplest and most important of natural laws.

Beveridge and boys like him add pennies to the world's wealth from the day when they first drive home the cows; they are disciplined by duty from the hour when they first grasp the plow handles; they are grounded in health, summer and winter, through the years when one builds the body in which one lives and works through a lifetime; they are at school both in and out of doors, and the lessons of the fields more than equalize the difference between the little red schoolhouse and the big stone grammar school. For here in the country wealth is created; there in the city it is only marketed. The city is simply the business agent of the country. These fields are the basis of every trade, of every business, of every profession. Their lessons we must learn. Of course the city has its lessons, too, but few that



SENATOR ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE

cannot better wait. No man can be a great constructive merchant, or an understanding writer, or a wise ruler, who does not know the basic facts of agriculture. And yet there is a curious sort of educated snob who takes a pitiful pride in not knowing these things, as if, in some way, this homely knowledge might jostle rudely against his well-bred culture. Verily, the pride of ignorance transcends the pride of learning.

When you take the son of the average, hard-working, plain-living, God-fearing American farmer, and to the average country boy's education in study, play, and work add a little more than the average country boy's brain, you have about the best stock for making a man that America has yet produced. If anything is holding that boy down, it has got to give. If he wants to go to college, he will go. And usually he does go under the best possible circumstances for his fullest development, because he has to pay his own way.

He goes too, as a general thing, to a small college, in a country town, where for four years he lives in an atmosphere of work, of sacrifice, of wholesome ambition, with play enough and fun enough to leaven the whole. His president may not be so able a man as the head of a great university, but he knows his sheep, both white and black; his professors may not be so "cultured," but they teach small classes, and so they can concentrate and burn into the boy's brain what they have to give; the laboratory equipment may be poorer, but it is enough for the youngster who is willing to add to it the best that is in him; campus, buildings, surroundings, all may be shabbier and meaner, but at least a spirit of friendliness and true democracy pervades them. Last and most important, the boy must work at other things than books. Given a college that is fighting for existence, and a student that is fighting for a chance, and you have a fine combination for producing militant alumni.

I may lay too much stress on the importance of a young man's working at some manual or mental money-making pursuit while he is at school, but it does seem rather foolish to graduate bachelors of arts into the primary grade of the working world. It should, for instance, be impossible for a university to turn out men unacquainted with the simple, fundamental things of business. But we meet them daily in the kindergarten departments of practical life, timid in trying, bungling in doing, all for the lack of a little of the lower education with which to quicken the higher. Yet, ounce for ounce of gray matter, these more favored fellows should beat out the self-made man, if we could utilize our knowledge of the secret, which is not a secret, of their strength.

Beveridge had to support himself straight through his college course. He did that and helped the old folks. Yet he found time to join the debating society, to take an active part in fraternity affairs, to exercise regularly, and to get his share of the college fun. To do all this he had to make things fit together tight. But in doing it, he mastered the greatest secret of efficiency—to waste no time. Most men of seventy have lived only thirty-five years. They have frittered away the other thirty-five.

The ability to economize time implies self-mastery, and that in turn breeds self-reliance. These essentials are simply moral courage, trained and disciplined; and that must be the parent stock of any boy who is going to succeed in this world. There is a good deal to be said in favor of conditions that force a boy to fix in himself at twenty those qualities which so many more favored individuals do not acquire until they are thirty.

Beveridge had taken his course in elementary agriculture while he was going through the public schools; he was now to learn the principles of business along with his Latin and literature. He became a book agent and spotted the

marble-topped tables of Iowa with a portly compendium on the pursuit of health, happiness, and liberty. He did not want to be a book agent, but it offered, and he was not getting money from home; he was sending it there. It was a living, and more—experience.

And experience, like matter, is never lost. To approach the guardian mastiff of the gate with the due-guard and password of a master; to make friends with the baby; to be properly solicitous about the grandmother's rheumatism; and gradually to beguile the wife from her preserving to an inspection of a volume containing 1,001 choice, new receipts—these things are trivialities, but they are the primer of politics. To sell books; to make out five-dollar contracts; and to collect the money from the husband—all that is petty, but it is the first lesson in business.

When a man does a thing well, it does well by him. During his first vacation Beveridge made so much money that, for the second, he was appointed a special agent by the book concern. So he drilled half the college in the mysteries of health, happiness, and liberty during the spring, and took this squad along with him the next summer. Again he did so well that the publishers offered him a large salary to take a permanent position with them. But he would not accept, because he did not want to stay a book agent at any price. He had already heard his call, and it was to the bar.

The small colleges turn out few men that support themselves, either wholly or in part, who do not know just what they are driving at. A man who wants an education as bad as that knows what he wants it for. Necessity develops aptitudes quickly. A man learns early to know himself, and so to "find himself" and his life's work, where, under easier conditions, he might be hemming and hawing over it all through his college years. He does not take courses because they are snaps, but because he needs them in his business. There is no

perhaps in his lexicon, but *must* is on every page. And there is no alternative for *must*.

So we find Beveridge in college—determined to be a lawyer, and hoping to get into politics, studying elocution, reading the great orators, and trying his raw powers wherever he found a little assemblage that he could get the drop on. When coveys were scarce and shy, he would go off and declaim to himself. Most doctors, when they are sure they are right, go ahead—on a dog; but Beveridge tried it on himself.

Amusing enough this in its way, but when we have had our laugh, it is worth while stopping to think it over. The school in which Beveridge was educated had taught him the three great lessons—self-support, self-mastery, and self-reliance. From these he was progressing naturally to the fourth—self-advancement. He knew that he was working under a master who had no favorites; that no matter what exceptions there are to man's law, there is none to Nature's; he could win only if he were the fittest. There was no place for him on the team because his daddy had been on it; no class presidency because the old man was a leading citizen. When he went into the law he would get no clients because he belonged to the clubs and had influential relatives; but only because he could win cases hands down. When he got into politics he would be heard only if he could compel attention. He must first conquer indifference and then fight enmity. For the halfway men, the don't-care men, and the what's-the-use men do not like the self-made man. They are discontented, with the discontent that does poor work and sinks; he is discontented, with the discontent that does good work and rises. He makes the judicious snob grieve and the lazy incompetent sneer. Then, too, the self-made man usually has what Sudermann calls "the joy of living," which is Nature's compensation for self-restraint; and than this there is nothing more

irritating to the bored, who are paying Nature's penalty for self-indulgence.

We are often called on to express sympathy for these country boys who have to work about the farm. Myself, I am more inclined to pity the youngster whose education in pleasure begins when he leaves off pinafores; for an easy youth means a jaded manhood and a hard old age.

The country boy is apt to start with health—in itself a pleasure and the basis of all happiness—and, if he is ambitious, to conserve it. Beveridge came to college from the farm and the logging camp as hard as nails; he kept his muscles taut by manual labor and his body sound by walking, Nature's system of exercise, that cures all the ills advertised by the schools of physical culture. He had little time for college athletics. Few men that go to college for an education have. Football, baseball, and all the rest, as they are played in the great colleges to-day, are a profession in themselves. Under different conditions, they would have great play value, but when we begin to justify them, as so many enthusiasts do, purely on educational and utilitarian grounds, we must logically go a step farther and see if we cannot find something better to take their place.

Football, as it is played, is urged because it develops the manly qualities—courage, aggressiveness, self-reliance—in short, as some sort of a substitute for the primitive struggle—with the always implied and often outspoken idea that it fits a man to shoulder himself into a place in the world, grab what he wants from the weaker, and make the front rank in life as he would a touchdown. Yesterday, I talked with one of the old gods of football, a splendid fellow, who, by forgetting much that he should never have learned, and by learning much that should have been the commonplace of his boyhood, is rapidly achieving a position for himself. He spent a delirious senior year at college, with his picture in the paper every day, and columns about him on the sporting pages.

In the early autumn, just before he began to hunt for a position, he received a six-hundred-dollar check for writing a signed column on the chances of the big teams in the coming games. He spent the next year doing a boy's work in an office, and he got a trifle over a hundred dollars for it.

Sometimes, we see and hear things that make us doubt the value of these too strenuous games as a preparation for good health in the thirties and forties. Within the year I have met two captains of great elevens, one under, one over thirty, who walked out of college with the tread of gladiators. One is in the Texas Panhandle now, hunting for his lost health; the other is living on milk and broths, trying to forget his newly discovered stomach. He explained that when he left college and the training table he found it impossible, under the changed conditions, to keep both his health and his place. A turn in his father's fortunes had made it necessary for him to keep his place. Yet we must believe in football, as play—that is, football less the absurdly severe training, less the excessive amount of time wasted on it, less the maimings and homicides that seem to be inseparable from the game of to-day.

We forget that athletics is an artificial way of trying to comply with natural law; that athletics is simply a stimulant for the muscles. Like every other stimulant, it may be abused, and then it may not be discontinued without a violent reaction. At fifty the man whose body has been kept sound by a moderate amount of work and walking in the open air can usually throw his college chum who went in hard for athletics, if he has not already acted as pallbearer for him.

Beveridge, by natural and rational methods of exercise, has conserved the physical capital of his boyhood practically untouched, and reached forty-three with his muscles in shape for a twenty-mile tramp or a day's tree felling. The young man who hoards health has

created a trust fund for his old age. Sickness and slackness breed about all the want in the world.

Again, Beveridge had to follow the natural method when he left college. He had to get his living and his law at the same time. But while he was missing much excellent theory which he might have learned from professors, he was getting much useful practice in the office where he had found a place. And in the end he had the theory, too. He was simply learning his profession as children learn to talk—speech and its practical uses first, grammar afterwards. I have often wondered why some one has not stood up to advocate teaching the babies to parse their words as fast as they learn them. Probably some one has.

It is, though, a pleasant sign of the times to note that there are vague stirrings toward a mingling of practical with academic training. That here and there schools of commerce are being added to colleges, even though they are as yet kept separate from the sacred departments that manufacture "cultured men." It is, too, a good sign to see the schools of agriculture springing up, even though few of them are as yet affiliated with the colleges and some course in them made compulsory on the student body. There would be more virtue, perhaps, in making the freshman class spend a few hours of the week learning something about scientific agriculture than in giving up the same amount of time to graphic algebra; more health and usefulness in a daily hour of work in the fields than at club swinging in the gymnasium. A course in business for the country boys and a course in agriculture for the city boys might not come amiss in after-life.

Here we can leave Beveridge, as we should be able to leave any man who has obtained an education and learned a profession, to shift for himself. He is yet less a man of achievements than of possibilities, but he has acquired the habit of "making good."

The self-made man we have always had with us, and always will, until that day when our ingenuity shall have found a way of evading the last of Nature's laws, as it has of man's. We find him in the Old Testament and again in the New, in Rome, in Greece, in the Middle Ages, springing from the loins of the people, from slavery even, fighting up with bare fists through ignorance, prejudice, and oppression, grasping wealth and power and kingdoms by the sheer strength of his indomitable will and purpose. Sometimes he is a man of violence, sometimes a philosopher, a poet, or a priest; but always he it is who brings hope to man.

All this, if you like, is the doctrine of materialism; but materialism is the soil from which mankind has sprung, in which it grows and flowers into finer things. Man is not yet emancipated from Nature. He must still work under the lash. Much of the old bloodshed and brutality of the primal struggle has been stopped, not by suspending the operation of the law, but by obeying it more intelligently. We may, I venture to believe, develop stronger men when we recognize more clearly that work, as well as books, is a vital factor in the education of the sons of the well-to-do. There are no substitutes for the struggle, nothing "just as good" in developing strong men, self-reliant, "cultured" men, in the true and not the snobbish sense of the word. Culture for culture's sake, like art for art's sake, is a cry that covers a multitude of sins and much Tommyrot. The library life, the placid, dark-oak, stained-glass, and vellum-scented existence, in which nobody gets sweaty or excited, and everyone approves the good, the beautiful, and the true, without doing anything to bring them home to men, is as useless as the society life. Like the latter, it produces nothing more than a sense of personal satisfaction and superiority. What the world needs is not the culture that patronizes—it has too much of that already—but the culture that understands, that sympa-

thizes and helps. And you cannot get that, or any other right result, by disobeying natural law. The world is full of ready-made successes, second-hand statesmen, and marked-down reformers, but their clothes do not fit them. Fruit that falls into the lap is already half rotten. We cannot develop great merchants or poets or artists or doctors, unless, somewhere in the background, has been the shadow of the old bread fear, unless some devil of necessity has driven while the talent or aptitude was being developed and the habit of doing good work fixed. The greatest potential engineer, the greatest potential lawyer I have ever met were the sons of millionaires. They simply went to leaves; then rotted where they stood. The soil in which they grew was too rich. Had they been the sons of Indiana farmers, they would have been forced to their best development. Gray's *Elegy* is good poetry, but poor philosophy, as the world goes to-day. You cannot find a "mute, inglorious Milton" on a farm in Indiana. They are all in the little colleges, learning to scan, and working after recitations to pay their board bills.

The individual is nothing to Nature; he must be everything to the man trainer. That is the vital point of difference between natural and intelligent selection.

This self-made man of the centuries is succeeding to-day in every walk of life out of any proper proportion to the number of parent supported and education-thrown-in Americans who are equally successful in the same lines of activity. There must then be certain useful principles of training and education embodied in him which, if we can separate them from the waste and lost motion of purely natural processes, and apply them intelligently, as Burbank does his knowledge of natural laws to fruits and flowers, will make for a larger number of useful and efficient men among the sons of well-to-do Americans—in short, among the sons of self-

made men. For it is a curious thing that the self-made man usually fails to read the lesson of his own life aright, and begins the training of his boy by ignoring every principle that contributed to his own success.

He seems utterly unable to draw the obvious inference from himself that right education for his boy does not begin in sending him to a fashionable school that he may make "desirable acquaintances"; that it is not furthered by entering him at this college "because all the other boys are going there," or to that university because all its graduates have "such a manner." It is so easy to turn out cads and bounders and snobs that it is hardly worth while to specialize a boy in those lines.

Then, too, the self-made man, more than any other, fails to understand that there is no virtue in a diploma and no sense at all in a college education for a boy who has not, at nineteen or twenty, proved his fitness to receive one, and some knowledge of what he is going to do with it when he gets one. Napoleon "found the crown of France lying in the dust and picked it up on the point of his sword." "Good for Napoleon," we say; "let us give the boy a sword." So we hand him a sword that trips him up when he tries to step out. Yet he could do good work if we equipped him with the only weapon that he could handle—a pick.

That is what he would have been given had he been the son of a poor farmer. For under the operation of natural law the unfit have no chance to ride on the shoulders of the strong and hamper human progress with their dead weight. They stay right in the place where God put them, and serve the world usefully, if humbly.

Much more important than the sort of college to which we send a young man is the sort of young man that we send to college. But though the self-made man usually believes that the sons of other men should not receive all through their

formative years, without giving some return in effort and labor, he lets his own boy grow up hit or miss, without a stern necessity for hitting, and then throws him into the university with the assurance that four final years of hit or miss will in some way bring him around all right. That is why he so often misses—altogether, unless there is more latent strength beneath the rubbish than the father himself had; some enormously valuable years, in any event.

So long as the opportunities for men to work out their own salvation in this country continue and broaden, we shall be fulfilling its material mission. But until we can conserve more surely the good of the first generation in the second, and force it in turn to develop to the limit of its capacity, we shall not be realizing its higher ideals. To approach them we need more self-made sons of self-made fathers, men who have fixed in themselves the strength, the resourcefulness, the courage of the first generation, and developed with these qualities a still higher ideal of life and duty.

Many people, I know, use the words self-made and money as synonyms, but the right kind of self-made man is only

rich or poor as his lines in life are laid, as the world pays much or little for the work that he loves to do. In all our criticism of wealth we must not forget that a man may win riches and the right kind of success at the same time. Brains are usually well paid, even when they are used to make the world better; it is unfortunate that they are often paid still more when they are used to make it worse. But there is no implied merit in being poor.

We do not need more men who cannot make money, more who profess to despise money, or more who live on the interest of somebody else's money; but we do need more men who will not make or take money that is the fruit of blood and tears and dishonesty; who will not argue that precedent sanctions doubtful methods or that a good cause sanctifies bad money, but will hold fast to the law that all money made by dishonesty and oppression and brutality is a stench not only to God, but to man. The world can wait for justice tempered with mercy, if it can only get justice. And that will not come through kings and legislatures or judges, but only through breeding it in the blood and bone of new generations.

THE CLOISONNÉ VASE

BY MABEL HERBERT URNER



ONE of the finest pieces of Cloisonné in this collection! Iridescent Cloisonné with dragon decoration—and I am bid only eight dollars! Why the silver that it is enameled on is worth twice that. Eight dollars; will you make it ten? A rare bit of Cloisonné! An exquisite Christmas gift for anyone! Will you bid ten? Ten dollars for the vase?"

As the attendant held it up, she leaned forward eagerly. The coloring and shape were good; it would be cheap at twenty dollars. She knew she could not afford it; already she had bought more than she had intended. Her Christmas list was full, but it was well to have an extra present. And this vase was unusually good—she could not resist this one bid.

"Eight dollars only offered! Do you make it ten? Will you give ten?"

"Ten!" but so timidly she said it, that the auctioneer did not hear. "Ten!" she repeated, quite plainly this time.

"Ten dollars, I have ten, will you make it twelve?"

"Twelve!" The bid came in a clear, cold voice that she could not mistake. She glanced around quickly. Yes, Marie Vandivier was but a few seats away—bidding against her for this vase. She should not have it. Not if it took all that was in her purse. This woman who had always been her enemy, who had caused her estrangement from Grant North—oh, no, she should not have it.

"Fourteen!" there was a note of defiance in her voice.

"Fourteen bid, will you give sixteen?"

"Sixteen!" promptly came from Miss Vandivier.

"Eighteen!" she cried as promptly.

The bids soon exceeded the value of the vase. It was a wealthy and fashionable crowd that thronged Lamartine's Art Rooms for these Holiday sales, but it was a curious crowd also. And just now it was watching with interest these two young women bidding against each other with such bitterness. To many they were known personally.

"Thirty-five! I have thirty-five, will you make it forty?" The auctioneer was looking at her expectantly.

"Forty!" She said it clearly, but her heart beat painfully. Fifty dollars was all that she had, all that she would have until Christmas—two long weeks.

"Forty-five!" Marie flashed back.

"Fifty!" She bid it bravely—her last dollar. And now—what could she do now? Would she dare bid any more? How could she pay it?

She was vaguely conscious of some one standing behind her chair. She did not turn, her eyes never left the vase, but there was a subtle sense of a presence strangely disturbing.

"Fifty, fifty is bid! Will you give sixty?" There was a pause. Everyone was looking at Marie Vandivier.

Her heart gave a glad bound. Marie

Vandivier was hesitating, her courage had failed—she would not bid over fifty dollars.

"Sixty!" The bid came with a triumphant ring, the pause had been only to emphasize it.

And then the wave of attention turned back to her. The crowd seemed like a great pendulum, swaying first toward Marie Vandivier and then back to her. At any other time she would have shrunk from the publicity, from the sensation that it caused. But now she was barely conscious of it; she thought only of the money, of the seventy dollars she must now bid or give up the vase to Marie Vandivier. No, no—she would not give it up. Her rings—she could sell them. With the check her father always gave her Christmas morning, she could buy them back. Visions of pawn shops flashed before her as she called:

"Seventy!" It was hardly more than a whisper but so intense was the stillness that it was plainly heard.

"Eighty!" came Marie's voice.

She could not bid any more—she *dared* not. For the first time she was conscious of the many eyes that were turned toward her; a crimson wave swept her face and she bit her lips to keep them from trembling.

"Eighty dollars, eighty I am bid. Will you make it ninety?"

"Two hundred!" It was a man's voice, clear and determined. There was a subdued rustle of excitement as everyone turned to look at the new bidder.

She caught her breath. Grant North's voice! It was he who had been standing behind her, and he was doing this for her—for her. Oh, the rush of joy that came with the thought! The vase, Marie Vandivier—for the moment everything was forgotten except his nearness.

"Two hundred! Two hundred is bid for the Cloisonné vase. Do you make it two hundred and ten?" There was a deep silence. The auctioneer was looking expectantly at Marie Vandivier, but her eyes were riveted on the catalogue



"It was a man's voice, clear and determined."

in her lap, and there was an angry flush in her cheeks.

"Two hundred, two hundred I am bid. Will you make it two hundred and ten? Are you all through? Two hundred—going! Sold to the gentleman!"

Instantly the hall was filled with a buzz of comments. Two hundred dollars for a vase not worth thirty! Who was he, this tall young man that made so reckless a bid? To the few who knew him and the girl by whom he was standing, it was a delightful bit of gossip.

"Antique Shirvan rug, Catalogue number 703. A genuine antique. What am I bid? What do you start it at?"

But the auctioneer tried in vain for several minutes to get the attention of the crowd.

In spite of her joy at his nearness, the position was painfully awkward. She longed yet dreaded to turn and speak to him. But what could she say? She could not thank him for buying the vase, although she knew he had done it for her.

It was two weeks ago, Thanksgiving Day, that they had quarreled, and since then they had not met. Such a pitiful little quarrel. She had listened to a silly story Marie Vandivier had told of him, and then refused to hear him.

She had been cruelly unjust, she soon realized that. But he had been too deeply hurt to make any effort at reconciliation, and it was false pride that kept her from writing him; for she owed him that—an admission of her unjustness and of the utter untruth of Marie Vandivier's story.

And now did this, the buying of the vase, mean that he had forgiven her, or was it merely to spare her humiliation?

"May I come over here by you?"

She started, and glanced up tremulously; he was taking a seat beside her.

"Certainly—I—I think you can see very well there."

It was a foolish thing to say, for the seat was almost behind a large teak-wood cabinet. But she had said the only thing she could think of. Her heart

was throbbing violently, and she rolled and unrolled her catalogue to keep her hands from trembling.

"The coloring in that rug is good."

"Very." She had not even glanced at the rug, but that did not occur to her. Oh, if she could only think of something to say, that she might meet him half-way! He was doing it all—everything to make it easy for her. And it was to him that reparation was due. She had wronged him deeply—and now—now—

"Oh, I am sorry—I was unjust—cruelly unjust! And I—oh, I have missed you so!"

"Darling!" It was only a whisper, but she felt as though he had taken her in his arms. The tears were very near; she could not keep them back.

"Oh, say something—quick—anything—to keep me from crying! Oh, I must not cry here!"

He leaned forward quickly, "Do you like that rug? Shall I bid on it? The design is rather unusual."

"Fifty-five dollars! Fifty-five I am bid. Does anyone make it sixty?"

"Sixty," he bid promptly.

"Sixty! I have sixty. Will you make it sixty-five?"

But no one cared to bid against the man who gave two hundred dollars for a small Cloisonné vase.

"It will make a good library rug—" he bent over her and his voice was full of tenderness—"for *our* library."

But she did not answer; she was looking down at the catalogue. The warm color deepened in her face and neck.

"And the vase—I wonder where we shall put the vase?"

"We—we must take very good care of that," she murmured without looking up, "it—it was such an expensive vase."

"No—it was not expensive, it was worth it all—and more. I would have given much more. You know that, don't you? Say that you know it?"

And then she glanced up tremulously, "I *do* know it."

IN CURE OF HER SOUL

BY FREDERIC JESUP STIMSON

(*"J. S. of Dale"*)

"Plays made from helie tales I hold unmeet;
Let some great story of a man be sung."

—*Chatterton.*

X



HE morning lay over the Lenox valley. A week had gone by since their wedding. Austin and Dorothy were in the house their kindly aunt had left for them; and just as the sun rose above the eastern woods our hero came out upon the lawn and ran, like a boy, down the steep-shaven slope. But the face was a man's: the Major, had he seen it then, would have noticed a change. With all the brightness of youth his lips had the firmness, his eyes had now the repose, of man's estate. No longer questioning of the world, no more self-conscious than the West Wind, he ran for very joy of life, chasing the squirrels, scattering the red apples, conscious unconsciously of all happiness and loveliness, hardly more so than the bee that left the tall foxglove at his feet and buzzed into the brown sunlight, golden with the pollen. The secret of the world was his; he was wise with the wisdom that should never be lost, forgotten by the middle years, envied by the elders. But a moment he played about; then, as a shutter opened in the house, he made for it, as the bee for its hive. For his wife, from the open window, called to him. In a moment she was at his side.

They joined hands and raced down the hill. In her muslin morning gown, clinging to her young figure, she yet ran like an Atalanta. Dorothy, too, was changed, and for the better; a warm flush was in the ivory-white face, the cheek was fuller, the eyes two very wells of velvet black. Almost a typical American beauty, there was something Spanish in the type, not unusual with us. The morning was warm enough for them to sit in a garden seat beneath the golden beech leaves. "Dorothy," said he (his arm was at her waist), "Dorothy" (he said it like a prayer), "I've a letter from Major Brandon, dear old fellow!"

"A letter? Oh, let me see it——"

"A letter and a package of newspapers."

Dorothy clapped her hands. "Oh, what do they say? I have been so afraid what they might say of us—what do people think of me?" She had never spoken to him before of this anxiety, and the thought crossed his mind then that it had been nice of her. They knew that the Major had fulfilled his promise and seen Mrs. Somers; for from that lady they had had a letter. But with newspapers they had not yet been troubled.

"Let's read the letter first," said Austin.

It was very short and satisfactory. "I have seen Mrs. Somers again," the Ma-

jor wrote, "and she agrees with me that she should come to you at once. I cannot honestly tell you that she is yet reconciled to the match; but she will play her part, at least in public; she requires a little schooling. So you may expect her on to-morrow's train. She seems to expect that you are living in a tent, or a cave, and is waiting until her maid returns. It might be well to receive her with some display. Yours always," etc.

Austin laughed. "I'll send Wallace with my aunt's best horses." He went on, reading: "'P.S.—Mrs. Pinckney had better meet her alone, at first, and let her have her cry out.' Humph!"

But Dorothy only laughed. "Let's see the papers." There was quite a bundle of them, New York and Philadelphia, and all carefully marked by the Major. Their comments reflected credit at once upon his imagination and his tact. After all the one quality depends subtly on the other. The Major's dinner to the two influential correspondents had evidently done its work. From all accounts of the wedding, you would have inferred rather the keeping of an old promise than the breaking of a new. "Miss Dorothy Somers, whose engagement to Mr. Gansevoort, of New York, had been recently reported, was married to-day" (the more lively journals had it, "with much *éclat*") "to Charles Austin Pinckney, a young lawyer of New York. It is believed to have been quite a romance; the bridegroom made the young lady's acquaintance some years since in Germany. A tacit engagement was contracted between them at that time, and the rumor of his fiancée's engagement to Mr. Gansevoort coming to him at a time when domestic duties required his presence in Germany" (Mr. Pinckney's father will be remembered as our late Consul in Carlsruhe), "it might well have discouraged the hopes of a less earnest suitor. Mr. Pinckney, however, took one of the first steamers for America, where all was happily ex-

plained." It will be seen that in this explanation Mr. Gansevoort's situation was, with delicacy, left out entirely. Several of the papers entitled it, "Romance in High Life"; one even went so far as to caption it, "True to Her First Love." A New York society journal of a literary tendency made a story of it, "Hearts against Diamonds." The Gansevoort tiara was famous. But the graver journals preferred the form, "Miss Dorothy Somers, whose engagement to Mr. Petrus Gansevoort was recently canceled, was married yesterday, from her home in Philadelphia, at Trinity Church, Camden, New Jersey, by the Bishop of Appalachia, assisted by the Rev. Father Conyngham, in the presence of a brilliant company," etc., etc. "Major Gervaise Brandon,"—it was because the Major's name was Gervaise that he was invariably called Tom—"of New York, was best man; the bridesmaid, Miss Winifred Radnor; the ushers, Messrs. Dallas Riddle, of Philadelphia, and Schuyler Schermerhorn, of New York. The happy couple will spend the honeymoon in the house of Miss Emily Austin, at Lenox, Mass., an aunt of the groom, before making a trip to Europe. The presents, said to be numerous and costly, were not shown——"

"A trip to Europe?"

"Would you like to go?" But Dorothy evaded the question; and nothing more, that was spoken, passed between them for the time. The day (a most glorious one) was passed in riding in the woods, and the day, by our hero, was never forgotten. Not the too melodramatic excitement of the wedding day: not the Francesca-like kiss of wooing; far less the delirium of the twenty-four hours following the wedding (what man ever remembers them?) had half the memorable quality, a tinge of the pure human bliss, that gilded those life-climax making hours in the brown mountain woods. Whether it was that his anxieties were lulled, his fears that he had embroiled Dorothy with her family, or whether the

peace of the usual human relation stilled his soul; or whether his heart was subtly conscious that his rash experiment had really brought the woman love—this girl who cantered by his side, her hair unbound for his pleasure and softly covering his eyes as he leaned from his horse to kiss her parted lips. The world was right, their love was right; it was right that he should be the father of her child. The horses seemed to feel it too: it was strange how his own, a spirited over-fed thoroughbred, insufficiently exercised by his old aunt's grooms, who had pulled his forearm to a cramp as they rode apart upon the high road, so that he even dashed ahead of her and the village boys turned round to watch the runaway—when they came to the woods and none could see them, and Austin, thinking little of his horse, half dropped the curb to bend back to the girl, to call her to his side, changing reins to pass his left arm under hers, pressing her full young form, seized not the bit as he slackened, but came to a walk, close beside her quieter mare. So side by side they walked, and his kisses fell almost as thick upon her as the dropping leaves.

They stopped in some country village, far over the mountain in New York, for food or to rest the horses; but shunning the village inns themselves, they walked by a mountain stream which made black pools and silvery plunges beneath the scarlet maple and yellow chestnut and birch. They rode home slower, in the afternoon with tired horses; only as the sun sank beyond Yokum's Seat did their horses' hoofs ring slowly on the pavement of the stable-yard. Then their day of love ended and they must face the world.

The world, for the moment, was personified in Mrs. Somers, and at five o'clock Dorothy, in the finest carriage in the stable, started to drive for her mother to the nearest railway station. But Dorothy was still in the highest of spirits; this young lady evidently did not hold her

mother in much awe. Austin, left at home, was graver. He sat down to write his answer to the Major, before she arrived; it seemed the better taste not to have to refer, even to the Major, to the domestic experiences of his new family circle. As he wrote, he caught himself envying the easy cheerfulness with which the Major had contemplated his first interview with Mrs. Somers.

That lady arrived, somewhat tearful and very tired, at half-past six, and demanded instantly to be shown to her room. Both Dorothy and Austin omitted any presentation of him to her; he had seen her several times the year before, at Baden-Baden; the son-in-law relation was at once assumed. He thanked her for having intelligence enough to accept it. As she allowed him to take her hand, "You must forgive me," he said, "I loved her so." Mrs. Somers only remarked that the train had been very hot and she was very tired, and that her mind was disquieted as to the hour when her trunks would come. "We can easily put dinner off an hour," said Austin. It was rather a master stroke. Mrs. Somers looked covertly about the house; the footman was unexceptional; he betokened full dress. "Surely you don't expect anyone to dinner to-night?" said she.

The question suggested to our hero the wish that he had thought of it; but he only replied in the negative. "We thought of asking the Van Courtlandts to-morrow; they are old friends, I believe; but no one is coming to-night."

Austin was lady's maid to his young wife that night; perhaps it was fortunate that the dinner was put off; and he made her wear all her pearls. For with his own had come a duplicate from the Major. The dinner was excellent.

"You really must go to Europe first," said Mrs. Somers in the evening. "I really couldn't bear it, for a few months."

And that was all.

XI

BUT first Austin took his bride to Cambridge. The trip to Europe was impossible; for all Pinckney's ambitions were now multiplied tenfold. If it had seemed before that only the highest places in his profession were worth his life, it was tenfold more true now that his end, whatever it be, must be made worthy of her as well. He had money enough to live upon, meanwhile; and the foundation could be none too carefully laid that was to carry him to the Supreme Court of the United States, that highest of tribunals in the world—or to the Court of St. James, if haply she should prefer. As a road to wealth, the law was not so much in his mind; indeed it was not so well-trodden a path on those days as it has since become.

They took a little wooden house on one of the shaded eminences that Cambridge dignifies with the name of hill. They kept but two servants; and while Austin was absent at his law lectures, Mrs. Pinckney was kept busy with the housekeeping. Of this essential art of life she knew absolutely nothing, Mrs. Somers having brought her up to know only the arts she deemed necessary to a brilliant marriage. Probably this made it all the more amusing to Dorothy, who had the Southern woman's readiness at practical affairs without her laziness and tolerance of petty imperfections, and a Northern woman's understanding of the character of Yankee "help" without her tendency to "nag." Her time was sufficiently diversified with society pleasures, for their marriage had made more than a nine days' wonder; Mrs. Shirley and other Boston relatives of our hero made haste to welcome her and make much of the Philadelphia beauty, who had not been tempted by the largest hoard of those New York millions whose existence Boston was already learning to resent.

Dorothy successfully resisted any inclination of her mother to visit her that

winter—which was not indeed difficult, as that gay widow was busy with her balls and already preparing the *début* of the younger sister who should repair poor Dorothy's failure—promising in return a long visit for the holidays. But the Major was an honored guest; first of all to visit them, he stayed a fortnight in the spare chamber without his valet, and threw himself into the academic life and its doings in a manner which did equal honor to his head and heart. By no means an unlettered man (indeed he used to wonder what sort of old age that *jeunesse* which delights only in the strength of a horse was going to lay up for itself) he reveled in the novelty of meeting authors and professors; and, if he was not quite so enthusiastic about their wives, he regarded them with the highest respect. Of many of their daughters he seemed to think that something might be done, provided they were taken young enough. But most of all he was enraptured with Dorothy herself. It was so delightful (as he told Mrs. Arthur Shirley) to see a young lady growing in her home, fitting her niche so perfectly, building about her, as a bird its nest, her house and household. In such households (the Major was then known to say) lay the safety of America that was to come. He insisted that Austin should go to his lectures just the same; fortunately they came in the morning, usually before the Major was up. In the afternoon there was often daylight for a sleigh ride all together, and when Austin had a leisure evening there was the theater in Boston; at other times he would peg away at his lecture notes, and Major Brandon would sit and smoke and watch Dorothy busy herself about household affairs. It was from this time the Major learned to assert that there was poetry in a feather duster, properly applied, daintily and deftly, its owner standing tip-toe on a chair. For Dorothy, finding the law indeed a jealous mistress, asserted her wifely interest in the house, if not in the

head. The sense of possession delighted her. Though they had but a year's lease and the house was "furnished" by the owner (according to stern Yankee standards), their wedding presents and what they had bought since were hers, and gave her pleasure of a sort she had never felt in the more pretentious possessions of her mother's home.

To the Major, who knew Boston almost as well as he knew London, it was a time for taking up past acquaintances. He was put down at the same old club, and met the same old people, too often with a pang caused by the too obvious, in their cases, irreparable outrage of the years. A cosmopolitan existence, after all, conduces to youth; though possibly one's toes must suffer for the more youthful face. After all, his best hours were passed at the little house in Cambridge.

Austin was acquiring an enthusiasm for John Marshall, the father of our Constitution; and the Major thoroughly approved his doing so. "There is a man!" Austin would say; "there is a career! to make a nation of one's own brains! to lead an intellectual life that was also one of the highest patriotism!" Austin swore he would pass the long vacation in writing the life of Marshall, and the Major, having learned that Marshall was a man who had become Chief Justice of the United States, applauded. (This life remains unwritten; for later, in the spring, came the plan of taking his young wife by canoe to the rivers of Canada, and later, in the summer, came the baby.) The Major went with them to several dinners, not only in Boston but in Cambridge, dinners which delighted him, though he wished the living had been plainer. Their house was just about an arm's length from a dozen neighbors', each fronting or sidling upon a neighbor's back yard (one wonders when we shall learn to be suburban in blocks, and be done with it—and so get space for real gardens, and tennis grounds between, and hang our clean linen in a common secret place).

In the rear was a little garden with a walk rimmed in ancient but still-struggling box—a box that had incorrigibly put forth its leaves for pleasure through many Puritan winters: and the Major, on sunny days, would walk and smoke his cigar there, thinking of his good talk of the night before. Knowledge of the world is never at a loss with a knowledge of books, though sometimes it is the other way about; and he felt pleasantly conscious of having carried with him to the entertainment his fair share. "Call it provincial!" he wrote a friend—"why, it's one of the market-places of the world's intelligence!"—"They know the world in a far more real way than I—they know the Cabinet ministers, thinkers, fellers that are doin' things"—he said to Dorothy—"they live just as we do, only more sensibly—and I don't suppose we've met a man who spends more than ten thousand a year!"

Austin contracted a friendship with Wentworth, a member of his class in the law school—and brought him to the house. Wentworth adored Austin, but they used to have the fiercest arguments upon points of law. "When I mail a letter accepting your offer, have I made a contract? If so, can I telegraph you withdrawing the acceptance? If so, you are bound, and I am not bound—" "That invariably happens when you write a love letter," the Major would interpolate. "The only thing is, if she has your letters, to make sure you have her kisses!" But the Major was frowned down and turned to Dorothy, who understood him. "A woman's kisses are hostages given for her good faith." Much time was given by them to this complex question (the mailing of the letter, we mean); they conceived it would be of infinite use to them in after-life. Markoff, another student, used rather to make fun of these questions; he even doubted whether the New York courts would much concern themselves over the great distinction between contracts that were unilateral

and those which were bilateral; a brilliant person, but erratic, whose marks rose sometimes to a hundred and then sank to the danger line. Markoff came from Iowa, but he also meant to practice in the city of New York. He never mentioned his family, though no one was antisemite at Cambridge; in reality he had been born in Iowa, though his father, Markovsky, had been a Russian Jew who had made a competency out of a Keokuk dry goods store. Markoff had left the business to his brothers and taken his share, with a liberal discount, in cash. A very few months in Chicago (it was 1882) had convinced him that a lawyer's fees came from New York; it was a greater proof of his intelligence that a very few months in a Wall Street law office had convinced him that the best avenue of approach even to New York practice—of the kind he only wanted—lay through the Harvard Law School. So there he had appeared, dropping the *sky* on the way; his type of face was too European to call himself Hamilton or Rutherford as his congeners so often do; but he gave his address New York, and dressed as a New Yorker; he had learned the art there. But Markoff cared nothing for John Marshall; he wished to be, not a jurist, but a millionaire; and he wished to spend his million young. The subtleties of the Dane Law School impressed his mind as idle casuistry, but he valued its introductions. After the Major left, he came to the house more frequently. He never could get on with the Major.

For the Christmas vacation they went to Philadelphia; here the open reconciliation with Mrs. Somers took place, and the bridal couple were produced at the more important balls. Philadelphia was charming to them. To begin with, it does not care for money, and it does care for South Carolina Pinckneys; then it secretly enjoyed Mrs. Somers' disappointment; finally, they were young and handsome and the old ladies liked to see them together. The men, to Pinckney,

were most friendly; and Dorothy had never been so popular; while the ushers and other men who had been bidden to the Camden wedding made a little bodyguard to see that Mrs. Pinckney lacked no favors and had always a suitor waiting while she danced. For the world is a kind world to those who take it simply, after all. And they had taken it in the simplest fashion—getting wed.

XII

THE few who have really found out the delights of canoe voyaging do not boast of their good fortune. The haunts they have discovered must be told to few (and those few feminine), or, at most, shared with a brother canoeist. But you may know them, in May, by their look of Arcady; all day they go to and fro, busying themselves in cities with their affairs, lost daisies in their eyes. Your angler too is uneasy, but (with or without his basket) he is bent upon material gain. He is after the brooks for what he can get there; something of the coarser shine of avarice is in his eyes. But the canoe voyager has the dreamy look of one who has been kissed upon the lips by a woodland nymph and forgotten just where it happened.

For the canoe takes you "by still rivers and solitary mere, and where the water brook delivers [this avoid] its waters to the weir"; behind the villages, at their back doors, where they touch nature, and reveal their life; from town to town by the unknown way, untrodden these two centuries, with fine moss-grown streets of crowfoot and meadow rue; a silent road, for all noise of axle, wheel, or cog, voiceless of steam, but full of the voice of all things else. If you meet the natives, they take you simply: children first, then women (always the easier road to their hearts). You learn no formal front from the river, but the back-yard, the true forum of domestic activity; you learn what they eat, and

wear, and what they think; you eat of their new-laid eggs and sleep (if they will let you) in their haylofts; you talk with Mother of the girls, with the girls of the boys, with Father, in his shirt sleeves, of the well-being of your common country, yourself not too formally clad in flannels and bare sun-burned arms.

Austin had canoed in England, in Lorraine, and in the Netherlands; New England rivers were new to him; but he sought to inspire Dorothy with a sympathy for his enthusiasm for that sweetest, most individual, most personal of sports; a yachting which depends not on millions, but on the person; which requires, not the labor and the company of a dozen hired men, but only a sound heart, a healthy body, and a full mind. It was just the thing for them that summer: to keep them alone together, yet give them the joys of travel and outdoors. He took advice, and got a canyans canoe built for him in Oldtown, Maine; a seventeen-footer, roomy enough for cruising, able to carry four without baggage. In this they had their daily outing on the Charles River, watching the college eights behind the houses on Beacon Street, or pushing up the tidal stream to Watertown, where the country river trickles over the last dam to find itself at sea.

Wentworth was sometimes with them on their trips; he was a sturdy, fair-haired lad from New Hampshire, with sensitive blue eyes. One day in June they were emboldened for a Viking's voyage, nothing less than to paddle down the harbor on a still day and dine at Taft's. For that famous hostelry was still running; it was (as all the world then knew) upon a point near Shirley Gut, through which deep, tortuous tide channel, the story runs, a Yankee frigate once escaped a British cruiser. Outside it was the sea, with real surf upon a beach—upon this occasion he invited Markoff, as a passenger; Wentworth, an athlete and a skilled canoeist, taking the stern paddle, Dorothy on the bottom facing him, her

back upon a cane rest against the thwart, while Austin, slenderer, took the bow, Markoff on the bench behind him.

They had much fun and some difficulty in getting under the many pile bridges that, spider-like, connect Boston with the mainland, railway bridges most of them, making it not too clean a job. And when they swung out, past the navy yard, by the ocean liners at East Boston, a smart short sea met them, making the light bow dance wildly. Markoff wanted to turn back, and whispered to Austin; dipping his paddle to hold the bow up, he looked around; as he did so a swash of salt water came over the side, wetting Dorothy's light gown. "Is it too much, do you think?"

"Nonsense," said Wentworth, laughing up at her as he swung the stern around in a strong curved stroke, "we'll do it splendidly! Shan't we, Mrs. Pinckney?"

"I think its great fun," said Dorothy; and Markoff said no more. But coming back even Wentworth suggested that she should return by train; a strong east wind had set in after sunset and the bridges were not too easy in the dark.

"I'll take her back, with Markoff."

"I'll go with you," Austin said; but Wentworth answered that was nonsense.

"He'll do well enough at bow, before the wind. You take Mrs. Pinckney home." So Austin and his wife were driven in the evening along the beach to the nearest railway; their dinner had been excellent, and a large moon rose out of the unbroken sea line to the east. They laughed a little at Markoff, talked a word of praise for Wentworth, and then, happiest of all themes, of themselves.

But that same full moon brought a tide that made the others some trouble. Wentworth never said a word; but Markoff told them afterwards that they had to lie on their backs under the bridges, were nearly capsized in the dark, and that it was after midnight when they got the canoe to Cambridge.

Bromidon! It is a stream, a lost river, never to be seen again of men. For many years Austin remembered it—I wonder if he remembers it now? He stoutly asserted always that it emptied into the Connecticut; out of which more commonplace river they were lured one late June morning by what curve of lily-fringed lower beach, by what sheen of mist or sparkle of mountain, he never could describe. Then there was a foaming rapid, below a fall, above which the peace of the river lay for many miles. The northern pastures still were a riot of the May: the yellow pollen dust lay on the water, like moss upon black marble; the lower forest glades were lit with red azalea, the pathways with wild rose, the air they breathed was laden, sweet as the breath of a young girl you would kiss, with the sweetest of all odors, the blossom of the wild grape. Bromidon!

For many miles they explored this stream, that comes down from the Delectable Mountains, in a land that has no villages and yet is too tender to be wild; humanized with old wood roads and leveled pastures and blooms that have their birth in gardens. All the hours of that day they spent there, when they should have been down the great river getting on to Windsor—or to Vernon—or to Woodstock—Austin would never tell.

They had left Cambridge ten days before, the moment the examinations were over. By still rivers—Charles, Concord, Assabet—they had reached the swifter Nashua; then there had been a day or two upon the Merrimac, until it began to babble over stones; then the railway had carried them to the Connecticut, down which they were supposed to be returning. But the most sweet hours are those which one loses in this world. That day was given to Bromidon. Above the meadows were the great grave pines; and above the pines came now and then the azure shoulder of some purple mountain, mellowed to a

russet red where outlines struck the sun. When it sank, red and clear, they found the nearest farmhouse.

XIII

THE morning came gray and doubtful, with a blustering wind. Embarked on the great river, they had to hurry to get to Bellows Falls before the brewing storm. A strong spring flood helped them, and a northeast wind; six miles an hour are easy, done in such conditions. Dorothy was evidently out of spirits; she complained of not feeling very well. Austin hurried and made a long morning of it, digging his shoulder into the stroke; but oftener and oftener the blade of the paddle was needed in the water to steady the frail bark in a swirl of foam or a gust of wind that hurried down the rapid river. So they got to Bellows Falls by two o'clock, not stopping for any lunch; it was well they had it with them though, for "dinner" in the cheerless country hotel was over and they were informed that the "help" had gone out for the afternoon and they could have nothing, not even tea, until supper time at six o'clock. So they ate their canoe lunch upon a marble-topped table and Austin made some tea upon the stove.

But Dorothy did not get any better that night and Austin lay awake worrying about her. And when he did fall asleep, toward morning, he was awakened by the slightest sound from her, but to him the most terrible. Dorothy was sobbing. He sprang to her lips, with loving solicitations.

By daylight it came out. It was not that she was tired of the trip, but—yes, she would like to go back to Cambridge. Dorothy had never been alone in her life before; the cheerless, squalid hotel, the stormy contact with nature. There is a story of a lady of society who for the first time crossing the plains in a Pullman car pinned newspapers to all the

windows to keep out the prairies' vastness. They had been gone over a week and in all that time had spoken with no soul they knew. "I think I should like you better, Austin," Dorothy admitted, in an engaging burst of frankness, "if I saw some other people too."

They came back to Cambridge, where the canoe was housed and Dorothy's trunks refitted, and then went to Bar Harbor. Austin barely gave a sigh at the change of plans, but took advantage of the opportunity to fill his own trunk with law books. After all, Mount Desert would be a great place to study. Dorothy went in to her dressmaker's, while he stirred the dust of the library. At least, this was what he supposed; but (it was only the second evening in Cambridge, the place was hot, and they were to leave on the day after) his wife came home with a changed face. She had complained of feeling unwell that morning, and Austin had begged her not to go to town; but she had persisted and he had desisted, apprehensive of delay caused by dressmaking difficulties and very desirous of getting her into the changed air of the Maine coast. The Cambridge air was lifeless, and the place almost as lonely as that dreadful hotel, memorable always to Austin as the place where his wife had first cried. But to-night her pallor was alarming, and he began to scold.

"O Austin, I have not been to the dressmaker's!" she cried; "I have been to Dr. Byfield's." (Dr. Byfield was the family physician, recommended by Aunt Mary Austin.) "I—I am going to have a baby." Then she burst into tears. Austin flew to her with his arms, and kissed her over and over again. "Darling, oh, my darling," was all he could say; but he said it many, many times, between the kisses that he smothered her with. He kissed her lips over and over again, then her brow, where the wonderful hair like burnished copper was penciled on the milk-white flesh. "Oh, I am so glad we came back from New

Hampshire! Darling, you don't think it was too much for you—the river, I mean?"

Dorothy shook her head. "If only we can go to Bar Harbor just the same." The tears hung on her eyelids, and he kissed them away. Then, his lips still wet, he kissed her lips once more. His arms were tight about her waist. "Don't dear, you hurt——"

Terrified with repentance, the youth sank upon the great chair, his bride in his arms. He arranged her, comfortably and tenderly, and sank upon his knees before her. "Dorothy! Dorothy, do look at me! I am so happy!"

He drew her forward. She was in a white evening gown, half robe, half wrapper; and as she leaned forward to look at him the hollow of her neck was at his cheek. The white lace slipped, his lips following it, until they touched her. Suddenly she returned his embrace, kissing his passionately, with parted lips, as he took his own lips away. Then she turned and looked at herself a moment in the glass; before drawing her wrapper across her bosom, she lifted her elbows, clasping her hands behind her head, to deepen the white hollow between the breasts; a faint down of blonde glistened in the lamplight. Lovingly she looked at her figure in the glass; lovingly Austin looked at her.

"O Austin, it is so soon! You will not expect me to nurse it, will you?"

XIV

IN November their child was born; and it lived a day. Its dying made a dike in Austin's nature as when volcanic lava fills a rift in granite, hardened into permanence. Strangely enough (for such things are thought to mean more for women) Dorothy's nature seemed to absorb the wound. She would not go into mourning for an unchristened child: before the winter was over she was home in Philadelphia,

dancing at a ball with a figure slender as any girl's, only the ripe roundness, the full shoulder, for a girl to envy.

She was the rage that winter. Men were crazy about her. She dressed richly and yet girlishly; the women said too much. Yet her figure was so childish that she might wear what another woman could not. Her loose gown might fall away as from a wood nymph or slip from one round shoulder: the line of the white chest lay straight and pure, like a child's. Artists asked to paint her: she was proud of it. She only wrote Austin of her dances, and how she enjoyed it.

Austin was thankful that she was so: the thing was over, he set his teeth and worked the harder. He did not go with her this time; it was his last year in Cambridge and he meant to take high rank. He had grown very fond of Wentworth: it was settled that they were to go to New York together and (if neither of them was so lucky as to get into a great firm) they were to go into partnership. He was happy, though, when Dolly got back just before Lent and their teas began. Wentworth and Markoff were always present; sometimes others of the Law School men, even a professor or two; Dorothy held quite a little salon.

But one day Wentworth came to him and told him that he had decided to give up going to New York, and nothing that Austin could urge availed to make him change his decision. "He had decided that he was not fitted for the life of a great city. One should be very sure of oneself—very sure of one's own abilities, to risk it. Otherwise it were better contentedly to accept the leadership in some provincial town."

Austin was seriously disappointed. He was not heartbroken; though the young New Englander's friendship had become very dear to him. He begged him again and again to reconsider his determination. He reminded him how they had planned and

plotted to shape their careers—almost to lead their lives together. But Wentworth was adamant. "New York was well enough for Austin—he was sure to take the leadership wherever he went; with his social connections, he could seize the highest opportunities. But he, Wentworth, he was fitted to be the plodding country lawyer."

The matter was first broached by Wentworth at the beginning of a long country walk. Still unshaken by Austin's argument, he came to dinner, and after it Austin returned to the charge in vain. When Dorothy added her persuasions to his he averted his eyes but answered in the same tenor. Possibly he infused a shade more ambition into his reasoning. "His political prospects were greater at home——"

"I see," laughed Austin. "After all, Daniel Webster began at Portsmouth"—and Wentworth joined in the laugh with obvious relief. Dorothy said nothing more; and just then Markoff entered.

The examinations began shortly after this conversation and Wentworth hardly got to the house again. Markoff continued an assiduous visitor. He had always taken very high rank and all believed that he would do so in the finals; yet he only seemed always to have leisure. Austin was wrapped up in his work, so much so that he hardly found time even to urge Wentworth to alter his decision; that might go until the examinations were over; for was it not rumored that certain of the great New York firms left a standing order to receive as students one or more new-fledged Harvard LL.B.'s each year, selected in the order of their rank? And this, to Austin, meant the road to a possible partnership; to Wentworth, a paid clerkship. Such a result might change even his decision, which Austin could not but regard as based on a sort of bashfulness. He was shy, socially shy, before New York and what it represented; he could see it, even in his

manner with Dorothy. But Markoff found time to spend half his evenings with them; even, one night, to escort Mrs. Pinckney to a popular concert when Austin could not go. Was not the examination in Equity Pleading the next morning? Austin sat up many hours after they returned, with a wet towel around his head; even hours after his wife had discussed her caller, gone to her room, returned in the sweetest of laces and blue ribbons, her hair unbound, and then, with a *moue*, gone back again. The birds were singing in the twilight of the dawn when Austin tiptoed gently through his wife's room, just brushing his lips to hers as he passed, to his own little crib in the alcove beyond. Dorothy threw one white arm above her head and sighed; she did not wake up. Since her recovery, she had insisted on having her room alone; she had always had one as a girl, she said; and Austin, of course, had yielded. The Major was fond of saying that her sex were at their best as slaves, she said with a laugh; but even a slave might be queen in her bed-chamber!

When the result of the examinations was known, Markoff led them all; he graduated with special distinction; as we should now say, *summa cum laude*! Wentworth and Austin both got honors, the latter passing a bit the better of the two. "You see, I am right," wrote Wentworth the following morning, "and before you get this letter, I shall be back in New Hampshire." To Mrs. Pinckney he left a very large sheaf of roses; and Dorothy said he was "a nice boy." But Markoff surprised them all by accepting not the coveted studentship in the office of Gresham, Daubeney, Radnor & Haviland—but the paid office of managing clerk with Hitchcock, Pratt & Auerbach. "Why do you do it?" said Dorothy.

Mrs. Pinckney, as she spoke, was standing on the third rung of a step-ladder dismounting pictures. For the dismantling had come; the student life

was over. However brief the home, there is something sad in the taking down of the household divinities: the unhooking of the little pictures—they meant so much, when one put them up! To be sure, one may have grown used to them since—the soft-eyed Madonna is only an engraving, the clouds of Monte Rosa only photographed. Dorothy had no sentiments about the little Cambridge house, and she looked over her muslin straight as she spoke, at Markoff, whom she had permitted, nay insisted, to lounge upon the sofa, while she worked. But as she had looped up her pretty evening dress behind, so she had caught up some of the floating muslin before, with her mouth, to keep it from the dirt of the ladder; a hammer was in her right hand, a coil of picture cord in her left, so that she half-mumbled the question, half-looked it to him with her eyes. Markoff himself lolled on the sofa enjoying a rich cigar, and looking through the smoke rings at her ecstatically. "Why do you do it," she said.

"I must have money," he said; "I cannot afford to wait. The world is not smoothed off before me, like Austin's. I am not, like him, happily married—"

"And you must have the money in time to be," Dorothy burst into silvery laughter. "It's very foolish of you!"

Markoff sighed as gently as he could. Dorothy put her right foot on the rung above. Markoff looked at it, and did not take his eyes off it, as another man might have done; Dorothy had the daintiest of ankles, encased this evening in lavender silk. "Now you had much better wait," Dorothy went on. "You'll simply make the most awful mistake if you don't! Never marry young. Wait ten years, and let me look out a girl for you, when—when——"

"When I can hope to pretend to the lady I want," said Markoff grimly. But he did not take his eyes from her ankle: her skirt swinging revealed, now an inch more, now an inch less, of warm silken roundness.

"Oh, I didn't mean that," said Dorothy abashed. "Look out, I am coming!" In an impulse of sympathy for having so belittled him, she stretched forth her hands: Markoff sprang up to meet them, palm to palm, and she sprang from the round of the ladder, dropping hammer, cords, overdress, and fichu. But either he was not in time or he did not resist enough; she fell almost upon his shirt front and, for one epochal second, he felt her soft body against his own—and he kissed her furtively, awkwardly, just above the cheek bone; but he kissed her.

Dorothy sprang away as if he had been a snake. Then first, he flushed. What her words had failed to penetrate, her physical shrinking turned scarlet. He cringed with an apology. But Dorothy, as she believed, had been born a lady, and just then, to her intense relief, she heard the street gate swing to Austin's step. They did not alter their positions, though Dorothy's lips curled a line the more as she saw Markoff reach for his hat. "Forgive it," he whispered to her again. "Forget it." The accent made her shiver, as his glance had not.

"Austin," she said, "Mr. Markoff has come to say good-by to us." The words were simple enough, but an angry look showed that Markoff understood. The usual speeches were interchanged. After he had gone, Dorothy snuggled her arm under Austin's shoulder. It was evident that his simplicity—some would say his nobility—had suspected nothing; even though Dorothy was conscious of being a bit hysterical. "Austin, is Mr. Markoff a Jew?"

Austin looked surprised. "I don't know," he said. "I never thought—"

"I don't like Jews, Austin. Austin, I don't ever want to see him in New York."

XV

AUSTIN took the place that had been first offered Markoff with Messrs. Gresham, Daubeny, Radnor & Haviland;

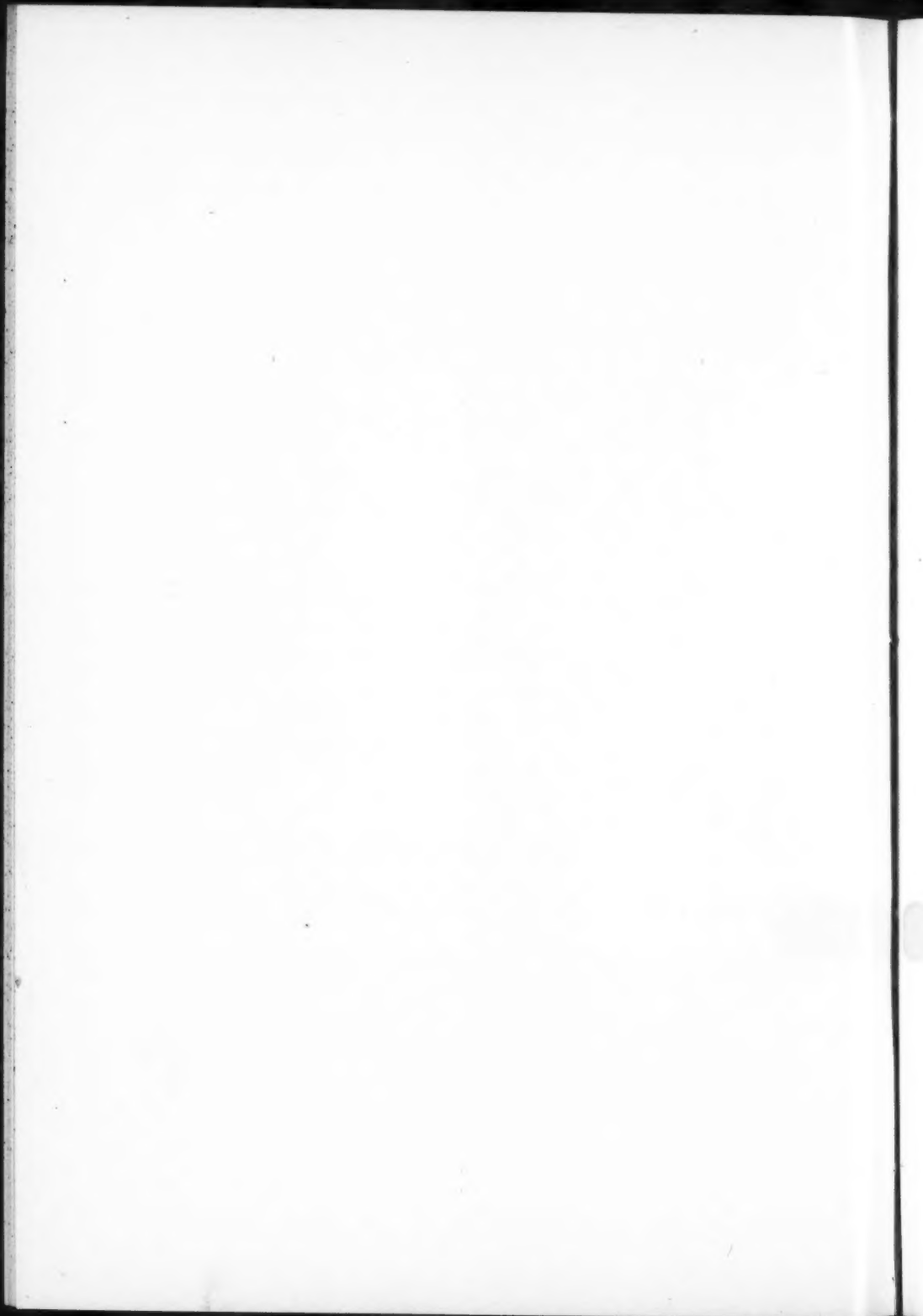
Dorothy (who was again spending the summer at Bar Harbor) coming to New York early in September to help him look for an apartment. Austin had had to take up his work in the office on the first of August, that month being a vacation for all the firm-name partners, though there were two or three young young men, with salaries contingent on the profits, who stayed in town to manage the unavoidable business. And here the first important disagreement that arose in their married life was settled in Austin's favor. For Dorothy had inclined to a flat; she had no fondness for house-keeping, and needed all her strength for the social relations she intended to establish; moreover you got more show for your money and in a flat you could not be expected to entertain. And when they set up a house, she was inwardly determined it should be one of a dignity commensurate with her aspirations. Meantime, they might appear, as a charming, young married couple, romantically poor, the more to be entertained by their friends, and for two persons of the names of Pinckney and Somers their friends might be anybody. The best investment they could meanwhile make of their little income was not a brownstone front for their house, but many satin, silk, and lace fronts for her own pretty figure. This would come to be desired at dinner parties, and Austin's brains would have their fair start.

But Dorothy did not venture on this line of reasoning with her husband; and Austin, after gloomily inspecting a few dozen flats, concluded that life in any one of them must be necessarily and inherently vulgar, and at the last gave expression to his invincible preference for his own roof-tree and his own front door. And it was Dorothy who had to yield.

They found a quiet, roomy, dignified old house on east Eleventh Street. The neighborhood had been fashionable once, but the rush of the eighties to the quarter known formerly as Judaea had shrunk the rent of the Washington Square neigh-



"The rival leaders . . . took her up."



borhood to within their means, that is, to within Austin's six thousand a year, aided by what might dribble through to him from the elder branches of his many-headed law firm. Dorothy's mother had written her that from now on she should allow her pin-money of twenty-five hundred a year. Austin had been delighted at the news; Dorothy wondered if he expected her to devote any part of it to the household expenses. Perhaps she was secretly apprehensive that he might ask her for it. But it never reached beyond the pins.

For absolute leisure, there has probably (outside the harem) been nothing in the social history of humanity approaching the leisure of the fashionable New York woman, married and childless, particularly before her fashionable position has been fully established. It is peculiarly so in New York: because in no city elsewhere in the world have the leisured classes so little root in the soil. Something of the Hebrew detachment from all surroundings seems to have cast the mold of civic character for our great city; its curious lack of general public spirit, evident even to outsiders; its want of municipal solidarity, of social coordination. Even the forcing-house of municipal corruption had not yet, when the Pinckneys took up their residence there, begun to germinate the sort of antitoxin that has now, at least in politics, become hopelessly visible. Whether it be merely the lazy, Dutch farmer blood, egregiously fattened, never educated, into an aristocracy by the unearned increment; whether it be the later population of keen Yankees, commercial Germans, Cubans, South Americans; since the war, adventurous Southerners coming to the teeming isle for what they might get; or whether, finally and again, it is the Jews that really set the New York tone—the fact remains that the people generally share with those same Jews their racial habit of being without a city, and lack the finer Hebrew quality of caring for their own. New Yorkers by their feathers are

unmistakable the world over; but have nothing else—not even speech—in common; their homes are in the air like an orchid box; they share with a bird of less gay plumage the uncertainty of having no nest of their own—a fact of which, to their infinite dismay, even the somber, shabby West has become conscious in its clumsy, national way. But thence comes that leisure of the type of New York woman that Dorothy most wished to know.

She had become very fond of Austin again; perhaps the "again" is unnecessary; but, after all, she showed it more. There was something about the little wooden house in Cambridge which cramped her soul; it now found expression, and in the sunlight and radiance of the brilliant city it expanded freely, metamorphosed like a butterfly. And now she took a real interest in their home, in the furnishing of it; she never could have taken such for one in Cambridge. She adapted herself to her husband's will, after a few sighs for the situation, amiably. She was already proud of being a New Yorker; and there was something peculiarly old New York about the Washington Square neighborhood. Its size, too, reconciled her; but it would take a lot of time to fill the big square rooms. She set about it at once; new cards were engraved, with their new address and "Mondays" in the lower left-hand corner; she left them on all her acquaintances she knew well enough to venture the first call upon, and then went on a looting trip to Philadelphia. The large Somers mansion contained the accumulation of many generations in the garret; it might well be that there, or even lower down, were stuffs or old mahoganies that might give just the touch of antiquity she needed in their white new house.

Meantime Austin was getting absorbed in his own business. The practice of Messrs. Gresham, Daubeny, Radnor & Haviland was very varied; they had their old Knickerbocker landed

gentry clients, their staid old Manhattan Island corporations, a dash of marine business that came in through Hugh Haviland, brother to John, the banker—who had been once four years a sailor and worked himself from A.B. up to first officer at nineteen—their dash of politics of the higher kind from Daubeny, a prominent Tammany Democrat of French extraction. Then they had some fashionable trusteeships, and separate maintenances, or even suppressed divorce cases, through the younger unnamed members of the firm, who were for the most part young gentlemen of high social position, one of them even a leader of cotillons. These family affairs were very paying, and were usually attended to by Daubeny.

To Austin, interested in abstract jurisprudence, all these affairs presented themselves not as persons, but as problems. He hated to have legal principles brought to his knowledge as embodied in individual beings; there came at once to be something squalid about them. And though the happy days were already far off in New York when even a Dana could pride himself on not recognizing in a horse car the client for whom he had been two weeks trying a case, one advantage of a great law-mill like that in which Austin worked was that personal affairs filtered down to him peptonized, as it were, for legal digestion, disinfected of personality, sterilized to an inorganic and external principle. There is something, after all (as in most traditional prejudices), in the old distinction between barrister and solicitor as there is in the old prejudice in favor of the highest personal service professions as against going into trade. For, after all, the parson serves his God, the soldier his king, the physician his fellow-men—even the lawyer (if middling honest) helps to keep straight his sublunary affairs; but your trader is merely trying to make money out of you.

Austin, therefore, was terribly hard at work. He breakfasted at eight sharp,

leaving his wife in bed; by the time he had finished with the pipe and scrap of reading he never dispensed with, morning and night, she had had her coffee and was visible; still in bed, but robed in coquettish ribbons and laces. When she was in the humor, these morning calls of his would lead to kisses. Then he would hurry away, happy, and stride down town; the day was gone in a moment; tired but full of hope he walked back again at six, late enough to be in those most interesting crowds, the bread-winners; the thousands upon thousands of young girls or women that throng the ferry cross-streets seeking their distant little homes, in Long Island or New Jersey, after their ten- or eleven-hour day—how much remained for leisure or for lovemaking? Yet they seemed, on the whole, as happy as the women Austin afterwards met in "society." Some were tired and pale, but many were bright, and many were brave, and quite a few even pretty. Alas, that the prettiest should so often be the brightest and the bravest! But things are not yet all well in this world—were it so, all would be beautiful. For is not all ugliness the result of something wrong?

Dorothy, her shopping over, had found the day go somewhat slower until, coming home, Austin would make love to her as she would let him. Usually in the evening (it was still October) they would go to the theater together and occasionally have supper at Delmonico's. For Austin had joined no important club as yet, in order that he might have pocket money for their pleasures, nor could any club yet compete. Thus their first winter passed. And, secretly, Austin prayed every night and morning for another child.

XVI

DOROTHY—more easily than she hoped—had found her footing. Birth in America will do as much as elsewhere—even in money-making New York it

has its influence. . The Somerses were people of established social relations; the Austins, still more the Pinckneys, were families whose history "bore" (as one would say in heraldry) that of the United States themselves—or shall we say *itself*? All our history has thus far turned on the conflict of those two meanings; and if the Pinckneys, aristocrats of South Carolina, had stood historically for the former, the Austins, Federalists of Massachusetts, had wrought for the latter reading—and prevailed. They had numbered a Signer, an Envoy, a Secretary of State, a Senator, a Governor—until the present John, Pinckney's double cousin, who was only a pillar of Newport society. As such he had, by the very inventor of the famous Four Hundred, a planter at Goose Creek, been referred to as "coming from a middle-class family"! Oh, these South Carolinians! But it did John Austin lots of good; was, in fact, the cause of his leaving Nahant. Pinckney's father, to be sure (no one now quite knew why), with all the family's ability, had been but a poor Consul, accredited in his youth to Carlsruhe, whence he never stirred. But we wander from our subject, which is Dorothy. If the Gansevoorts ignored her, the rival leaders—Mrs. Gower, Mrs. Rastacq—took her up. The latter indeed, on hearing her story, sent her, for the second night of the opera, her box, where she bloomed, radiant to her very eyebrows, before the house of Gansevoort across the way.

And it must have been that this appearance at the opera had seemed in a way to be an assumption of court rank; the newspapers recognized her as one of the younger "queens of society"; her portrait was syndicated to the Woman's section of the Sunday newspapers. She was a "pretty person." Even her husband was presentable and intelligent. And when her visiting card appeared, with its house address and its "Mondays" in the lower left-hand corner,

both were accepted; her afternoons were attended by those whom our newspapers again would call our best people—and indeed you may wish yourself as sure of the next world as they are sure of this. Really, a flat—even a smaller house more fashionably situated—would have been inconvenient. Dorothy often thought how different it all was from those dingy days in Cambridge; this was life.

She had, one Monday afternoon, a curious reminder of those days in Cambridge, though. It was in their second New York winter. By that time her Mondays had grown to be sufficient of an institution to be mentioned in those sometimes inconvenient newspapers; and it was on the first of them, after their return from the Catskills, that he appeared. How did he ever know my day? she unimaginatively reflected. Anyway, he had been clever enough to note it; and she was undeniably at home; there were a dozen people there. But he had not been quite clever enough to walk in, hat in hand; the drawing-room could not have been denied him, had he (she hired a butler for the day) had his name announced; he only sent up his card, "Mr. Augustus Markoff." As it was, she did not hesitate a moment: she was (undeniably to Mr. Markoff) "not at home."

It mattered nothing to her; little more, perhaps, to Markoff, though he smiled a bit grimly in his mustache as he walked back to Fifth Avenue; she was only making her way, he, not without approval, recognized, esteeming her on that account no less desirable; their paths would cross fast enough; how little, after all, she knew! For he was making his way, too.

It mattered more, perhaps, to our hero—and yet, that night, when they talked over the events of the day, she felt as if she could hardly tell him. Bolting it, at last she did, feeling her temples redden; Austin, however, did not notice the blush. "Oh, yes—I remember—you did not like him at the end, in Cambridge—he

has added the 'us' in New York," said he, in amused inspection of the otherwise faultless card. For it was small, quite white, and not shiny; it even had no period after the name, which is the ultimate earmark of a smart pasteboard. And so, as it happened, Dorothy forgot this incident.

And then, in the evening, they went to a dinner, where Dorothy wore—but really one can't be always describing her gowns! It was a very grand dinner, though I fear there was no Roman punch in the middle of it. *Per contra*, there was terrapin; and, when the ladies were alone in the drawing-room, it took four flunkies to serve them their coffee—one the cups, one the coffee, one the cream and sugar, a fourth the cigarettes—there is something peculiarly sensational about lady's cigarettes, particularly when smoked with a low-neck gown. Have we not now got the necessary thrill to our readers of the million?

But oh, our thoughtful thousand, bear with us and desert us not. These are not trifles. The doings of our well to do may neither be all evil nor all dull. There is a world worth studying outside the realms of Dialect, contemporary not historical, whose lives even when idle are not negligible. We make the bluff of thinking not; our magazines ignore them; our newspapers know better. Suggested to the imagination of eighty millions, a Mrs. Gower does not lead her cynic's life in vain; or even reckless Mamie Rastacq copied in manners and in aims, fail to count. And the quiet wives and mothers count—though it be to fewer. They are never described by the syndicates to the middle West, nor are their pictures sold upon Broadway. And, lover and bride, our Dorothy counts—though it be to Austin Pinckney only—for he had married her, in cure of her soul.

(To be continued.)

THE WORK OF ROBERT REID

BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ



IT is amusing to recall the vehemence with which, from time to time, the different shibboleths of art have been defended or contemned. The upholders of one principle rarely find it in their hearts to admit that those who praise another have either intelligence or good faith. The battle that went on between the French Academicians and the malcontents headed by Gericault, so many years ago, has been fought over and over again ever since. The Impressionists have fallen foul of the painters who have shrunk from the dazzling effects of the open air; or the

men who believe that "subject" has an importance of its own have argued with the men who believe that subject, as subject, has no importance whatever. To the disinterested observer it has often seemed as though a great deal of this debate was beside the point; for, if principles count for much, the genius of the individual counts for more, and it is a curious fact that when the right man arises to take part in the conflict between two schools, he usually shows his invaluable relation to the matter by bridging the gap which separates the opposing interests.

Thus we find an impressionist like Degas venerating the best qualities of a

classicist like Ingres, and bringing to the summary delineation of a modern ballet girl as she flutters before the footlights, a draughtsmanship based in essentials on the law embodied by his beloved master in that superb nude in the Louvre, "La Source," and in a host of impeccable portraits. Thus we find an artist of our own, like Robert Reid, committing himself to neither realism nor idealism, but contriving through the merely natural expression of the instinct that is in him to produce pictures which seem somehow a blend of both. How completely and how easily his work escapes from the trammels laid upon an artist when he thinks more of formulæ—whether they be romantic or classical—than of his own inborn convictions, he has recently shown by the successful execution of a task undertaken in a province outside that with which he had hitherto been most familiar.

The "Adoring Angel," which figures among the accompanying illustrations, forms part of a design made for a painted window erected in the H. H. Rogers Memorial Church at Fairhaven, Mass. When Mr. Reid agreed, some two or three years ago, to produce all of the stained glass for that building—about as elaborate a scheme of the sort as has ever been put into the hands of one artist in this country—he had had no experience whatever on which to make the attempt. Up to that time he had labored exclusively as a painter of easel pictures or mural decorations, and though the latter were bound to have taught him much in regard to the relation of art to architecture, I remember well my own uncertainty as to what he would accomplish with glass. There, I felt, would come in just such a conflict between temperament and precedent as I have touched upon above. I knew that as a painter Mr. Reid had a note of his own. Would he preserve that note in his windows, or would he yield to the almost irresistible force of what I can only describe as the stained-glass tra-

dition? He solved the difficulty with astonishing facility. That first window was unmistakably a design framed with reference to its being executed in glass and in nothing else, but in form, in color, in style, it was as clearly another interesting souvenir of Mr. Reid's special way of looking at nature and at art, and his subsequent pieces for the church have maintained the same independent standard. The achievement is one of rather unusual significance.

The properties of stained glass used to seem to have been permanently fixed by the old masters. Mr. John La Farge proved many years ago that this was not so, but despite the potent influence of his genius convention has flourished, and there are thousands of church windows in America to-day which represent nothing more than slavish imitation of the masterpieces in European and English cathedrals. It required, therefore, courage and a gift in Mr. Reid to avoid the beaten track; he had both, and the result is a series of windows which, though still uncompleted, we may already appraise at a high value. The first thing to impress the beholder in the two great openings which face one another across the length of the church, and which are filled respectively with representations of "The Nativity" and "The Sermon on the Mount," is the artlessness of the grouping. Of course each composition has its central and dominating figure, the Madonna in the one case and the Christ in the other, and, equally of course, the subsidiary figures are so placed as to assure the order and balance indispensable in any work of art, and especially necessary where the decorative factors in an architectural scheme are concerned. But in contrast to the familiar stiff pyramidal effect so assiduously developed by generations of modern workers in glass, the building up of the masses in these windows seems informality itself. Without any loss of dignity the Madonna and the Christ are made human as well as divine types and

in the same bold yet carefully considered fashion the artist has established them in groups which have the spontaneity and naturalness of life; in each case we witness not a stereotyped tableau drawn from the old books of art, but a vivid episode taken from a living world. Is this realism? Yes, but not as it is understood by the crass realist. On the contrary, the truthful rendering of subject here, the freely naturalistic statement of facts, is only the foundation on which the artist has reared impressive interpretations of his high themes.

The faces are not the empty cold masks of the ordinary stained-glass window; they have poignant meaning, and throughout both compositions a great deal is gained through rightness of carriage and gesture. Neither angels nor men are portrayed as if poised forever immobile, but present rather the characteristics of arrested movement. Finally both figures and background are flooded with glorious color. It is color, moreover, which does not stop at being rich and glowing, but aims at giving a proper equivalent for flesh or foliage, metal or sky, the truth as well as the beauty of the scene. The artist who tries to do too much in a painted window is lost; if he meticulously echoes the local color in every detail, he ends by producing an impossible mosaic. Mr. Reid's windows are not kaleidoscopes; indeed, the simple breadth with which the colors in them have been handled is one of their chiefest merits. But there is variety within their simplicity; the last impression they leave is led up to by a multitude of subtle touches, each one possessing a certain interest yet subordinating itself to an ideal of unity. We linger over the fidelity to nature disclosed in a single passage, but we keep the full mead of our admiration for Mr. Reid's fidelity to his art, which has caused him to make a window what it ought to be—an idea expressed in terms of form and color within the conditions imposed by its architectural surroundings.

This rectitude is the more interesting because he has always been, in the strictest meaning of the term, a *painter*—a man, that is, for whom the mere handling of pigment has been the one discipline and joy of existence. But it is precisely such a temperament as his that is stimulated by an artistic problem. Technique, to fulfill itself with any degree of justification, must be spent upon material which brings an element of inspiration with it, and by the feeling with which the technician meets his inspiration halfway is he, in the last resort, to be judged. We have seen how Mr. Reid met the test of the painted window. Long before he had made as triumphant use of the opportunities offered to the maker of pictures and decorations. When he returned from his period of pupilage abroad there was in his work, to my mind, altogether too much of that preoccupation with method which is no doubt inevitable at the outset of a painter's career. Anxiety as to how the thing was to be done proclaimed itself across every inch of the canvas. That soon passed, however, and, with the rapid development of his resources, Mr. Reid forgot in his pleasure at doing the thing to let us see that he was worried about the way of doing it. If his drawing was sound it was now flexible and authoritative also, the drawing of a man for whom the instruments of art have been so far conquered as to have become the servants of his will. His color took on a fuller, richer body, and became more definitely the reflection of his own taste. In design, too, he made great advances, painting pictures with nothing academic about them but significant always of an original point of view. That, to be sure, was the goal at which he was all along moving; as he gained in strength of hand he gained in strength of vision, and, seeing deeper into his subjects, he treated the latter with new address and felicity. In the work of his maturity technique keeps pace so well with the impression that is

to be recorded that the two seem merged in one emotion. He is in equipment a realist, but as he looks about him the things he sees, and prefers to paint, are lovely things, and since he is not ready to be turned into an idealist, duly labeled as such, he gets out of his predicament by simply bridging the gap. Putting the truth upon canvas, he also puts beauty there.

It is a peculiar beauty. Looking only to the surface of what he has done in purely pictorial art, we might say that it was just the beauty of happy young womanhood, radiant in its freshness and grace. But the "pretty girl" as an artistic motive is an old story, and Mr. Reid might have painted her over and over again without exciting much interest if he had stopped at the accurate representation of her prettiness. What he has done instead has been to make his charming models eloquent of a poetry implicit not only in themselves, but in the landscape against which he generally makes them move. I say *move*, having especially in mind the fact that he could not leave a painted figure inert if he tried—a virtue which can never be too warmly praised. I have already commented upon the vitality of the figures in his windows. The paintings vibrate with an even intenser life, as befits works of art dedicated to the fascination of the open air. I remember a picture of his called "A Breezy Day," a half-length portrait of a girl breasting the wind under a brilliant sky. The lithe creature has the elasticity of a fawn in her gait, and we seem as she passes to catch the very sweetness of the air which flutters her draperies. This girl is typical. Sometimes Mr. Reid may give her an essentially decorative character, as in the "Tiger Lilies," which is reproduced with these remarks; sometimes she strays idly in an orchard or among flowers symbolizing summer or the "season of mists and mellow fruitfulness." But wherever we find her she is palpitantly alive, a young

and gracious mortal, whom we would not for the world have transformed into a pseudo-goddess. Mr. Reid has never, that I know of, christened one of his sylvan presences Diana or Daphne, nor has he tried in any other way to give them what would really be but an adventitious claim upon our appreciation. Yet there are romantic qualities in these studies of his, there is the romance of exquisite form and grace, of light and air, all coördinated into a beguiling design.

It is of little moment that the women of Mr. Reid's pictures are never doing any of the things that academic figure painters would have them do, that they tell no story through their actions, but are engaged, at the most, in supporting a spray of flowers in their dainty hands. It is enough for the purpose that they exist, that against a background of flowers or leafage they fall into perfect attitudes, and show themselves to us as beings at one with the spirit of nature. Would "The Vine" be any the more interesting if some mythological or otherwise esoteric meaning were to be imported into the composition? It would be the worse for such an infringement upon its utterly artless character. The fall of the light upon the girl's face and hair in this picture is worth a dozen anecdotic appeals. For the fall of the light means, after all, so much more than a bit of technical dexterity. I have spoken of Mr. Reid's faculty for the solution of problems, and this offers a good illustration of the point. The notation of the luminosity about the head in "The Vine" constituted a very serious technical problem. The light might have been made just a shade too brilliant, too garish. It might have been unduly diffused or unduly concentrated. Technique takes care of such matters. But the technique that takes care of them in Mr. Reid's pictures is a technique interpenetrated with a sense of what is beautiful, and thus the sunlit girl in "The Vine" is made finer, more

beautiful, and, in a word, positively romantic, where an equally accurate but less sensitive treatment would have left her on a lower plane. Where she might merely have appealed to the eye, she touches the imagination.

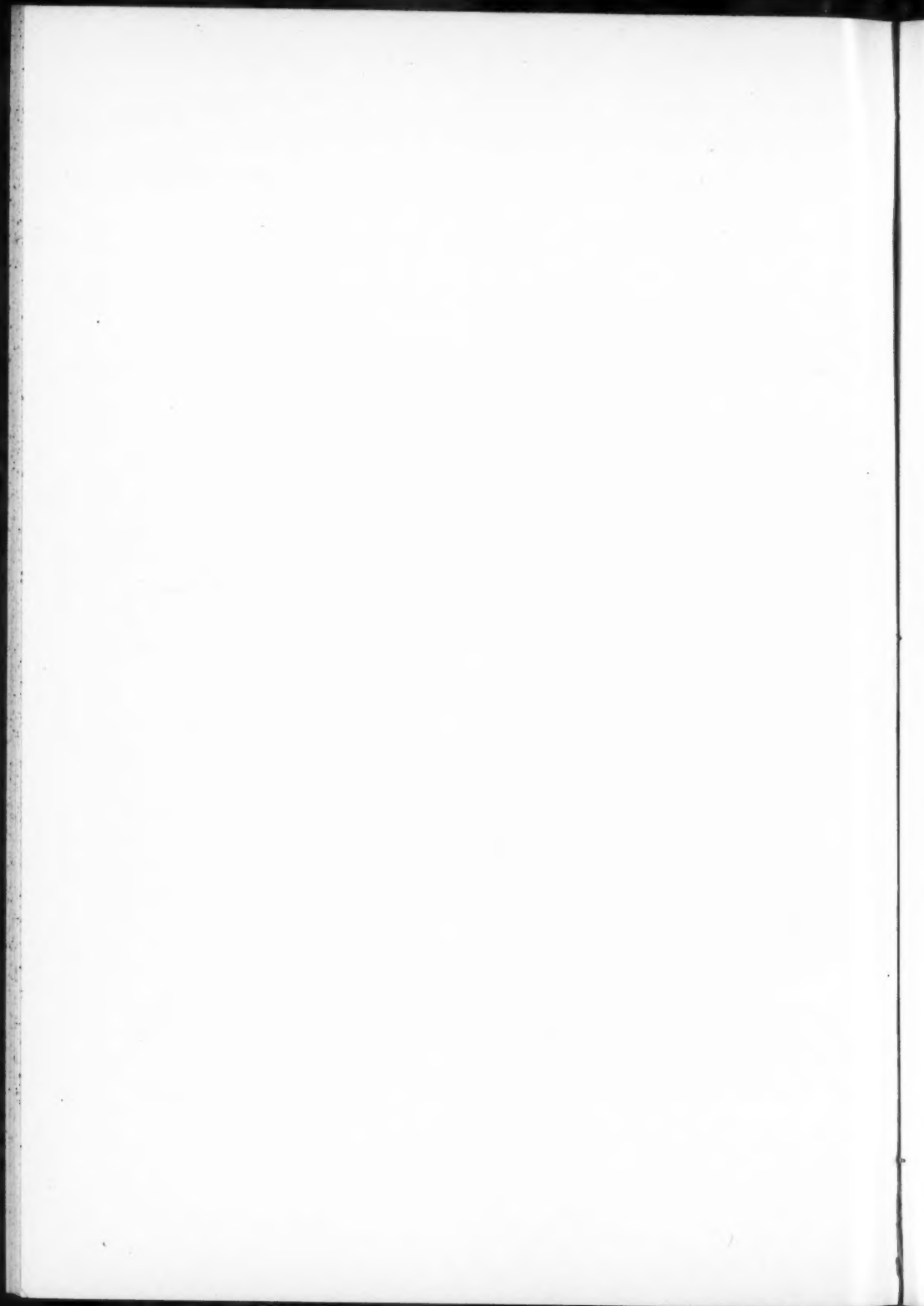
What he does with a single figure in an easel picture Mr. Reid does with a group. The trio in his large and splendid "Autumn," the best picture he has ever painted, is, like the sole occupant of the other canvas to which I have just alluded, "The Vine," expressive of nothing more nor less than feminine beauty placed against a natural background. At the same time he has another string to his bow, and when occasion requires can make effective use of it. When the Chicago Fair of 1893 put the artists of America on their mettle to supply more than one of the stately buildings with mural decorations, Mr. Reid was among those who received commissions. He acquitted himself creditably, but, like most of his colleagues in that enterprise, he was moving on unfamiliar ground, and he needed further opportunities to show the stuff that was in him as a decorator of large wall surfaces. The opportunities came. There was work for Mr. Reid to do in the Congressional Library at Washington; in the Appellate Court building in this city; in the renovated State House at Boston, and elsewhere, and as time has gone on Mr. Reid has done work of the sort with more and more skill. I might

dwell suggestively upon all of his mural decorations, but a note on one of them will suffice to indicate his scope in this field. The spacious canvas at Boston commemorating James Otis at the moment in which he delivered his great speech against the writs of assistance is one of the very few historical paintings we have deserving equal applause for narrative point and monumental character. An old Colonial room is the scene; imposing judges and eager listeners, with Otis in the center, fill it after a fairly informal fashion; and the glimpse that a window gives us of the inclement weather outside only serves to accentuate the intimacy of the subject as the artist has conceived it. Yet the design is so adroitly spaced and balanced, the execution is so virile, and the whole thing is carried off with so distinguished a style, that this decoration made a profound impression when it was first affixed to the wall, and, as I have found from repeated examinations of it, has worn well, as the saying goes; for my own part, I like it better to-day than I liked it when it was first painted. On that saying it is appropriate to take leave of Mr. Reid's work. His paintings have a durable charm. The loveliness of his flower-laden girls does not fade; his windows and his mural decorations are as persistently persuasive. The reason, I think, is that he has a true perception of beauty, and never wearies in his pursuit of technical excellence.



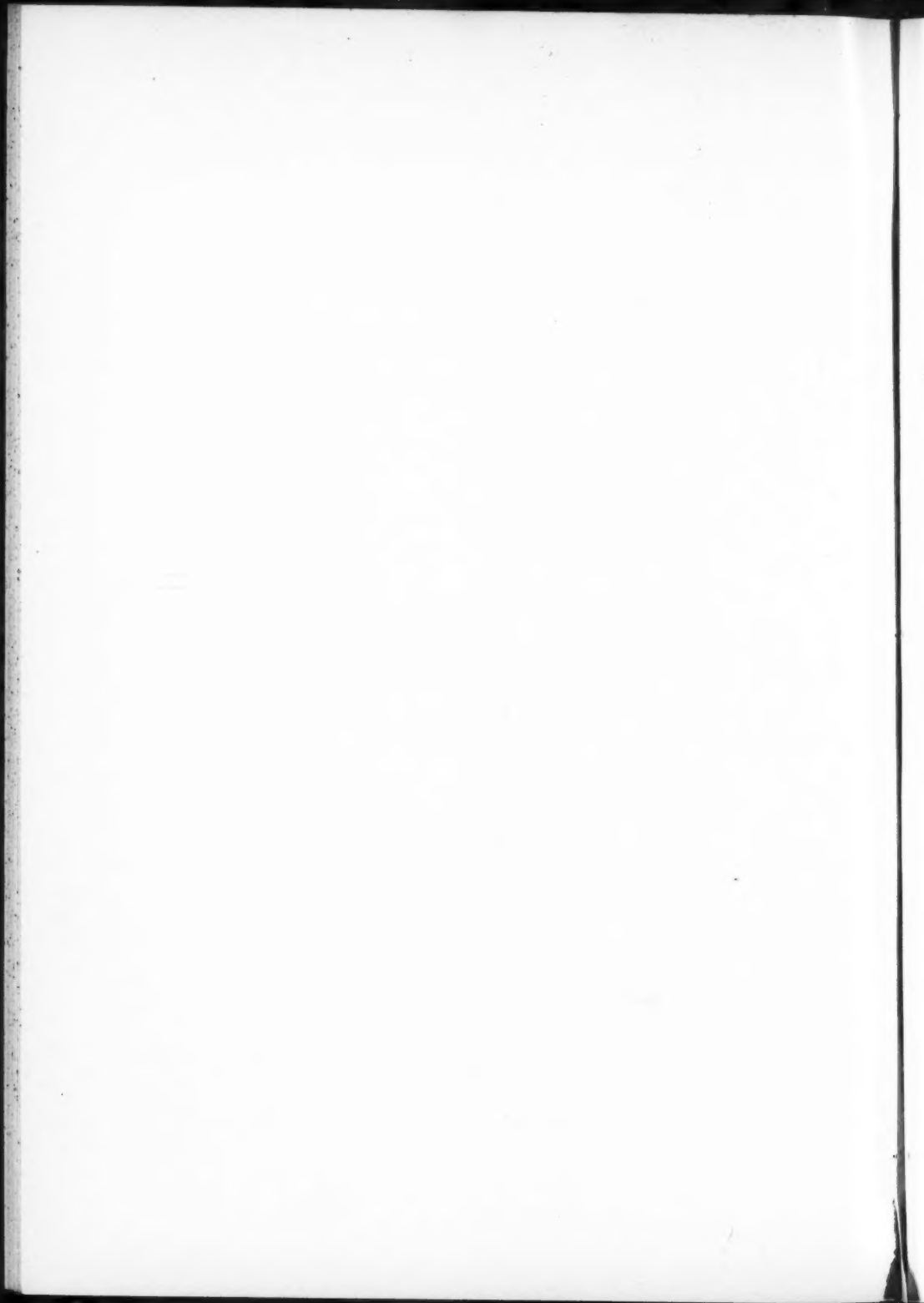


THE CONFIDENCE OF YOUTH. BY ROBERT REID.



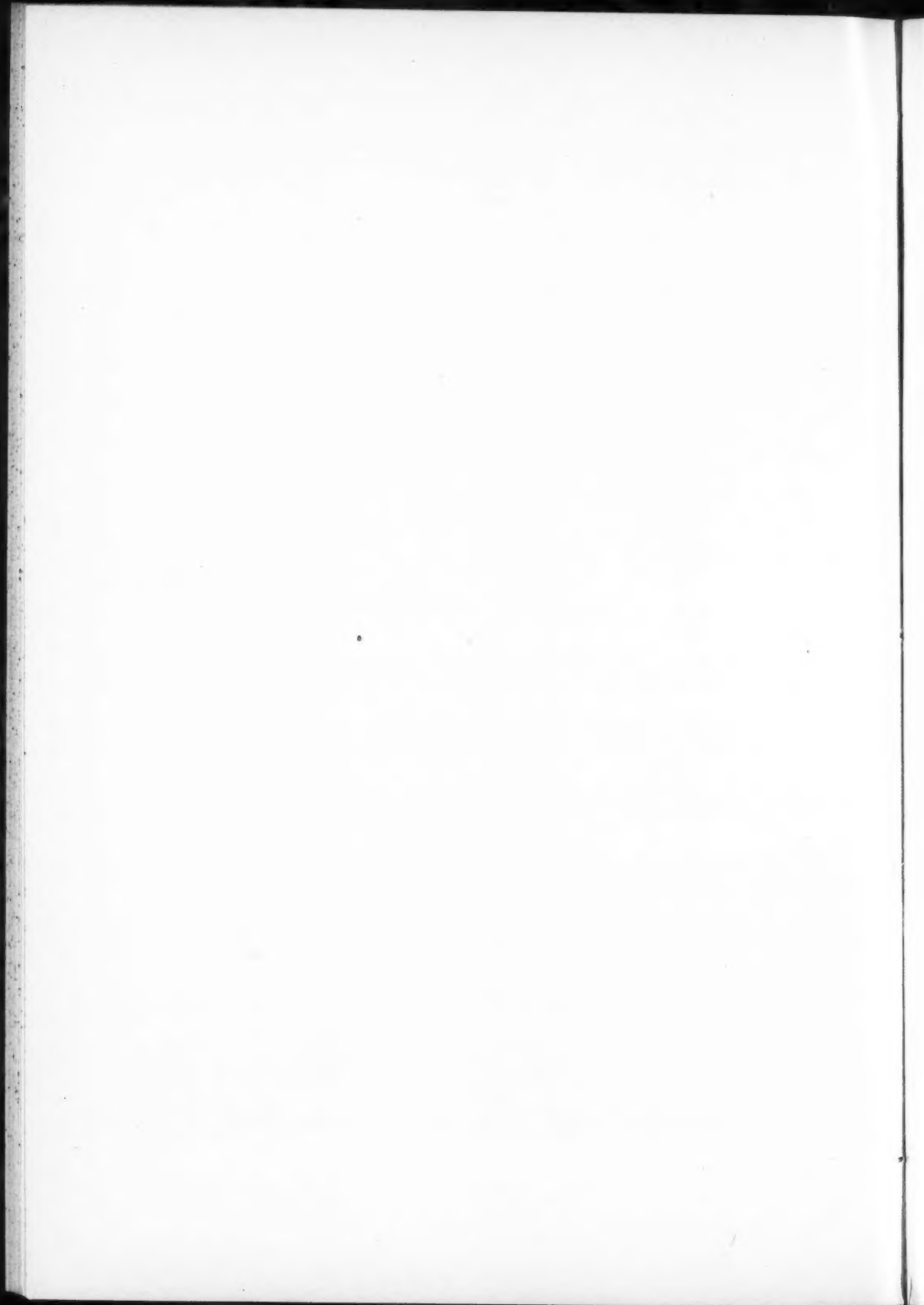


EXPECTANCY. BY ROBERT REID.



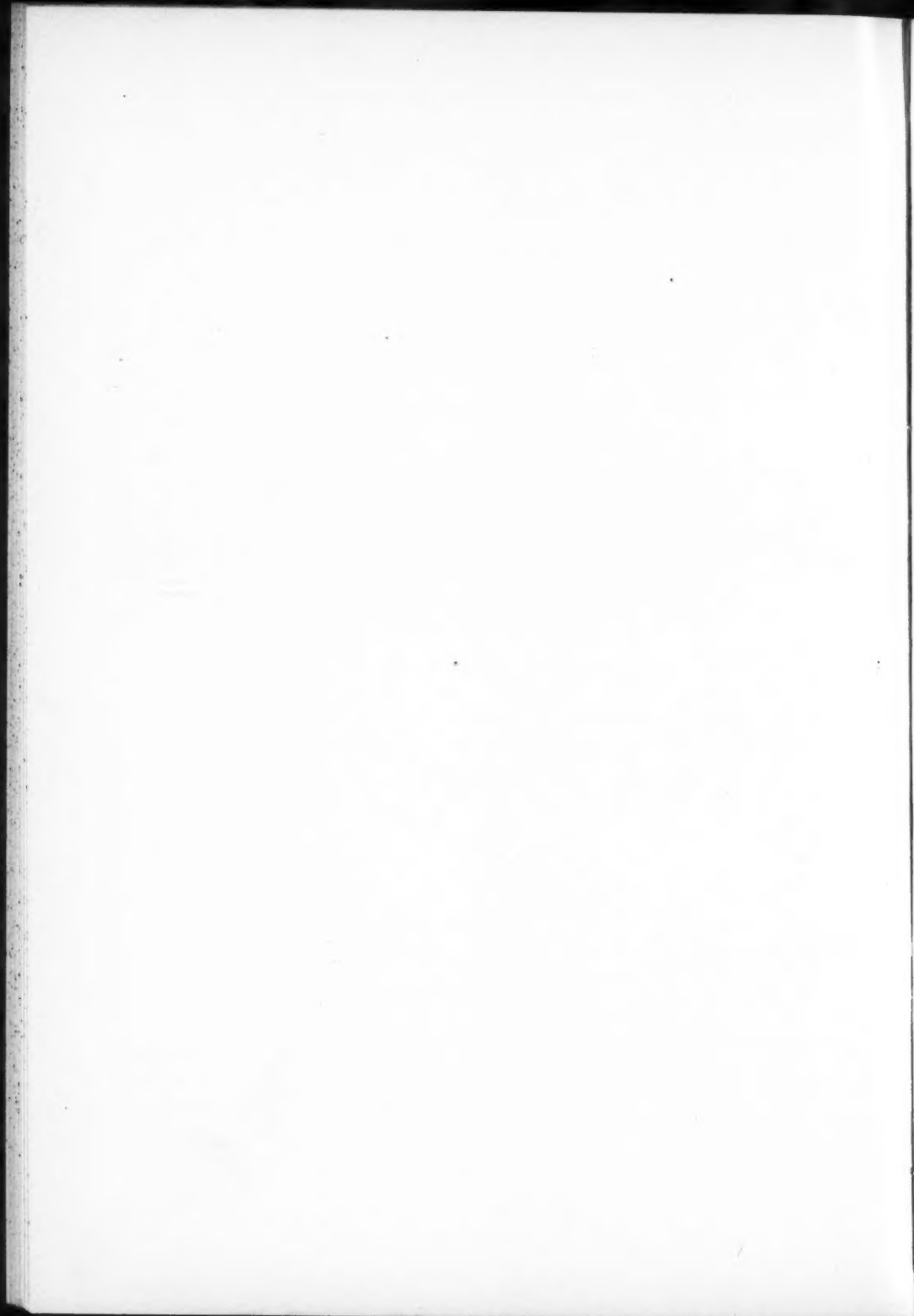


ON THE THRESHOLD. BY ROBERT REID.





ANNUNCIATION. BY ROBERT REID.



ALGIERS IN TRANSITION

By Dr. Maurice Baumfeld



THE BAY OF ALGIERS



THE three-towned city of Algiers seems to be the product of repeatedly violent mixtures of Orient and Occident, the unrest of civilization, and the power of persistence of that truly not enviable bliss which feels itself happiest in filth and dirt. Mustapha Supérieure, city of villas and hotels, rises above the new and old city, the European and the Arabian quarters, voluptuous, decked with flowers, like an unchaste beauty molded into the hilly country, which, as outermost spur of the snow-covered heights of the Atlas and the Djurjura, descends to the very boundary of the city. Constructed of white marble, adorned with far-projecting, horseshoe-shaped arcades, and crowned with fantastic cupolas and towers, the residences of the European and the Arabian nobility lie amid their glimmering, glistening gar-

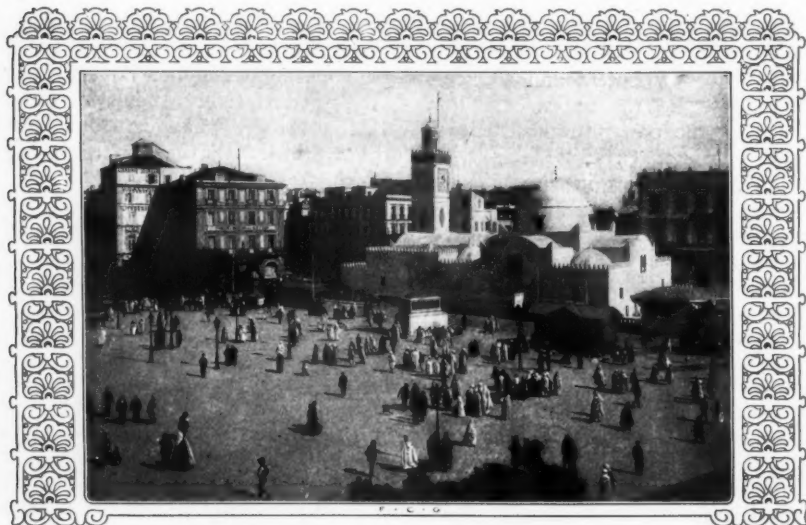
dens. A fragrance arises from these gardens which accompanies the wanderer for miles and miles, completely bewitching his senses. The open country about him is another larger garden, God's garden, full of wild flowers of the wildest beauty, unknown forms and colors, which we have never seen before, which we can never, never forget—a color madness in which Nature here finds joy and pleasure. Or, possibly, our Western sober senses are too tame to withstand this storm of beauty.

The road ascends in broad serpentine, constantly leading into more tempting, more fascinating beauty. The land glitters in its robe of green, a haze of blue covers the sea, and one marble structure next to the other gleams in pure white. But this triad of colors is buried under the cascades of wildest variegated colors which seem to cover every foot of earth, seem to pour down on us from every crevice in the rocks,

from every branch of every tree. The very air seems to be dyed with these same rich hues and, plying the glorious colors of the setting sun, draws a mantle of harmonic splendor about the city below—this city of curious contradictions. The broad, sober *quais*, straight as an arrow; the boulevards built in the spirit of Hausmann; the new quarters in which a startlingly distorted *art nouveau* predominates; the Arabian quarters, for the human eye an impenetrably massive conglomeration; the fortifications of Kasbah crowned with walls; the widest places and the narrowest, slums into which the sun never shines—everything that otherwise appears white and gray and monotonous is now arrayed in splendor, as if it were really possible that spring could make even dead walls, decayed stones, bloom. Purple-tinted and gold-rimmed sails are flying past. Smokestacks and masts in the harbor below seem as if worked of the finest metals; each single rope seems of colored silk. Red, yellow, violet, the heavens are burning in flames which a light breeze is driving toward the city, be-

hind which a wall of purple clouds is rising. With one miraculous throb all the glittering treasures have risen to the surface of the waters, which for thousands of years have been buried in their deepest depths. It seems as if they were trying to darken the sun with their quivering luster, the sun now dipping into the same waters, its lowest rim like melted gold. But nothing whatsoever can decrease the splendor, the color charm of the flowers still sparkling even in the quickly approaching dusk with that power all their own, needing neither aerial images, nor borrowed, reflected lights and shadows, to be fabulously, fascinatingly beautiful.

Excluding Mustapha Supérieure, which in its style may be called complete, Algiers seems like a veritable triumph in "a little of everything." The European quarter, which shows the painfully orderly soberness of a well-governed seaport next to a provincial imitation of all that is Parisian, swarms with Arabs, Moors, Turks, Spaniards, Jews, who seem to have stepped from the Old Testament, in all the variety of



THE PUBLIC SQUARE OF ALGIERS



THE OASIS OF BISKRA

their Oriental garbs. These, too, to a certain extent, have lost their nationality. Particularly among the Arabs something akin to "swells" has sprung into existence. Among the wealthy we frequently find costly and sumptuous fabrics, coquettishly draped, in very conspicuous colors. In the evenings when we see these sitting about in cafés, in the finest hotels, flirting, or parading on the Corso, their breasts adorned with decorations, their garb appears more

like a costume which has lost its right of existence and can be considered merely from an ornamental point of view. Internally, just these better classes have become a critical cross between East and West upon whom there can be little reliance in any direction. The throng of people in the streets of Algiers, especially on holidays, leaves little room for dissatisfaction on the part of observers. In vain we seek the originality and primitiveness which in Tangier we

meet at every step. Like well-drilled figurants to whom the task has been assigned to act their own past, these masses throng through the streets in which to a great extent not even one single stone has been left as a landmark of this past. Even in this very "half-

the richly laden, well-decorated show windows with the same expert thoroughness as the African-Algerian-Parisian.

It is assuredly interesting that the best examples of Arabian art in architecture are standing close together in the heart of the European quarter. We

are almost astonished to find that at least some of these, above all the two principal mosques, have remained absolutely untouched. Two towers have been added to a third mosque which in its construction is by far the finest, thus transforming it into a cathedral, though each single nook and corner loudly remonstrates against its



ness" it is still a very fascinating picture in which the motion is amply provided for through the dramatic agility of hands and finger tips. Every now and then soldiers appear, from the native zouaves to the cavalry, whose marvelous boot-trousers figure in so many operettas and vaudevilles. At last the civilians become visible, men and women, with a decidedly imitated French elegance. The women reveal a tinge of that easy placidity which they have learned from their Oriental sisters. These are still veiled—just sufficient veil to retain the piquancy of the forbidden. Moreover, with their large, tired eyes they examine



MILLET FIELD AND MARKET PLACE

present designation. The interior is marvelously decorative, and its almost chaste marble arabesques, its ornamented and scrolled texts belonging to a totally different faith, stand in decided contrast to the magnificent pomp of a high mass which the archbishop is cele-



A TRIBAL BELLE

brating with grand ostentation to roaring, almost operatic, music. We see halberdiers in gold, glittering uniforms carrying their majestic weapons, canons in costly embroidered vestures, the long rows of choir boys in their red and white surplices.

The archbishop, with the fine mild head of a patriarch, a white flowing beard soft as silk, with the characteristic dignity and enlightenment of his movements, truly appears as a sort of higher being amid surroundings where there is too great a display of external

faith to leave much room for the internal and true. The service being ended, the entire mass of people move down the steps of the cathedral across the small square leading to the residence of the archbishop, formerly the palace of an Arabian dignitary. A dense crowd hems the way in the hope of winning the blessings the prelate is bestowing, of kissing the hand he is holding out to everyone.

Later when we stand in the large mosque, one of the oldest as well as one of the most artistic Mohammedan struc-



The old city seems to crawl and climb to the ancient fortress which crowns the hill. Streets chaotic and bewildering, without light and air, are wrapped in shadows fitting to the dirt which covers them, to the putrid smells which stream together from all these intertwined narrow kennels. So-called streets are lined with walls which long ago would have fallen in, if strong posts did not maintain the small space separating them. Next to decaying rocks stand artistic old gates and isolated pillars which here truly speak

tures, its principal ornament being the long, seemingly endless rows of column pairs joined by horseshoe arches—we realize that this is a totally different religious picture. Here and there between these dazzlingly white pairs of columns Mohammed's faithful stand in deep prayer. In the extraordinary perspective, disappearing into mysterious space, each suppliant seems the center of a worship full of the deepest humility and endless subjugation to the will of a higher being.



STREETS IN ALGIERS

of bygone glory. Obscure by-streets run into a magnificent court where we cannot even detect the slightest trace of the palace to which it formerly belonged. Then again, we come upon long rows of walls and nothing but walls into which hollows and recesses

read, no one can understand, and certainly no one obeys. Rather gliding than walking, veiled women appear from side paths or quickly opened gates, only to disappear again with a shy glance. Even they, with very few exceptions, lack all charm, all fascination of color.

The difference between the new city and the better portions of the Arabian quarters quickly becomes obliterated. We can almost count the days until this, too, will become monotonously leveled. We realize this almost without regret. For if Orientalism is robbed of its colors, its magnificent light and splendor which occasionally idealized even its very



have been cut, just large enough to accommodate a small stock of goods and a human being, the latter in such crooked, distorted positions as only an Oriental can assume. Everywhere are crouching, smoking, playing, or musing figures, clothed in dirty white or dusty gray, sitting in front of or in the center of their goods, sometimes as if grown together with the very decay and crumbling of their surroundings.

As if out of sheer irony almost at every step we find long-winded instructions by the French authorities regarding cleanliness, removal of rubbish, sanitary matters, all of which no one can



STREETS IN ALGIERS

dirt, in short, if a race degenerates because it has intentionally been forced to relax its inherited customs, without having been given even the slightest understanding for Western civilization—it is immaterial what course this process takes.



"At any rate, tbat's the American way of lookin' at it."

TWO AMERICANS

BY KATE JORDAN



MISS LETITIA BELLENDEN sat with her knees against the heater, a small embroidered shawl around her shoulders, and watched the feet of the passers-by on the wet pavement level with her basement windows. Within her dainty, elderly body her heart burned perpetual incense before the name of Bellenden, and on this gloomy day the thought of the fallen fortunes of the house overwhelmed her with a feeling of impotence and resentment. She was poor now. She owned this house in Tenth Street in which she was born—this, and nothing else. Rather than sell it she had been driven to rent its spacious rooms to quiet people who prized immaculateness and refinement. The front basement she had reserved for herself because of its remoteness. She never sat at table with her boarders, but was always to be seen at five o'clock in the afternoon in the front drawing-room to listen to complaints and requests. These meetings would leave her in an unamiable mood, and as she sipped her Oolong afterwards she often murmured her disdain to her grandmother's portrait:

"Such people. Oh, it is really trying for me!"

She was just in the mood to-day to answer the letter Joan had written her from Paris six weeks ago. Her anger against the girl had been too great to permit her to do this before. It was time that young woman should know just

how emphatically she disapproved of her life, her views, her "modernity"—as she provokingly called her outrageous standpoint, whatever that might mean—but most of all of her last piece of eccentricity—her engagement to a man of whom she, Miss Bellenden, had never heard.

Her glasses were adjusted, and her pen had written in pale, hair-line script the words, "My dear Niece," when the most deferential of knocks fell on her door, and Ellen, a servant who had grown gray, mouselike, and immaculate in her employ, stepped in, a damp letter on a salver.

Miss Bellenden lifted it gingerly. Her expression hardened as she saw it bore Joan's big black writing and the French stamp. She cut the envelope with a tortoise-shell knife and drew out some thin, darkly written sheets:

"PARIS, SEPT.—

"MY DEAR AUNT LETTY: As I've not heard from you, I suppose the news in my last letter is either indifferent to you or has made you angry. I hope not the latter, as I've a most important piece to add to what I told you then. This morning, in the dearest little English church, Ralph and I were married."

Miss Bellenden's hands dropped and she stared into space.

"Married," she gasped, and the ticking of the clock seemed to be the clucking of a tongue echoing her own consternation. She set her lips and resumed the reading:

"I want to tell you all about him, and I want you to learn to love him because I do. At first, I know, dear aunt, that this will be hard because you have such a fiercely good opinion of our family above all other people, and all that sort of thing. But I hope to win you in time, and I want to have your love always. My mother left me to you, you are my nearest kinswoman, so I'm going to open my heart and tell you all.

"First, you will be glad to hear that Ralph, though an artist like myself, is a rich man's son. His father has given us a beautiful little hotel on the Boulevard Malesherbes. Poverty, the most unlovely of worries, will be spared me.

"Now, to speak of Ralph the man—the man I love. O aunt, he's such a splendid fellow, so big-hearted and with a manner and voice to attract anywhere! Then he is a genius. Paris is talking of him, lionizing him. All this time I know, dear, you are thinking: 'But who is the man—what family?' O dear, I'm so sorry it isn't always possible to be happy without wounding some one you love! I'm afraid I'll horrify you—but remember my Ralph is the best and truest of gentlemen.

"Dear aunt, near 'Penworth' there was a farmer named Perkins. Perhaps you'll remember his farm—the big yellow house on the hill. Uncle Benjamin seemed to like to talk to him, I remember, and 'Farmer' Perkins, as he was called, used to sell him cows and things. Well, we lost sight of him after Uncle Ben had to sell 'Penworth,' but as it turns out Mr. Perkins was left an enormous fortune by a relative who ages ago settled in South America. This was about twelve years ago. He sent his son to Harvard, later to Paris—and—well, Ralph is his son, Aunt Letty. Ralph Perkins is his name—and it's mine, too."

There was more in the letter, but Miss Bellenden did not read it. Her face grew drab, and she sat without moving. She did not recall the man at all, but she had often heard Benjamin speak of him in a detached way as he might speak of a groom in the stables. She tore the letter into fragments and quivered her fingers as she flung them into the waste-paper basket. Her face was composed as she went up to the five-

o'clock interview with her boarders. To Miss Bellenden the girl who had been Joan Townsend had passed definitely from her life. Mrs. Ralph Perkins had not, even for a second, existed.

The life at the boarding house ran without a ripple until the second week in December. Miss Bellenden was recovering from influenza which had made a prisoner of her in the front basement for ten days. She was going over the accounts with Ellen.

"This is the new boarder?" Miss Bellenden asked, laying her filbert-shaped nail on a name at the foot of the list. "Amos Prentice? You say he came on Tuesday. Will he be permanent?" Her voice trailed away in a bored sigh.

"He says he's come for the rest of the season. He's sooch a pleasant man, Miss Letitia. I think he's from the country. He's asked to see you to-day."

"Not a rough person—is he?"

"He has a loud voice and he do laugh a good dale at the table, but the rest seem to loike it."

"I'm sure I'll think him very unpleasant——"

"Oh, excuse me, Miss Letitia!" said Ellen almost tenderly; "but he do seem very noice and gentle. He asks after you most polite. He wanted to sind you flowers every day."

"Flowers?" she exclaimed. "Why should he? I never heard of such a thing—a man I've never seen—a boarder. I'll see him to-day and judge him for myself."

"Oh, ma'am—wan thing more! He asked if he might have poy for breakfast, an' I said yes——"

"I am surprised at you. Such a thing would be barbarous."

"He said he'd lived for the last few years in France, an' even there they gev it to him——"

"Then let him go back to France."

Miss Bellenden rose and moved a

book on the table, that expressed finality, and twitched an eyebrow toward the door.

When at five o'clock she prepared to go up to the drawing-room she felt a distinct antagonism for this new boarder who had achieved an irritating conspicuousness before he had been a week in the house. She found him waiting for her in the long, chilly parlor with its high, gilt mirrors, and stiffly arranged recovered furniture.

Her cold, nearsighted eyes traveled over him as he stopped humming and sprang up. He was a man in the neighborhood of sixty with a bright, lean face marked heavily around the lips and eyes with deep laughter lines. Even in repose his creased eyes seemed smiling. His hair, worn long to his ears, was as straight as an Indian's and iron gray. He was very tall, round-shouldered, angular. His clothes, of excellent quality and fashionable cut, were worn awkwardly. His hands, though scrubbed to an appetizing cleanliness, were the hands of a toiler; they were hairy, twisted, and on two fingers the nails were gone.

At sight of Miss Bellenden, whose poise was the perfection of cold repose, a streak of russet red leaped into his cheek. He shot his hand out and drew it back. But his smile was more impressive than anything else about him; it displayed two rows of the most perfect teeth in a wide semicircle to his ears. His mouth seemed capable of illimitable expansion, and above it his eyes danced in the delight one sees on the face of a crowing babe.

"Mr. Prentice, I believe," said Miss Bellenden, seating herself about eight feet from him.

"Yes, mum. I'm glad to see you round again, mum, though you don't look what I'd call right peart yet," and his eyes, serious for a second, dwelt on her sadly.

She froze him with a stare.

"I always meet the people here, at

least once. Is there anything you wish to see me about?"

Mr. Prentice twirled his soft-leaved black hat in a way very annoying to Miss Bellenden.

"It's always best to get reel cozy at headquarters," he smiled, "and I take it, mum, you're that, as you run the place."

"This house is mine, if that is what you mean."

"No one is questionin' that, mum, I hope," he said, leaning forward seriously. "It *is* yourn, and you kin tell anybody thet *I* say so."

For a horrible second it occurred to Miss Bellenden that the man had been drinking. But one glance at his keen, fresh face sent the fear scuttling. There was only one explanation—he was a mild lunatic. He must be sent away, but it must be done diplomatically.

She stood up and shook out her black silk skirt.

"Your business with me does not seem pressing, Mr. Prentice. It can wait."

He opened his lips as if to speak impulsively, closed them again, looked a volume of amiable things, and at last broke into speech:

"I want you and me should be *reel* friends. That's why I come here. Now, can't we? Here we are, two Americans, you alone, runnin' a boardin' house which can't nohow feel like hum to you—me alone, all my folks dead or far away. I ben travelin' all over this globe, mum, an' ef you'll believe me I'm jest about sick o' seein' sights. It got so, as I'm a-livin', that the sight of one of those thar cathedrals useter give me a sinkin' feelin' right in the pit of my stummick. You may well look surprised. Most folks won't allow thet furrin churches affect them that way. But a broken-down church on a pipin'-hot Eyetalian street with a lot of beggars around the door ain't what a true-born American calls pleasin'."

He rose up and down on his toes and moistened his lips for a new period.

But Miss Bellenden, in a disgust beyond words, stalked from the room.

In the front basement she faced Ellen, more perturbed in face and manner than that person had ever seen her.

"Get that man out of this house at once. He's a lunatic. He never would have been admitted had I seen him when he applied. Say what you please. Say I want his room for friends who are coming to-morrow, early. He must leave here to-night."

When Ellen told her at bedtime that Mr. Prentice had been most good-natured and that his room was empty, she slept in peace. The peace was shattered early. Before breakfast the next morning she heard some one singing. A sonorous barytone penetrated even to the front basement. The song was "Home, Sweet Home." The voice was tender, beautiful, and the singer seemed exulting in its unrestrained power.

Ellen, pale and disturbed, answered her bell.

"Who is singing?" asked Miss Bellenden, and the amazing answer, which she had somehow anticipated, was given:

"Mr. Prentice. He didn't go, Miss Letitia. He just went up wan flight. He said you wanted *that* room, so he just took another that he knew was empty. He don't understand that you want him to lave the house at all, at all."

Miss Bellenden did not reply. She sat down and faced a problem. This uncouth Yankee seemed to pervade the house. He seemed to bask in a personal sunlight which made him proof against snubs.

At eleven o'clock she summoned Ellen. She was dressed for the street, and a cab stood at the door.

"I'm going to Mr. Chatsworth's funeral service, Ellen," she said, drawing on her black gloves grimly. "Mr. Prentice must have left this house by the time I return. That's all. I leave it to you."

She lunched with an old friend, and it was nearly three when she returned

home. She felt nervous when Ellen opened the front door for her. In answer to the stern inquiry of her eyes Ellen shook her head helplessly.

"I haven't been able to get a word with him, Miss Letitia. He's been in and out, in and out, but so quick I couldn't catch hilt nor hair of him, he seemed that busy. But it's likely he'll be in soon, an' I'll tell him then."

Miss Bellenden sighed in an exasperated way and went down to the front basement. She had put away her cape, folded her gloves, and was just removing her bonnet when terror seized her and she sank, speechless, into a chair. The silence had been broken by a thin metallic voice which seemed in the room and yet miles away. Though chilled by fear she heard every word distinctly. It seemed as if a negro from some vague isolation were addressing her—out of the ceiling, down the fireplace, here, there, everywhere. She could not locate the voice.

"Ladies an' gen'lemen, I will now sing fer yub dat mos' popular ob coon ditties, calc'lated to make ebery heart glad an' to rejice. Strike up, Mr. Orchestra, an' let's hab dis yere ragtime in yo' bes' shape."

This was followed by a burst of unearthly music:

*"I'll be true to my baby,
For he is my own turtledove.
I'll be true to my honey boy,
He's the only one I love."*

There was another verse on the same topic, and a few seconds' silence followed. Miss Bellenden's lips moved vainly. She tried to stand up, but her feet seemed made of air, her fingers dripped weakness. Before strength could come to her another voice was heard:

"Little Winkie Wildwave, the boy soprano, will now oblige with his affecting ballad, 'Just a Little Attic, but It's Home.'"

There was the clatter of a piano and then a voice without more caliber than a

thread and as sharp as the rasping of a file tinkled from some place:

"Just a little lady in a rocking-chair,
Just a little baby, fondly waiting for me
there.

We've not much to boast of, still it's all our
own—

Just a little attic, but it's home, sweet
home."

Ellen's voice was heard in the hall, and Miss Bellenden found strength for one ringing cry. The maid burst into the room in a way she had never done before, stared at Miss Bellenden, and listened to the singing.

"Angels!" she exclaimed, furtively crossing herself.

Comprehension suddenly displaced the fear in her face and she pushed aside a screen in a corner.

"I thought so," she cried.

"Wh—wh—at?" came from the arm-chair.

"It's a funnygraf. I reckernized it, for I heard wan wanst at a picnic of the 'Rough and Ready Coterie.' Luk at it, Miss Letitia dear, and don't be frightened any more. How it kem there is the question. Here's a letter hangin' to it, an' it's fer you."

Another song, which had been announced as "I'll Marry No Man if He Drinks," was issuing from the black funnel, but they paid no attention to it. Miss Bellenden's fingers, fluttering like dry leaves, were opening the envelope. Too weak for speech, she read it in silence:

"MISS LETITIA BELLENDEN.

"*Esteemed Miss:* Thinking that it must be very lonesome for you in the cellar and hearing from Ellen that you had no companion, I thought it would be no more than *friendly* at this holiday season for me to present you with a small token to cheer you up. At first I had my mind on a parot, knowing that these birds are very consolling to maiden ladies like yourself, but I could not find one that was as refined in speech as I would like *your* poll parot to be. So next I thought

of that wonderful American invention, the phonograph, and managing with the aid of Annie, the cook, to sneak it into your room, I told her to set it going when she heard you approaching—trusting you will pardon said liberty. It will greet you on your return from the house of death, for which please accept sympathy. The record which I have put in holds a medley of the most popular songs of the day, so I was told. My favorite on the list is called, 'Tell Her You'll Forgive Her.' Hoping you'll heed the touching words of this song, and profit by same in regard to a dear one of *your own family*, is the earnest wish of your

"Most respectful boarder,

"AMOS PRENTICE."

Miss Bellenden was reading the last astonishing words for a second time when Ellen, with an exclamation, craned her neck forward:

"There goes Mr. Prentice now—oop the steps—as light as if he were a bye."

The phonograph was busy with a reproachful ballad: "You Told Me You Had Money in the Bank." Miss Bellenden pointed to it and said in a quiet voice which boded much:

"Take that thing out and put it where I'll never see or hear it again until it is returned to the person to whom it belongs. Then tell Mr. Prentice to be in the drawing-room in ten minutes. Say nothing else no matter what questions he may ask you. First fetch my tea."

No crusader fired with religious valor could have presented a more invincible front than Miss Bellenden as, fortified by her tea, she glided upstairs evenly and stiffly in the fashion she had been taught at dancing school thirty-five years before. Not a trace of any emotion was on her rigid face. She was a most chilling negation when she faced the donor of the phonograph.

He was standing on the hearth rug, his hands behind his back. His expression was complex. He looked at her with a touch of affection, a little fear, the self-consciousness of a child who wonders if he has dared too much, and his lips moved vaguely as a smile tip-

tilted on them only waiting for a kind word to expand into radiance.

The letter he had written hung gingerly from Miss Bellenden's fingers. She seemed to look *through* him.

"The last words in this require an explanation. Who are you?"

Mr. Prentice looked at her pleadingly.

"I am Amos Perkins. Air you mad at me fer not givin' my right name? But mebbe you won't feel so tearin' angry when I explain. You see it was this way. I often seen you when you was at 'Penworth,' but I knew you'd never been face to face with me, so when my son married your niece and I became one of the fam'ly, so to speak, I made up my mind to straighten out matters. Joan told me you wuz angry, thinkin' Ralph not *precisely* fine enough mebbe to be your nevvv. So I allowed I could patch the hull business up this way. After they got back from their honeymoon—I thought I'd hed a long enough visit in Paris—(can't stand the lingo—like Spanish, but the parley-voo bowls me over)—well, sez I to myself, people *like* me, they *take* to me, an' I'll go to Miss Bellenden's boarding house. By thunder, I won't be a week in the place before her an' me'll be *reel* friends. Why shouldn't we?—both alone—both Americans—both well on in years? Now I speculated kinder this way: first let me get chummy 'thout her knowin' who I am, then I'll——"

Miss Bellenden lifted her hand as a queen might to command silence.

"If you please. I merely wished to know if my suspicion were correct. It is. You are the father of the man Joan Townsend has married. I merely wished to be sure. The fact it not important. I say to you as Mr. Perkins what I would have said to Mr. Prentice—that you have been a nuisance in my house, have taken outrageous liberties here. I dismissed you once, but you had not breeding enough to know when you were insulted. You stayed. Your last impertinence in bribing a servant and

having that phonograph placed in my room I can't find words to denounce."

There was a look of sad surprise on Mr. Perkins's face.

"Believe me, mum, I never meant to take a liberty. It was all in the way of kindness. I know I ain't hed much chance. My money came late. But I wuz brought up honest and God-fearin', an' wouldn't I hev ben the same man way down underneath ef I hed my chance, as I am, *not* havin' hed it? *How* hev I ben a nuisance?" he asked mournfully; "I don't understand. I only tried to make things cheerful. I didn't know—" He paused, and then went on hastily: "Wal, never mind *me*. You don't cotton to me. I'm sorry, but ther ain't what reelly counts. My boy is your nevvv now, and though you don't think much of me, you'd be proud of him, I swan——"

"Your son, my nephew?—*mine*? You say you don't understand. You don't indeed." Miss Bellenden's eyes were hard and sparkled. "Try to grasp this fact. I consider Joan Townsend as apart from me as if I had never been aware of her existence, and yourself and your son as persons I could never know, save, perhaps, as my servants. Now leave my house. You understand this time—do you?—that I am commanding you to go *out* of my house and to *stay* out of it?"

Mr. Perkins's fingers moved tremblingly around his chin; he had grown paler; there was a glint of fire in his gentle eye.

"I got it straight then, mum—clear and straight. But you ain't to hev it all your own way just the same. I didn't think I wuz the lumberin' jackass makin' a nuisance of myself you say I am, but mebbe you're right. But when you say my son an' me are fit only to be your servants, I say no, mum, not by a long shot. An' jest remember this—havin' said it you may thank your God you're a woman."

He walked hurriedly out of the room,

and in an incredibly short time Miss Bellenden had the satisfaction of seeing his small trunk, valise, and the phonograph follow him into a cab.

Peace descended on the boarding house, but the young business men, widows, and students at Miss Bellenden's table spoke regretfully of his departure, and Ellen felt her heart sadden as she remembered the hurt look on the old face when he closed her fingers over a five-dollar bill at parting.

"Well, we'll never see him again," Ellen thought as she brushed Miss Bellenden's hair that night, "and it's sorry I am—not for the money—but he was the kindest creature that ever was."

She was wrong. It was Christmas night a week later when she answered the front door bell, and Mr. Perkins stood in the falling snow. His face was thinner and his smile but an apologetic ghost of that which had formerly delighted her. There was no hesitation in his manner as he stepped in.

"Good evenin', Ellen. You'll oblige me if you'll ask Miss Bellenden to see me fer jest five minutes."

"I don't think—" Ellen began.

"Ef she's well and ain't yet retired, I think she'll see me ef you give her this."

Ellen opened the drawing-room door for him and went doubtfully down. Miss Bellenden was reading beside the drop light. At Ellen's words her face grew set as a steel trap and she gingerly opened the note:

"MISS BELLENDEN.

"*Dear Miss:* If you will remember our last interview in the parlor, you will realize that I would not cross your doorstep again to save my neck from the hangman if I had not something to communicate to you which is most important. I will only take a few moments of your valuable time. Should this not meet with your approval kindly name another time in the next few days as I wish to leave for Mexico as soon as possible.

"Yours truly, AMOS PERKINS."

"Am I never to escape that man?" she demanded with asperity. "Tell him

I cannot—no, wait—he'll only annoy me and haunt the house. I might as well have done with him now. But I want you to station yourself in the front hall, Ellen, in case I require you."

She sailed up with the unseeing look she cultivated for those she considered her inferiors. Mr. Perkins stood on the hearth rug as he had at the last interview. But his bearing was different. He bowed formally in response to her curt nod. His eyes were grave. There was no aggressiveness in his poise, but there was a personal solidity and self-respect which seemed to reach out and lay an imperative finger on her.

"I hope you'll be seated, mum, as you listen to what I hev to say. It'll take about five minutes."

She hesitated with a touch of petulance, and then sat stiffly on the edge of a chair near the door.

"I can't git through too quick," he said quietly. "When I left this house the other day I wuz boilin' mad. I never thought to stand here agin, but I thought it over, and somethin' which I hed been goin' to do quietly, without your knowin', I made up my mind to tell you about."

Miss Bellenden sighed and leaned sideways uncomfortably.

"Ef you set farther back it'll be easier on the knee jints," he suggested. "Yer jest teeterin' on the edge." Miss Bellenden did not budge. "Wal, we might's well git down to hard pan, so this is what I come here to say. In the old days at 'Penworth' I see a great deal of Mr. Benjamin Bellenden, your brother. He useter buy my cows and wasn't above settin' in my dairy many a time while I spun yarns fer him, not *precisely* what a female would approve of, but that he liked tremenjous. When he left 'Penworth'—thet's eighteen years ago—I saw no more of him tell three years ago. He run acrost me in the Fifth Avenue Hotel whar I wuz tryin' to spend some of the pile of money thet seemed to hev tumbled on me outer the sky. It was

curious to think on—but thar I wuz as rich as rich could be and Mr. Benjamin could hardly afford a cigar. Sech is life! I was consumin' sorry fer him, and I made him borrow different small sums from me. At last one day he come to see me and he looked very peaked and white. He said he wuz jest sick at heart to think he couldn't take advantage of a chance to make a pile which hed come his way. He said he hed an inside tip, and thet if he hed forty thousand dollars to put into Wall Street, he'd pull out—pull out were his very words, ma'am—a hundred thousand dollars in a week. The upshot of it wuz, he asked me to lend it to him on good security, and I did. And the upshot of *bim* wuz thet in a week's time he hadn't a cent."

He paused and nodded heavily. Miss Bellenden's eyes had grown anxious.

"So my brother, when he died, owed you forty thousand dollars?"

"He did, mum."

"You have proof, I suppose?"

"*The best.*"

"Is this a demand on me as his heir?"

"No, mum. I don't need to make any demand on you fer anything. I told you he gave me security. Here it is in these here papers." He took a legal-looking document from his pocket and balanced it in his hand. "These are the deeds for this house, mum."

Miss Bellenden was not conscious of speaking, but she echoed the words.

"Yes, mum. This house is mine."

"Benjamin willed it to me," she said in a small, hurried voice.

"Benjamin didn't hev it to will."

Chaos came down on Miss Bellenden. She leaned weakly and covered her eyes with her veined, trembling hand.

"Now I'll finish up as quick as possible," said Mr. Perkins; "I never meant to press this claim. As the hull transaction with Mr. Benjamin had a sort of 'auld lang syne' touch to it, the deed was not recorded, an' you'd never have known a switch about it from anyone. I was mad when I found out all

the facts after Mr. Benjamin had gone to glory—that the house I reelly owned was all thet you, a pore old maiden lady, hed. I jest considered the money as given away to Mr. Benjamin. I felt this way even before my son and your niece met in Paris an' fell in love. I come over here to try and win you to fergive Joan—not 'cause there was anything to gain from you. I come here jest to get your good will, 'cause Joan loves you an' 'cause it seemed awful sad to me thet you should be workin' hard here, pore an' lonely, jest 'cause you hev some sot notions. You know how I wuz treated—but we'll say no more of that. When I got over bein' boilin' mad I made up my mind to one thing. You called me some pretty hard names, mum, an' you looked at me's ef I wuz dirt under your feet, so I made up my mind it only seemed fair you should know the truth, an' allow thet though I wuz born pore an' hed no chance, I got in me jest as much of God's eternal honor as you hev. That ain't owned by any few, mum, who happen to come into the world with things made easy fer them—at any rate thet's the American way of lookin' at it."

He waved the papers gently.

"Now, I know, Miss Bellenden, that though you'd be without a cent you'd want me to take this house, but I don't consider this security was fair to you, mum, an' I couldn't do it—and *what's more I never meant to.*"

"The house is yours," came faintly from Miss Bellenden's shielded lips.

She saw him lay the papers on the coals and they swirled into flame.

"I defy you to prove it. I wish you a Merry Christmas. Good evenin'."

The sound of the outer door closing aroused her. She swayed as she gained the hall. Her face moved like a whimpering child's.

"Run after him, Ellen."

"Is it after Mr. Prentice?"

"Call him back," she said feebly, a frosty tear glittering on her cheek.

TAORMINA THE BEAUTIFUL

BY CAROLINE BAKER KUEHN



THAT great traveler, Lord Holland, in his reminiscent period, was wont to affirm that Taormina in Sicily, the peak of Teneriffe in the Canaries, and the first sight of the city of Damascus, were the finest views in the world. If Lord Holland's opinion has passed hitherto without controversy it must be because the horde of tourists which charges over Europe does not extend its ravages to the little known and the unfrequented. Travelers there are to-day, however, who would challenge Lord Holland as to the worthiness of the view of Damascus from any point to be classed with the other two. As to Taormina, some there be, enthusiasts, aplenty, who hold that for *beauty* of form and color, art and nature, there is not her like to be found in all the world.

To such as knew Taormina and loved her, back, let us say, in the eighties—days when steam heat, electric lights, and even *grands bains* were unknown, when hotels were degraded palaces, with the grandeur, the atmosphere, and the inconveniences of old palaces—she seems in no small danger of being spoiled now that she is discovered. In the days I speak of there were drawbacks, to be sure. In order to send a telegram it was first necessary to look up the operator who might be getting his breakfast in *casa sua*, or practicing the mandolin in a neighboring café. Nothing too bad could be said of the postal system—if one ever got one's letters it

must have been because no one else wanted them.

There was, however, a simplicity in the life that appealed to the jaded globe trotter, and a kindliness toward strangers on the part of the Taorminese, as yet unspoiled by greed of gain; and if one was detached, the temptation to take root was so strong that instinctively one began to look about for the site for a stucco villa and a terraced garden. In those days, too, the charm of discovery was always with one, unaided but unrestricted by dictatorial stars in red guide books. Taormina was of little importance to Herr Baedeker back in the eighties; and what a place for old clothes! You might wear your oldest and shabbiest, it was all one to the Taorminese.

The views from the Greek Theater were no more beautiful then than now, surely, but one's ears were less frequently assailed by *ausgezeichnet*, *prachtvoll*, and *kolossal*, and spinach-colored suits, topped by perky little hats with a silly chicken feather at the side, were so rare as to cause the women washing at the fountains to pause in their chatter long enough to wonder what kind of a *forestiere* was that. They have had ample opportunity since to make his intimate acquaintance. Those were the days—not to grow too prolix—when a little money carried one far, when servants were courteous, obliging, and grateful for small tips. Now, alas! Taormina is known to all the world, from the "Cookies" to the Kaiser, and what Mr. Douglas Sladen has not accomplished



GATEWAY OF THE PALAZZO CORVAJA

by his two excellent books on Sicily, has been completed by the royal family of Germany.

Taormina has become fashionable. Huge hotels with every modern convenience make the place entirely safe for the most coddled millionaire. The dignity of the Greek Theater is as impressive now as then, however; the exquisite and pathetic beauty of the Badia Vecchia, or Convent, called by Mr. Sladen one of the most beautiful Gothic buildings in the world, the Palazzo Corvaja, the Palazzo San Stefano, are still there to delight artist and architect, as are also many Moorish and Gothic arches and gateways, framing perspectives of gray-green hillsides of olive and almond orchards, beneath the shade of whose branches herds of goats and sheep are forever grazing; and the steep, alley-like streets and narrow goat paths (greatly tempting to the short-skirted, broad-soled woman, who loves to climb, or to scramble even) allure to coigns of vantage for the ever-changing views.

The absolute out-of-door-ness of everything here is a relief from the churches and galleries of Florence and Rome. As for the view, what sea is so blue as the Mediterranean, what coast line bolder or more captivatingly irregular and unexpected than the Eastern coast of Sicily. High at the back of Taormina rise the mountains, towering one above the other, shutting off the *tramontana*, or north wind; overhanging the town, the grim ruins of the Castello, or ancient fortress, with the near-by hermitage of Saint Mary of the Rocks, a most picturesque little group of buildings; higher still, much higher, lies the mediæval and almost deserted town of Mola, clinging desperately to a shoulder of the mountain, as if fearful of being pushed off into the sea, and, closing in the distant perspective, at the right rises the long, graceful slope of Etna with its thin, white curl of smoke trailing off into the blue.

Beautiful are the fine old city gates;

beautiful, too, and interesting, the gray stucco group of buildings, formerly the Monastery of Dominican friars, now the Hotel San Dominico, of which a fine view is had from the Catania gate. Should interest or curiosity lead you thither, the head porter, in his capacity of cicerone, will tell you the following tale:

More than three hundred years ago the ground upon which the monastery stands was given by the Cerami—*una famiglia antichissima e nobile*—to the Dominican brotherhood (those clever friars who ever established themselves in an earthly paradise while seeking the heavenly one), with the stipulation in writing upon parchment, signed with a seal like a dinner plate, that if for any reason whatever the order should cease to exist, the ground should return to the descendants of the donors. Upon the suppression of this with other religious orders sometime in the seventies, Prince Cerami, the present head of the family, sought long and diligently among the archives of the monastery, until the document was found. Its validity being recognized by the Italian Government, the ground was returned to the family, who, for a nominal sum, acquired the buildings, with the exception of the fine sixteenth-century church, which now belongs to the municipality.

For twenty years the place was a melancholy but picturesque feature of the landscape, falling gracefully into decay, until new hotels were needed and the transformation began. The low mass of dull-gray stucco is built four-square about three courts—one pure Gothic, the others later Renaissance, the beautifully graceful arches and slender columns, overgrown with blossoming vines trained pergola-like to the iron supports of the fine well head in the center of the court. The charm of the place is irresistible, especially of the gardens and terraces, the pergolas and arbors from every point of which is the view of Etna and the sea, the town and



TAORMINESE NORMAN TYPE

hill sides. Never does the sense of vision become more valuable than in places like this; with a good pair of eyes, life might not be unendurable even to a paralytic.

As for things to do there is no lack. Excursions on donkeys to Mola, to the

near-by town of Letojanni, where an interesting fair is held late in January, which brings the peasants from far and near for the purpose of bartering everything from horned cattle and feathered fowls to brass lamps and candlesticks and red cotton umbrellas, big and flam-



TAORMINESE ARAB TYPE

boyant enough to serve as tents upon a lawn. A charming touch is given to the excursion to the Castello, as, in addition to the exploration of the Castello and hermitage, the sweet notes of a shepherd pipe delight the ear, played upon a veritable Pipe o' Pan. The

ragged but lovely child who thus discourses sweet music whilst watching his straggling flock, returns to every question but one reply, *non so*, I don't know, burying his toes in the wet grass and looking as if all he asks it to be let alone. After pouring our libation of



CORNER OF COURTYARD, PALAZZO CORVAJA

pennies to the little Pan, we left him looking hopefully toward the group of Tedeschi who had stopped to refresh themselves at the *trattoria*, halfway up.

In making these excursions it is well to trust to a connoisseur in donkeys, or your choice may fall upon one that is *spaventoso*, but if you grow donkey-wise you can usually get one that is *ragionevole*—reasonable; but they are all safe and can climb like cats. There is a charming excursion by boat to the Grotto of St. Andrea where, when the sun is bright, the water is as blue as it is in the famous Grotto of Capri, and where, in addition, the water's edge is bordered by a growth of bright-red coral. Should you be in Taormina when the almond trees are in blossom you will have fortified yourself forever against the traveler who flouts anything as opposed to the cherry-tree blossoms of Japan.

Not the least interesting feature of a visit to Taormina is the study of the people: Saracens, Moors, Normans, Greeks, Romans, have all fought for and possessed Sicily at one time or another. Here says the map of Sicily shows the history of the Island, one side presented to Greece, another to Africa, and a third to Spain, a tempting bait for each. Traces of the different occupations remain in both inhabitants and architecture. In one family with the same parentage may not infrequently be seen the blond coloring of the Norman and the dark, almost swarthy Arab type. This brings me to the true and interesting story of Salvatore Palladino. The name sounds grown up, but its owner was a little fellow, perhaps ten years old. We had noticed for several days that whenever we took our walks abroad, a ragged, forlorn little object had followed us, and the idea came of putting him to some use, in carrying our books, wraps, and accumulations from antiquity shops. The fascination of Italian *anticbi* I have never been able to resist; moreover, whenever we dallied

in a weak-minded way over the decision as to which of two paths led to a given point, it was the hand of Salvatore extended flat and square like a hand in an Egyptian hieroglyph that always guided us aright.

One day, as we were returning to the hotel, laden as usual with spoil from the *anticbi*, an Englishwoman living in Taormina startled us with the information that our little knight was particularly interesting, being a veritable faun, with furry ears and a tail. The ears we disproved at once, as, in anticipation of a new cap purchased the day before, his elder brother had cut his hair for him with a very dull instrument, evidently, for it was all in patches, black and white like a checkerboard; but beneath the cap the ears stood out in the proud triumph of fact over fiction. Consequently, we lifted the nostril of scorn and incredulity at the idea of a tail. Once planted there, however, the thought worked like a maggot in the brain, and learning furthermore from an artist resident on the island that the child had a tail, that he was not sensitive, indeed that he had turned the abnormality into a source of revenue by exhibiting it to the curious at a penny a head, why then hesitate we, who had paid nobly in many pennies for the very cigars and cigarettes with which the elder brother was at that very time regaling himself? Taking our courage in two hands one lovely afternoon, we herded our one faun into a quiet lane and demanded proof of the *coda* if such existed. Salvatore obligingly untied the rope about his waist that held his rags together, politely turned his back, and at the tip of the spine, in the place, in fact, where the tail ought to grow, there was the tail, short and stubby, but a tail undeniably, and as important for proof as though it had dragged on the ground. It was surrounded by long, silky hair, precisely like that on a variety of long-haired apes. Salvatore told us that when he was little, *piccolo*, his tail had hurt him

when he lay down, and so his mother had cut it off. Spartan woman! She deserved to become the mother of Centaurs. Further inquiry brought forth the facts that Salvatore's father was in prison in Sardinia for killing a man, that his mother had been dead for several years, and the child was skilled in all cunning ways of bringing himself up. Had we been told that a she wolf had suckled him, a belated brother of Romulus and Remus, we could well have believed it. His bed was an old sack into which he crawled at night, after seeking a sheltered spot. The dog-like habit was his of burying his food when he found himself with more than he could dispose of at one sitting. We knew then where the jar of jam went, that no child of ten could have eaten all at once and lived.

Lady Hill, an English resident of Taormina, who has established schools for the poor children of the place, has tried in vain to tame Salvatore, but he always runs away, sometimes going off into the hills where he lives for days like a wild creature. Apparently he is unable to stand any restraint. He is by no means lacking in intelligence, and is very sharp and shrewd, with the alertness of an intelligent animal. Salvatore is of the pure Arab type, whilst his brother is of the blond Norman.

Such is the story of Salvatore Palladino, and when I had related it to a physician and he asked me if the tail were vertebrate I was able to respond promptly that it was. But when he exclaimed excitedly, "Well, could he wag it?" Ah! there he had me, I shall have to go back to Taormina to find out.



WINTER DREAMS

By JESSIE STORRS FERRIS

WHERE poppies pout their scarlet lips
 Among the whispering wheat,
 And brigand bees go sweethearting,
 With pollen-powdered feet;

'Mid clovered crofts where fireflies meet
 To dance at drop of dusk,
 And every hedgerow faints beneath
 Its winy weight of musk;

Where moonlight gleams on dim, warm pools
 With lily-pads a-sway,—
 'Tis there, 'tis there I fain would be
 This drear December day!

"AS AN ARMY WITH BANNERS"

BY ROBERT SHACKLETON



GENERAL CHATTAN listened gravely, yet with the faintest touch of tolerant amusement. His jacket was of gray, shaded by the dust of the road to a deeper hue; dust-covered boots rose high upon his thighs; his broad, soft hat drooped far down over his forehead. Slender bands on either shoulder were his sole insignia of rank, and he sat his horse in easy carelessness, slouching forward just a trifle in his saddle.

The mayor, with his white waistcoat billowing from a stress of emotions, and his voice quavering a little, for the sense of his importance in the public eye could not wholly vanquish fear, gave to the general a reluctant welcome on behalf of the town. He did not notice the twinkle of amusement, for with much apparent respectfulness did the distinguished officer listen to him; neither did he heed the restlessness of the staff, their shifting in their saddles, their covert smiles. The great horse of the general stood motionless, but the soft stamping of the others punctuated the mayor's talk.

"I venture to express the hope"—thus the voice trailed frightened on—"that there will be full protection of property, and in return, as mayor" (his almost discomfited importance swelling the waistcoat anew), "I offer you the hospitality of this town. If you are in need of supplies we are prepared to furnish them" (his voice ran more hurriedly, and his eyes wandered to the

principal store of the little town, and he twitched his feet up, one after the other, as if engaged in the dodging of cannon balls); "of course, at the regular market prices." His voice quite vanished in a final frightened flutter as he felt the gaze of the general fixed, now with severity, upon him.

But the voice of General Chattan was free from reprehensive note. The audacity of the mayor in reading him a lesson upon the ethics of warfare, when the town was so completely in his power, appealed to his sense of humor.

"Well, sir"—his manner was so bland, and his voice, with its soft slurring of the r's, so gentle, that the mayor took new heart, and glanced proudly around as if to demand of his neighbors commendation for the politic way in which he had met this redoubtable enemy—"well, sir, you may rest quite easy, sir. The Huns and the Vandals, sir, are no longer with us. We have left them back in Virginia, gloating over their spoil. And everything, sir, shall be paid for at the full market rates."

The mayor beamed, and his waistcoat swelled and billowed anew.

"In our currency, of course, made at Richmond," went on the purring voice, "and I don't doubt, sir, that we'll find about all we want in that big store, yonder;" his eyes, in which the twinkle was now unmistakable, resting upon the building which, as he had easily discerned from the mayor's anxious glance, must belong to that worthy official himself.

Whereupon the mayor spluttered unintelligible words in his excitement, and shuffled his feet as if cannon balls were now coming in a storming rush.

Then the general's voice changed. "Where are the military?"

The mayor boggled his words. "The command of the military, sir——"

But the mayor was a brave little man at bottom. He glanced again at his precious store, into which the early afternoon sunbeams were drowsily creeping. He sighed, but it was a sigh of resignation should Fate really prove adverse.

"In regard to the soldiers, sir, and their numbers and their movements, I



"I offer you the hospitality of this town."

"There were soldiers here two hours ago. Where are they? How many are there? And will they oppose us?"

The voice had suddenly become peremptory and harsh. This was a voice that the staff well knew, and there was a straightening in the saddles and a stilling of restless horses. Upon all, soldiers and townsfolk alike, there fell silence.

will say nothing, as I have nothing to do with their command and would certainly not give information to our enemies."

He panted, after this display of bravery, and among some of those about him there was a momentary shuffling as if from an impulse to escape from the general's wrath; but that officer smiled tolerantly, saluted, and at the head of his

staff passed up the main street. By nature he was averse to plundering, and in addition there were strict orders from headquarters governing the conduct of troops operating outside of Confederate territory.

The astonished town had gathered along the way to witness the passage of the armed apparition. It had never thought of it as among the possibilities that the Confederates should appear. The postmaster, informal chairman of the local board of strategy, had incontrovertibly shown that Lee, should he aim for Washington, would go far from this town of Bramley. And as the postmaster had been wounded in the Seven Days, and had once been on duty for a couple of hours before the tent of General McClellan, his right to dogmatize in regard to strategy had never been disputed.

Yet here, in Bramley, the Confederates were! Faces were at every window, the sidewalks were thronged, men and women and children gazed big-eyed at the dusty troopers and listened spell-bound to the beat of hoofs and the jingling of accouterments.

The mayor wistfully thought that he would have liked the Widow Morton and her daughter to have seen and heard him. Far up the street, on the balcony of their great house, he could just make out two figures, which he thought must be theirs. And he was right. It was Mrs. Morton and her daughter who were standing within the pillared balcony, the older woman stately, proud, moved by happiness which she barely cared to conceal, and Charlotte, white of face, her head and shoulders tilted slightly forward in tense eagerness.

"See how splendidly they carry themselves!" exclaimed Mrs. Morton. "These are men who—" But she checked herself, for soon these soldiers would be face to face with the Federals and with Colonel Marshall, the man whom Charlotte loved.

Mrs. Morton was ardently for the

South, because she was of Carolina birth; her husband, too, although a Northerner, had believed in the doctrine of State rights; and naturally, Charlotte herself tended in sympathy toward the South. It was before the beginning of the war, however, that the love between herself and James Marshall had begun. Her father had liked the young man; her mother still liked him; Bramley was, after all, a Northern town; and so his being a soldier of the North had caused no breach. He had been at home for a few weeks on sick-leave furlough, and, with the few Northern soldiers who were in the town when the news of Chattanooga's approach came, and a number of the more earnest-hearted townsmen, he had marched away, to serve as a volunteer with the little body, which was in command of his closest friend.

Mrs. Morton's exultation would have vanished, had she noticed the horror and distress in the eyes of her daughter. For to Charlotte the clattering of hoofs was fearsome, the flutter of the guidons had terror in it, the glint of the sun upon steel was deadly.

The town was very different of aspect from those through which General Chattanooga had been marching and fighting—the Southern towns, burned and looted and ragged and poor, wrecked by the storms of war. For Bramley was as peaceful, as prosperous, as if no war were in progress. There were fine white houses, and long stretches of green lawn, and of flowering shrubs a great plenty, and giant elms, proudly sweeping their branches above the street and checking with light and shadow the horsemen, who, in spite of their weariness, rode gaily through, looking with eager curiosity on either side.

As if to view a holiday parade, the citizens had come out to look at the troops, and Chattanooga smiled grimly as he noticed it. There was a parting of one of the groups that irregularly lined the road, and a little boy, known to all the

townsfolk as the special servant of "Miss Charlotte," pushed his way through and, frightened, but gaining shy confidence under the general's kindly glance, stiffly held up to him a bunch of flowers.

And all who saw it, felt that it was a graceful and proper thing to do, supplementing the address of the mayor by this tribute from femininity. It was appropriate, too, coming from the Mortons. This flowery homage caused a smiling uplift in hearts and countenances, and all looked at the general as if in expectation that something should follow, from him, in return. For, with all, there was the fear of what the quartermaster or the rear-guard might do.

The general bowed his thanks, the boy was again swallowed up by the crowd, and with the medley din of the march, the clangor and clank and beat, the intermittent call of the bugle, the force went steadily on. As he passed the Mortons' house, the general saw the two ladies, standing handsome and stately in the soft shade of the pillared porch, with roses and honeysuckles clinging about and over them. The exultant poise of Mrs. Morton told him, alert to all impressions, that she was on his side. He raised the flowers and bowed, but not significantly, for he had seen in the first glance that a note lay hidden among them sinisterly curled. And over the white gown of Charlotte a crimson rose showered petals like drops of blood.

The general passed on. The soldiers, following him, disappeared from sight of the town, and the town breathed more freely. The multitudinous clattering chirr came faintly and more faint. A cloud of golden dust hovered in the sun-shot air, and the townsfolk looked with awe into one another's faces, almost wondering if it had been but an apparition.

But Charlotte was suffering an agony of remorse and dread. The parting, that day, with Marshall had been bitter; for jealousy had come to her, and she had

taunted him, and there had been sudden words that scorched and quivered. And he had gone—and in the wildness of the moment she had yielded to the primal savagery that had flamed into momentary control of her spirit.

And now—now she would do anything, give anything, dare anything, to undo what she had done—anything, that is, which could be given or dared or done without visible violation of conventions! Even now she could have her horse saddled and could gallop off in an effort to save James Marshall—she never thought of the others. But what would the town say! It was not impossible for her to do a dreadful thing; but it was quite impossible for her to do anything unusual or marked in the public eye, to neutralize it!

General Chattan opened the note and read. It was brief, and there was no name signed, but there was no disguise of hand. He knew that a woman had written it, a proud woman, who disdained the usual forms of secrecy; a gentlewoman who frankly took it for granted that, as a gentleman, he would make no such use of the letter as would disclose her identity; an angered woman, who wrote in a heat of passion.

The note told, with swift succinctness, that the Federals were posted four miles in advance, at a point where the road wound through a defile and where it would be useless for him to attack. It told that the Federals were but two hundred in number, altogether too few for the position, and that they could be flanked should he turn to the right, at a crossroads where stood a schoolhouse and a little church, and, following the road about a hundred yards, thence send his men through a ravine.

He felt a profound sadness, subtly comprehending that some woman was betraying, in anger, knowledge which had been given her by a soldier in the trust of intimacy. As he rode on, the paper sifted from his hands in tiny fragments and one of his aides curiously



“See how splendidly they carry themselves!”

noticed that it was over a long distance that the little white bits were scattered.

He reached the corner where stood the schoolhouse and the little crossroads church. Not even a farmer was in sight. There was naught but brooding silence. He halted; and scouts came back with the intelligence that there was a force posted in a strong position directly in his front.

As he gave the command that turned a large part of his force toward the ravine, the people of Bramley, passing from vague questioning to awed realization, were waiting, tense and nervous, for sounds or news. There was an air of expectation, of dread, of solemnity, and yet, withal, of curiosity. Men spoke in hushed voices. Faces were turned in the direction in which the cavalry had disappeared. Along the road, outside of the town, groups irregularly drifted.

And in her room, with its windows looking out into the garden which bloomed so sweetly, a girl, dry-eyed but in a frenzy of grief and reproach, chilled and shivered in expectancy.

A horseman dashed into the town at headlong gallop, and only drew rein long enough to demand the road by which the cavalry had left. He galloped on, and Charlotte, who had rushed to the window to see, threw herself down, groveling, and prayed that it was a courier with an order to retreat.

Suddenly she heard a gentle shivering of the air; a sound as if in the far distance glass were broken. She gave a sobbing cry; then came more sounds, and heavier; muffled thuds, softly echoing, and then a broken medley, with crash and shatter, and sighing sighs from iron throats, and now and then a sound as of the sad tolling of some distant bell.



"To think that anyone here could have betrayed us!"

Soon came silence; but the girl still lay, sobbing, forgetful of everything in life, now, but the realization of what it was she had done. Darkness came, and wrapped the houses; lights twinkled here and there, and the girl heard the murmurous hum of talk from the street.

There was an excited cry, "The soldiers!"—then the soft crooning of distant bugles and the thudding of hoofs. Once more the brigade of General Chattan entered the Bramley main street. That they had been victorious was clear, for they were exultant, and prisoners were with them, but it was equally evident that victory had been paid for. The men took instant possession of the streets, and great bivouac fires blazed up, weirdly lighting the soldiery, and a great glow flared against the pillared front of the Morton home, and struck, crimson and quivering, into the room where Charlotte crouched in dread.

There was a swinging stroke at the great old eagle brass knocker, and Charlotte started to her feet, scarcely able to repress a shriek. But it was only an aide, who presented the compliments of General Chattan, who begged to know if it would be any intrusion if he should take up his quarters there for the night.

Mrs. Morton, fluttering and proud, received the general in the broad, hospitable hall. She asked him what had been the result of the fight.

"We won, madam, and are now on our way to rejoin the main body."

"And can you tell us"—her voice faltered—"can you tell us the fate of Colonel Marshall, who was with the Federals?" She knew nothing, suspected nothing, of the quarrel of that day or of what had come from it, and thought only of the misery of poor Charlotte, who, waiting for news, had begged brokenly to be left alone.

"He is a prisoner, madam."

"And"—her voice faltered again—"can you tell me—he and my daughter are friends—"

The general's face grew very kind. "He is a prisoner, I am sorry to say, but practically unwounded—a mere scratch. Shall I have him here to show your daughter that he isn't hurt?"

When Charlotte, white and shaken, crept down to see him, she could hardly believe that this was the man she had known; this man, so stern and so sorrowful, so possessed by some terrible emotion.

"It is because he hates me," she thought miserably, and she shrank away—but his eye brightened at the sight of her, and he stepped to her side.

"My love, my love," he murmured.

And she saw that the quarrel had been quite forgotten!—the quarrel which with her had such awful consequence. Forgotten! With him, just back to her side from frantic scenes of struggle and death, the pettiness of the quarrel had sunk into nothingness.

But the brightened look with which he had greeted her faded in an instant into profoundest grief.

"Father is killed—and my youngest brother—" His voice broke in a tangled sound of agony inconceivable. "They went out with the men of Bramley, to help the soldiers—and they are dead—and my dearest friend is dead—oh, Charlotte, Charlotte!" He turned his face from her, and his form shook with fierce emotion.

She tried to touch him, tried to speak to him, but her hand fell at her side and her words were a formless and shriveling whisper.

"Someone betrayed us!" he went on, in a moment. "They came upon us through Brown's ravine and Drew's orchard. Someone told them!—and my father and my brother—" He broke down utterly, and she knew that his agony was stronger than his love, and that he could never forgive her if he knew.

"You must go to my mother, Charlotte—she needs you—"

"Ycs," she said dully.

"And—and—oh, Charlotte, to think that anyone here could have betrayed us!" At this he quite broke down again.

Through it all, both then and afterward, there was a stern hope on the part of Marshall that he could discover who it was that had done the betrayal, but

shivering, seeing again the troopers filing by, hearing again the crooning of bugles and the thudding hoofs.

At the close of the war they married. She sought to avoid it for a while, shocked and frightened at the very thought. She knew that ghosts would forever haunt them; but she saw that an



"And steadily on her husband read."

the mystery eluded him, for he could never learn of more than a speech of welcome by the mayor and of a bunch of flowers sent by the girl he loved.

As time wore on, and the war drew toward its close, the savage spirit that had once taken possession of Charlotte came to be looked back upon by her as a deadly nightmare. She never forgot; often, in the night, she would awake

unexplained refusal would really give pain, and so to his gentle insistence she at length yielded.

Sadness, somberness, ever marked her. It was not that the memory was always existent; wounds of the mind and the heart heal, with scars; but the effect of the dreadful day could never be effaced. And he, too, never could forget.

Year followed year, decade followed decade into eternity, and children came

and grandchildren. And ever with Charlotte was the gentle sadness which neither the love of husband nor of children could quite put away. Her mother had died, and she and her husband now lived in the great house which had been her home before her marriage. And late one afternoon she sat on the pillared balcony, looking out upon the gentle street, the dignified homes, the sweeping elms. A group had gathered far down there by the store where the Confederate general had paused on that far-away day. Her husband came up the walk, between the flowering shrubs, and his face brightened affectionately as he saw her.

"I have something to interest you!" he cried, holding up a magazine. "An article by General Chattan, describing his foray into this very region! I haven't read a word of it yet, so that we may have it together."

She turned pale, but he did not notice. He placed a chair for her and, seating himself beside her, opened the pages and eagerly began to read. And as in a dreadful dream all the happenings of that distant day came back to her.

As he went on, paragraph after paragraph—crossing the Potomac, cutting loose from Lee, passing town after town, coming ever nearer to Bramley—something tightened and tightened about her heart. The inevitable came at last!

A shower of petals fell over her like splotches of blood. Somewhere a bell was tolling, and it came to her as the boom of distant firing. Her face grew terribly white and drawn. And steadily on her husband read. She wanted to shriek out a warning; she wanted to save him from the knowledge which was about to strike at him, to dizzy him, to blind him. But her dry tongue could not utter a sound; her hands fell nerveless.

As he read the words, "*I entered the town of Bramley—*" a faintness came over her, and she fell back in her chair. The present vanished, all consciousness vanished, and from the distance still came the heavy, heavy toll of the bell.

He read on. Intent upon the narrative, he did not heed that she had fainted. She came slowly back to herself, clutching at consciousness with a shivering dread of what consciousness might bring. She sighed, with an infinite weariness. He did not heed, for there had come to him a full recurrent sense of the long-past tragedy and he only deemed that she, too, was once more full of the terror of it.

She looked at him. She listened, again, to his voice. Chattan's story had passed the entry into the village, had passed the fight; he was now leaving the Morton home on his way to rejoin Lee.

Then, after all, the general had not written down anything! He had not sunk the gentleman in the historian. He had not, as he might so easily have done, forgotten that the occurrences of that distant day might still be alive with potential shame!

He closed the pages. They looked curiously at each other. Each was searching out the other's heart. He, as well as she, knew now that in these recent moments there had been something of solemn import.

"I wonder who it was—" he murmured.

Should she tell him? Should she break the silence that had for twoscore years bound her? The words were on her lips. She saw, in swift imagination, his incredulity, his amaze, his terrible anger. And from that picture she cowered.

"I wonder who it was," she whispered.



JAPAN:

OUR NEW RIVAL IN THE EAST

BY HAROLD BOLCE

II. OUR INEVITABLE COMPETITION WITH YELLOW LABOR*



IN the conversion of the Far East into a hive of factories swarming with cheap Mongolian labor, Japan, in my judgment, has inaugurated a new economic movement, no less important to the world than was the introduction of labor-saving machinery, and even more revolutionary than that iconoclastic innovation because no nation can compete with these yellow wage-earners.

But before dealing with this startling transformation which now threatens much of the foreign commerce of both America and Europe, I wish to call attention to our present unsucccess abroad, and to the indication that we would not secure the trade of the far Pacific, even if Japan were not ready with a new element of competition.

With sturdy optimism we ignore our commercial failures in the Far East and look upon an occasional emergency cargo as the beginning of a permanent trade. Japan, for example, was compelled to march to war in American shoes, but we forget that when it returns to the paths of

peace it will go barefoot. It is equally idle to dwell upon the colossal commerce of the China of to-morrow; Japan will take care of that, as the official Japanese proclamation, reproduced below, attests. When our trade commissioners complete the humiliating chapter of our South American defeat, it will doubtless be in order to tell the story of our exclusion from the opportunity of the Orient. The foreign trade of the southern half of our own hemisphere now amounts to \$1,000,000,000 a year. It has passed to the Old World, whose antiquated methods we deride! The foreign commerce of Oceanica and the Pacific countries of Asia amounts to \$3,000,000,000 per annum, and is passing to Japan, whose invasions we applaud!

There is a popular tendency in America to get into the sanguine class with John Barrett and Colonel Sellers. We are a nation of big figures. If we fail to-day, we fill the future with statistics. In the name of the Government, O. P. Austin has preëmpted the commercial prize of the Orient. All that we have to do is to complete the Panama Canal, revive and subsidize a

* This is the second of a most important series of articles (the first of which appeared in the November number) on the future of our commerce with the Orient in the light of the new era which begins for Japan with the conclusion of her war with Russia. The series has been specially prepared by Mr. Harold Bolce, of the Treasury Department, Washington, from information gathered by him during a recent trip to China and Japan, taken specially for this magazine.—The Editor.

merchant marine, reform our consular service, establish credit agencies, banks, sample exchanges, and go-downs in Asia, master the tariff complexities abroad, stand pat on our own, and undersell Japan. But that nation is likewise looking into the future.

The Department of Finance at Tokio has officially made the following announcement:

Our trade doubled decennially during the twenty years from 1868 to 1888, and septennially after the latter year; and if the same rate is maintained hereafter, the volume of trade will reach yen 1,060,000,000 (£108,521,184) in 1909. Moreover, the completion of the Panama Canal will stimulate our trade with North America, open a new era for our trade with South America, especially with Brazil and the Argentine Republic, and not improbably enable us to find for our merchandise new markets on the West Coast of Africa. Again, as many railways are now under construction in the interior of China with a view to tapping her inexhaustible wealth, our commercial relations with her in our position as her close neighbor will, with the exploitation of her natural resources, become more intimate than ever.

To back up this programme Japan starts in with 9,000 factories employing half a million Mongolian operatives thriving on wages that would drive American labor to pauperism and crime. These Oriental factories will turn out a "Hoe" press, a "Baldwin" locomotive, a "Cramp" battle ship, or an "Edison" phonograph with such fidelity to the niceties of construction that the American makers cannot detect the counterfeit from the original. With what will pass for our own goods, Japan will be able to undersell us in any foreign market. The Sunrise Kingdom has patented all our best inventions and appropriated our most popular trade-marks, and brings legal action against American firms attempting to "infringe" upon the stolen right of Japanese manufac-

turers to multiply and sell "Yankee" wares.

Reprehensible as we may consider Japan's appropriation of the good name of our merchandise, it may be the beginning of a great movement in world traffic. For the first time in economic history Japan has employed in mechanical industries a labor that is both cheap and efficient. The cheap-labor scares of the past have been merely political arguments. Many economists are convinced that American labor, when its product is measured, is the cheapest among Western nations. The workmen of the United States turn out in our big factories as great a volume of goods as do all the employees of Germany, France, and the United Kingdom combined. In Japan and China, however, there is a labor with which neither America or Europe could or would compete. Official figures from Tokio show that shipbuilders in the 230 private shipyards of that empire receive fifty-nine sen a day; the highest rate of wages paid in all Japan to artisans. In textile industries, the maximum rate is twenty-nine sen.

Of this labor, cheap, skillful, diligent, and thrifty, the Orient possesses a monopoly. With this army of Oriental wage-earners who cannot only rival the best operatives of America and Europe, but who can save money out of their beggarly pay, the Mongolian manufacturer embarks upon the search for foreign markets with goods which he can mark down beyond the reach of any possible competition. The introduction of labor-saving machinery was revolutionary, turning thousands of men out of employment and causing the abandonment of hundreds of hand-made industries. Yet the problem in all countries was the same. All could install engines and dynamos and belts. With the readjustment to the new order, tens of thousands of new people were employed and products were amazingly multiplied. The original thousands of

men made idle were frequently forced under prolonged protest into other callings, and individual capital was often irreparably lost. This is one of the tragedies of all economic progress. People as a whole benefited by the revolution. The prosperity of the world was vastly increased.

With the transformation of the Orient into a modern factory center employing yellow millions of men at wages which estop competition, America and other Western nations are confronted by a new element in manufacturing industry. The only way to compete successfully would be to force the wages in Europe and the United States down to the level of those in Japan, and that would plunge the whole Occident into anarchy. It is obvious that the Japanese menace to the cotton mills of the Southern States of America now dependent upon the Chinese trade is but the preliminary phase of an industrial catastrophe which may overtake every manufacturing plant in this country which now or in the future bases its prosperity on foreign trade.

Japan is after the same markets which our statisticians have staked out for us, and it will fix a price that will give its cargoes the right of way. Is it possible that the Orient will cause us to abandon foreign fields entirely, so far as the sale of competitive goods is concerned? We can go on exporting raw materials to Japan and other countries, but that will not in the long run satisfy the ingenious American people. It is not improbable that the Orient will become the world's manufacturer of many commodities the making of which we thought indispensable to our prosperity, and that we will devote ourselves to other and far more profitable lines of industry. This would not compensate the cotton mills of the South, any more than the universal prosperity resulting from labor-saving machinery satisfied the workingmen and capitalists who were made to suffer by the innovation.

The fact that we cannot compete with

Japan is the sensational thing in the new industrial movement starting in the Far East. If I owned stock in any mill whose products depended upon trans-Pacific demand, I would sell it. But while there is every economic indication that Japan is to become possibly the greatest manufacturing and exporting country, and while its dominance commercially in the Pacific may mean ruin to many of our industries, I cannot share the pessimism that this will bridge our prosperity as a nation. Theoretically, we should have declined from the moment our merchant marine began to decay. But, on the contrary, we progressed and our commerce abroad increased as fast as our ships vanished from the oceans. We simply found foreign nations that could build vessels cheaper than we could, and we let them build them. Undoubtedly, much capital invested in American shipyards was lost forever, just as the fortunes involved in industries that Japan will crush will be wiped out.

The Hanseatic League, like our high tariff, was long a protector of trade. It died hard, even after it had outlived its purpose, for it was able to offer convincing argument that traffic would depart from the Baltic if its power were destroyed. But the League passed into history, and Hamburg to-day does more business than did all the Hanseatic towns combined. In Washington the guide will show you Georgetown's Water Street where George Washington bought wharf lots, paying more for them than they are worth to-day, for sailing vessels ceased to beat up the Potomac when engines came to haul freight to the seaport towns. It was predicted of Alexandria, Virginia, that it would become one of America's greatest export cities. To-day its chief claim to distinction is that you pass it on the way to Washington's tomb! Similarly, the emergence of the Orient as a great, if not ultimately the greatest, manufacturing center will arrest many industries and readjust many commercial activities in

the United States, creating numberless local panics and disaster perhaps, but not at all diminishing the prosperity of the American people as a whole.

SOME YELLOW PERIL FALLACIES

One of the delusions now taking shape is that Japan will ultimately flood this country with cheap goods. We can never be submerged under wares from any nation, because we would get only what we could afford to buy. Japan will not bestow its wares upon us. Some day we may find it profitable to let the Orient make for us many goods which it costs us a great deal more to produce. That would be no more disastrous than our surrender of ship-building to the cheaper yards of Europe. There is a feeble political economy, particularly noticeable in high places, that the only thing worth having in foreign commerce is an export trade. One statesman wished that the two oceans were seas of fire to consume every cargo seeking the shores of the United States. We shall underestimate Japan until we forego this fallacy. Every shipment of goods to Japan enriches that empire, no less than it does the United States, or any other exporting country.

Since 1896 the imports into Japan have been greater every year than the exports from that country. According to our congressional notions of trade the Sunrise Kingdom should, therefore, be now in a desperate financial condition. We forget that those goods, consisting of electric motors, engines, lathes, iron and steel, lead, tin, telegraph wires, raw cotton, pulp, leather, wool, locomotives, dyes and spindles, etc., have entered into the industrial development of the empire. Not long ago an American banker called upon me and asked me to prepare for him a comparison of the "favorable balance of trade" of the United States, Germany, the United Kingdom, France, and Japan. I told him that all the foreign countries

mentioned had no favorable balance, so called; that they all imported more than they exported. He was greatly surprised. I said to him: "If an American ships ten thousand dollars' worth of cotton to Japan and with it buys silk which, when it reaches the United States, is worth twenty thousand dollars, his imports are greater than his exports, but he has added ten thousand dollars to his capital."

It amazed this banker to learn that for more than half a century the United Kingdom has been steadily importing more than it has exported. In the past decade its excess of imports over exports amounted to more than eight billion dollars. Its annual "unfavorable balance" is now one billion. If the political economy which bases a country's solvency necessarily upon its excess of exports were sound, England to-day would be bankrupt. The Lion would long ago have ceased to be rampant! On the contrary, England is the world's banker, and it fixes the price of most of America's staple articles. Let every American who regards our traffic with Japan valuable only when we can sell that country more than we buy from it, give heed to the commercial record of Great Britain. In the past decade, France also has had an "unfavorable balance" of over 790 million dollars, and Germany has imported in that period nearly three billion dollars more than it has exported.

The real strength of Japan would be an economic sensation if it were fully appraised by our statesmen. All nations for a number of years have been pouring their goods into Japan, in response to orders from that country. Many of these commodities have been structural things and machinery that went into the beginnings of Japan's new industrial life. Now the tide has turned. Japan has become a manufacturing power and it seeks export trade in new and awakening countries in Asia and South America and Africa. When it gets that trade, as

it inevitably will, it will become a great exporting nation like the United States with a "favorable" balance. Like England and Germany, it plans to build piers, steel bridges, and railways in foreign lands, and generally to equip emerging empires and republics with the conveniences and later with the luxuries of modern life. Then the tide will turn again and these countries will begin to send more and more goods in return to the creditor nation of the Orient. Japan will then be a great importing nation, like Great Britain. All lands pay tribute to England. That is why the wealth that goes into the country is greater than its exports. It is reaping the broad harvest of centuries of pioneer investments in distant countries. Japan has been wisely administered. It has not been afraid of an "unfavorable balance of trade," knowing that this, at the outset of its career, was the most auspicious of its national assets. It was borrowing from the wealth and strength of the world to prepare it for international traffic worthy of an ambitious and resourceful people. I have discussed this important subject with N. I. Stone, the tariff expert of the United States Government. He called my attention to the fact that the Roman Empire in its richest days imported more than it exported, and that the reverse was true of the Roman colonies. It is the debtor nation that must pay tribute. The confusion in the American mind on this question of trade balances is so great and the importance of the matter so vital to intelligent legislation in tariff matters, that I suggest that experts in the Department of Commerce be asked to prepare a special monograph on the problem.

THE REAL JAPANESE DANGER

While Japan's triumph as an exporting nation will undoubtedly wipe out of existence in the United States cotton mills and other plants that persist in at-

tempting to hold an Asiatic trade which the Sunrise Kingdom can easily control, such loss, great and deplorable though it may be, will only be local in this country. Capital may vanish in these unequal contests with Japan, but the energy behind it will, when it finds the struggle unprofitable, devote itself to something else. I do not minimize the industrial danger that now confronts us in Japan's metamorphosis. I simply wish to emphasize that commercially as a *nation* we have nothing to fear. The richer and more progressive the Orient, the better it will be for us and for the world. Theoretically, the rise to power of the American nation with its incredible resources should have annihilated the commercial and industrial activities of Europe. On the contrary, our progress has contributed to the enrichment of the Old World. And just as England is our greatest commercial rival and likewise our biggest customer, so Japan, when it becomes the Great Britain of the Far East, will buy greater and greater quantities of goods from us. But in the meantime it will inflict ruin upon various American industries that come into direct competition in foreign fields with Mongolian manufacturers. The important thing to keep in mind is that the rise of Japan as a manufacturing nation means, not the downfall, but the transformation, of our foreign commerce. This readjustment may not be confined to the Pacific trade, for we shall find Japan as a rival in many lands. Throughout all our consideration of the new Japan we should keep in mind that it is bringing, as I have pointed out, the element of Mongolian labor into the world's political economy, and that, unlike the introduction of labor-saving machinery, we cannot duplicate it.

I am inclined to believe that this may be one of the most significant movements in history. Of course, with the industrial expansion of Japan the rates of pay for labor will gradually rise, but long before they reach anything like living

wages for competing workmen in America, the Oriental manufacturers will have driven us completely out of Pacific markets. In the past five years the pay of carpenters in Japan rose five sen a day; that of plasterers rose six sen; cabinetmakers three sen; tailors (for European dress) one and one-half sen, the average wages of all the above operatives now being about twenty-seven cents in American money a day. Farm laborers who in 1900 got thirty-two yen a year, now get thirty-seven yen for the same period. In other words, where they received \$1.33 a month, they now command in agricultural pursuits no less than \$1.50 every thirty days! These are official figures, published at Tokio.

If the cheap labor of Japan were incompetent, there would be little if any significance in the above figures. But the labor of the Sunrise Kingdom is incomparably skillful. The farmers of that empire, for example, have developed a husbandry that is the admiration of practical men and scientific horticulturists the world over. The experts of the United States Department of Agriculture go to Japan to study Oriental triumphs of cultivation.

It is frequently said that the Japanese are merely imitators. I will consider this a little later on. Even if they were only followers, the fact that they can duplicate the manufactures of America and are doing it is in itself a menace to our present foreign trade. The commerce of the world to-day consists largely of standard articles, raw or finished, for which there is an established market. Granted that Japan's chief genius is in imitation, it can keep its factories busy and prosperous supplying the world's demand for well-known commodities. It is not beyond the probabilities that Japan is ordained to do this very thing—to take up the white man's burden of making goods in the construction of which the necessity of marked inventive genius has passed. *It*

may be that the Mongolian and not the Anglo-Saxon is to be the world's manufacturing servant, turning out the boots and shoes, the beds and bath tubs, the stoves and cotton duck and barrels and all the numberless necessities of commerce.

If this be true, we are witnessing the beginning of one of the most phenomenal changes in economic progress. It will mean that each nation will more and more confine itself, or rather be free to branch out in the things of which it has a natural monopoly. That this will take place, so far as our foreign trade in the Pacific is concerned, is almost inevitable. In making the same line of goods, what element could we introduce to offset the cheap labor of Japan? If we installed new machinery to cut down expense, Japan would duplicate it. It is obvious that sooner or later we must abandon all efforts to maintain a trade in goods that Japan can supply at a lower price. It may be that the unapproachable inventive genius of America is destined constantly to be devoted to the creation of new things. Unquestionably, one of the monopolies in America is an artistic vigor of invention. I have in mind an association of workers who produce unique furniture. It is sold throughout the United States and in some parts of Europe. A charm of originality goes with these pieces, and the industry could not be appropriated by any cheap-labor duplication in Japan. The Sunrise imitators could copy the pieces already produced, but vitalizing the American undertaking is a consecration of artistic genius constantly devising new creations.

That is but one line of work. The field is free in every industry. We have in the United States two or more magazines devoted to the inauguration of an American standard of household furnishing and decoration. If Japan takes from us the work of making the ordinary things of commerce, it may be that we shall turn our attention to the manufacture of more original and more beautiful articles. Perhaps it means the

inauguration of a Greek age in America. Contractors inform me that, in New York, marble office buildings and hotels are erected now at twice the cost of ordinary steel structures in order to carry out the owners' idea of architectural beauty.

Let us assume that Japan is to crowd us out of the Pacific markets in the sale of goods that now make up the bulk of commerce. That would spread disaster in many parts of America, for our manufacturers will be slow to concede that they cannot compete, and, clinging to a losing industry, will finally go down with a crash. But that success on the part of Japan will make it a wealthy nation. It would not need to get all of the commerce of the Far East to have a foreign trade greater than America's. It will then come to the United States for anything of which we have a monopoly. Supposing, for example, that Japan could afford now to put up modern office buildings in Tokio and Yokohama, and called upon American architects to design them, there would be a lifetime work for an army of artists. I did not see a single steel building in Japan, and was informed at one of the departments at Tokio that there was but one such structure in the empire. From the American standpoint, Japan is a land of unpainted rookeries and shanties. And if in America we undertook generally to put up beautiful buildings, instead of unsightly ones, there would be new openings for thousands of inventive men.

I mention these things as mere incidental opportunities. For a time we will make tardy effort to get into the South American field, but Japan will not only be there ahead of us, assuming that we could supplant Europe, but through our inflexible tariff determination to make no concessions to our customers, we shall find ourselves virtually excluded from most foreign fields. If some jealous commercial power had the opportunity to frame a foreign trade policy for the United States, little change would be made in our

present method of treating foreign states. It all comes from the American idea that export commerce is a great thing to secure, but that import trade is a curse.

JAPAN'S NEW POLITICAL RÔLE

We have been compelled many times to revise our estimate of Japan. Once we thought that country to be a mere twister of bamboos, a dwarf of pines and cryptomerias, a patient maker of cloisonné and lacquer ware. Even after we knew that electric lights and tramways went into the country, we dreamed of it as a land of lanterns and temples and pilgrims. And when we realized that Japan was actually building derricks and dynamos and steel bridges and battle ships, we said it was only an imitator. Two years ago it went to war and it has amazed the whole military world by its genius in initiative. It has shown the nations that Orientals have the power of leadership and mastery.

It may sober the American people toward Japan to realize that if that empire to-day should exasperate us by setting some trap at the Open Door, which is not an unlikely event for the future to disclose, we would not find it expedient to repeat the performance of Commodore Perry. It is not that we would fear to follow in the wake of Rojstvensky. We have admirals and Old Glory enough to go round for that. But we would not reach the straits that swallowed the Russians. Declaration of war against Japan would raise the colors of the Mikado to the masthead of every British battle ship and clear them all for action. It is safe to say that during the coming ten years' term of this dual alliance—the greatest perhaps in history—both Europe and America will substitute the olive branch for the big stick in dealing with the Far East.

It is far from a pleasing fact that the American navy, which since the days of Decatur has never been successfully

opposed, save in the Congress of the United States, has to-day been out-manuevered by Japanese diplomacy. Yet serious as this is in revealing the dynamic rise of Japan to the first rank of nations, it is not the greatest element of power in the new Orient. We could, if compelled to, prepare for war with these two island empires which have temporarily cowed the continents. Ultimate triumph in a prolonged war would be determined, after all, by money, and we have the wealth. The piled-up billions in the United States could pay off the public debts of all nations, and still leave us a credit balance that would make us the richest country in the world. We could, therefore, build the big fleet necessary to combat Great Britain and Japan combined, but it would not be a profitable business. We shall probably make a specialty of Hague conferences.

What is of more serious import in the Far Eastern transformation is the industrial factor of cheap and efficient labor which, as I have pointed out, is an Oriental monopoly. With that we cannot cope. It is non-competitive. We cannot produce it any more than Japan can supply the raw cotton for the world. Nor can we import it.

America as one industrial army is opposed to the immigration hither of Mongolian laborers. Our working millions know that they cannot compete with these yellow men. But if the larger prosperity of the United States is to depend upon foreign markets, and these Orientals, with whom we cannot compete and whom we therefore exclude, man the factories of Asia and sell so-called American goods throughout the world, Chinese or Japanese exclusion will benefit only those American workmen engaged on manufactures designed exclusively for the home market. There are many indications that America is to be confined within its own geographical limits. But if that be the case, what shall we do with our surplus manufactures if no country will pay us a high

price for wares that Japan can supply at a much lower rate?

The latter will probably be done, but not, perhaps, in a wholesale way until ruin overtakes some of our industries, such as the cotton mills to which I have referred. It is not impossible that American capital will migrate to the Orient, when the manufacturing movement there is fully understood, and help to construct the great works which, operated by skillful cheap labor, will supply a large part of the civilized world with its wares. This migration of capital to-day is one of the most important and significant movements in world economics. High tariffs have caused it. To escape prohibitive duties American electric companies, for example, have built branch factories in France, Germany, Spain, and England. If Japan shuts American goods out of foreign markets, the natural thing for American capital to do would be to go to the Orient and employ Mongolian workmen. What is to prevent the mill owners of South Carolina from going to Shanghai or Singapore? That, and only some such move, would rob Japan of her immeasurable advantage in the contest for foreign trade.

It is right here that Japan's political power will become dangerous. It has already made it difficult if not impossible for a foreigner to conduct much business in Japan. Its dominion over Korea is secure, the leases it acquired from Russia to points on the Asiatic mainland run for ninety-nine years, and its influence in Peking is powerful and growing daily. Japan has made a world success, and China feels the need of a political manager. It is more than likely that boycotts, Boxer movements, or strikes would take counsel from Japan if American manufacturers, competing with the Sunrise Kingdom, became entrenched in the Far East.

It is plain that the American nation is not advised as to what is taking place behind the Japanese screen!

CURRENT REFLECTIONS

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN



HOW is it with Christmas in these days when the schoolmaster is abroad in such force, and such a store of new knowledge waits to be reconciled to old impressions? Is Christendom keeping Christmas from force of ancient habit, or is the true Christmas spirit still strong, and the faith it is born of still the hope of the world? Spain is a very pious country. Russia is another. A large proportion of the population of both these countries is very slightly, or not at all, concerned with new knowledge, and will go about its Christmas keeping with quite as much zeal, so far as the faith is concerned, as if the world were a century younger. Famine in Spain, bereavement, poverty, and political unrest in Russia, may make this Christmas a somber festival in those countries, but it will not suffer from the new knowledge.

AS FOR THE BETTER EDUCATED and more fortunate peoples, they are all represented in America, and much of what one may find to say of the Americans applies more or less to all Christendom. We Americans will have a very active Christmas this year, so far as material things go, because we have had a year of great material prosperity. In that particular we are better off than the rest of the world, and the stream of Christmas dollars that flows eastward across the seas will doubtless be greater and more helpful than it has ever been before.

OUR SPIRITUAL STATE may not be so clearly a matter for congratulation as our material condition, but about that, too, there is a great deal that makes for encouragement and good hope. Our standards seem to be tending upward. We may not seem to be as fervent Christians as some men have been in times past, but at least we are modest. We are modest not only about other folks' exposition of Christian deportment, but even about our own. We take notice of behavior backed by responsible authority that does not square with the pretensions of Christian civilization. When the allies marched to Peking and we read accounts of some of them as being unduly zealous to kill, loot, harry, chastise, and levy tribute, we commented dolorously on their behavior as representatives of Christian nations, and wondered what impression the Chinese received of Christian morals as exhibited in practice. When Europeans commit intolerable outrages in Africa, when American mobs burn negroes, when in the race for money or power men seem to us to outrun all scruple and all sense of human brotherhood, we complain of contemporary Christianity as being insincere. When we find ourselves solicitous for our own ease and our own prosperity, and restricted in our efforts to help our neighbor, we think derisively of our own performance as Christians, and if we see the Japanese behaving better than we do, we think of them as doing more credit to their religion than we do to ours.

IT IS CERTAINLY WELL for us to think critically and with due introspection of our walk and conversation as Christian people, but still there are times when it is good for us to take heart of grace even about that, and certainly it cannot but do us good at any time to take courage about the faith itself and its merits and its destiny. For ages past the Christian spirit has taken hold of individuals, and shaped their characters and their conduct according to the Christian pattern, but there are signs that that spirit has never been so widely comprehended as now. It not only controls many lives, and influences a vast number of others, but in striking ways it is coming to be a recognized influence in governing the conduct of nations. In international dealings the Golden Rule is recognized as a standard which, however much this or that individual nation may violate it, remains the standard which governments must measure up to in their dealings with one another if they would hope to retain the sympathy of Christendom. It begins to be expected that nations shall treat their neighbors as though they loved them.

AS FOR INDIVIDUALS, William Allen White, discussing the Golden Rule, says that the conflict in our land and day is going to be between spiritual force and material avarice. He thinks our people have grown in recent years in mental and moral vision, and in spiritual force; that their politics are on a higher plane than they were, and that they are ceasing to envy riches and are beginning to ask rich men embarrassing questions.

Riches are not going out of fashion. They are too useful, up to a certain point, not to be desired. But was there ever a year in which so much happened to moderate the enthusiasm of the observing average man in the pursuit of great riches as in the year just closing? In so far as the desire to get rich and the desire to be good conflict, the desire to be good has had the better of it this year.

Men who were trying to get rich, men who were succeeding and men who had succeeded, have all been under inspection, and I mistake the case if the net result of the examination has not been an unusual disgust with greediness, and an unusually deep and prevalent realization that riches can be overvalued, and that pecuniary enlargement is too dearly bought when the winning of it violates not merely the law, but the rule that a man shall be his brother's keeper.

CONCEDING THEN that the new knowledge has not so impaired the faith of Christendom as seriously to affect our Christmas keeping in its spiritual side, and that we are not yet so sunk (nor going to be) in self-seeking and materialism but that we may still expect the Christmas spirit to revive in us when the holiday season comes round, what shall we do with our Christmas to make it profitable to our hearts? How shall we keep it so that it will be different from other seasons, more joyous, sweeter, better for us and for those with whom we have relations?

The whole problem is simplified as a problem in families where there are children. Children of all ages make Christmas easy in one phase of it by the definiteness of their expectations. Certain things they expect to have done, and thereby they save half the work, for with a definite expectation to be met one has only to meet it, whereas when it is first necessary to cast about for an expectation to be met or a desire to be gratified, it makes double work. And children have no sort of difficulty in making Christmas different from other times. They have imaginations and can get excited. If they are small and there is still for them a proper novelty about Christmas keeping, the whole holiday season has a glamour of magic about it. Stockings hanging by the fireplace, Christmas trees with their gifts and lights, new toys, new books, the gathering of relatives and friends

—all these seasonable incidents are thoroughly out of the common, and jolt their small minds into pleasurable quivers. And the older children are different but just as helpful. They bring the holiday season home to their elders by getting out of school. Ten solid consecutive holidays, at the very least, they have, and that amounts to something. In this great town of Gotham it is a period not without some drawbacks, so many children there are in this crowded settlement for whom release from school means little more than the privilege of running in the streets. But it is a great boon for children who are able to profit by it, and especially to the older ones who have the luck to be at boarding school or college and can come home, and be indulged and entertained, and play with their pals, and confer the blessing of their society on appreciative relatives. No more effective means has been devised of making Christmas different from the rest of the winter than this coming home of boys and girls from school and college. They are at the time of life when development is rapid, and changes, sometimes marked ones, come between one vacation and another. They bring new stories, new interests, new friends, new words and terms of speech, new jokes, new points of view, opinions, and judgments. Hugely interesting to intelligent parents is the holiday inspection of schoolboy or school-girl, and a notable source of complacency when the resulting estimate is favorable. It is worth sending children to good schools merely to have them come home and give satisfaction; and no family with school children to come back to it ought to have any difficulty in finding Christmas profitable.

PEOPLE WHO HAVE NO CHILDREN in stock to coerce them into proper Christmas exercises must use such other expedients as they may. The sound general rule is that our happiness at Christmas

time is very favorably affected by attention to the welfare and the pleasure of other people. The precept that in the exuberance of our giving we should not too greatly exceed the bounds of fiscal prudence will doubtless be neglected this year not less than usual, notwithstanding that general business prosperity has for many persons extended the bounds of prudence somewhat beyond the usual limit. If we do distress our pockets by our prodigality, it will be well for us this year to be profuse in our disbursements in behalf of those who have little rather than to those who have much. The natural propensity in Christmas giving is to give most to those from whom we expect gifts, and to give our costliest presents to persons whose general line of possessions are best matched by costly things. The basis of this propensity is an honorable enough disposition to keep square with the world, and the propensity itself helps to fulfill the forecast of Scripture that to him that hath shall be given that he may have more abundantly. None the less it is a propensity that should be resolutely kept under at Christmas time. It is one of our Christmas duties to harden our hearts, if necessary, to our obligations, and give, not so much to pay the material debts that our friends put us under, but largely to stimulate and justify our faith in the brotherhood of mankind.

IF THERE IS A PARTICULAR GRACE that we may, perhaps, find especially suitable to cultivate this Christmas, it is that of thinking as well as we possibly can of our fellow men, of seeing the best that is in them instead of the worst, and of taking the most hopeful view of their characters and behavior that our knowledge of them warrants. The habit of doing that makes very much for our happiness, and it is an especially good habit to cultivate this year because of the unusual number of developments that have come to our notice which have tended to persuade us that many of our

neighbors are none too good, nor their standard of conduct too high. It is not our duty to make light of misconduct, for reprobation of evil doing is necessary to preserve the standards of morality and honesty. But even when the sinner's sin is brought home to him we need not hate the sinner, but are entitled to treat him with at least as much consideration as we would like to receive if our sin were brought home to us.

AND WHEN there is no question of a particular sin, but merely the matter of

our attitude toward a fellow man or woman, to think the best possible is surely to be desired. Speaking to the new Harvard freshmen the other day, and telling them of some of the things that become honorable men, President Eliot said: "The honorable man must be generous; generous in his judgments of his friends, of men and women and history. Generosity is a beautiful attribute of a man of honor."

So it is, and a very fit attribute for Christmas cultivation.

THE WORLD FOR A MONTH

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT returned to Washington on September 30th, after his strenuous summer in Oyster Bay. He received perhaps the greatest ovation ever given to a returning President in the capital. Washington, the city of pomp and pageants, is not given to enthusiasm as a rule. But even Washington has come to realize that the President now in the White House is a great man.

THE FIRST TROUBLE on the Panama Canal occurred on October 1st, when 650 laborers imported from Martinique to the canal zone declined to disembark. They said they did not realize how intolerable were the health conditions in the zone. The report was that the Panama and the canal zone police clubbed them into obedience. Theodore P. Shonts, Chairman of the Canal Commission, has a theory that the Chinese coolie of the rice fields is the best possible laborer for the canal. Americans naturally have a disinclination to import Chinese labor, but from the above episode it would seem that the disinclination would have to be overcome.

IT IS "COUNT" WITTE now. In July, 1903, the grand ducal cabal suc-

ceeded in throwing Witte, then Minister of Finance, out of office and out of favor. The selection of Witte as peace envoy was a stroke of the same group, which had hopes of completing his ruin. But Witte's success was so great and unexpected that the Czar has created him a count and leans on him as on a pillar of strength. Witte is now the greatest man in the Russian Empire, much to the discomfiture of his enemies.

THE CZAR OF RUSSIA has invited the Powers to a second peace conference at The Hague. To do this he had to consult President Roosevelt first, because last spring the President himself had called a second conference and it was postponed only because Japan did not deem it proper to join such a conference while she was waging war. The Czar, who is just now eager for consideration, asked the President's consent to call the conference now that the war is over. Baron Rosen, the Czar's Ambassador, looked very uncomfortable when he came with his imperial master's request to Oyster Bay. But President Roosevelt consented gladly. He is too great to care who calls a peace conference, so long as the result is bound to be the same.

Russia, moreover, will probably find it easier to float a loan on the strength of the Czar's move.

CHINA has determined to lag behind no longer, but to emulate Japan. The Chinese Government has inaugurated a policy of building railroads by Chinese enterprise wherever possible, and to get back all concessions now in foreign hands. Recently, moreover, an imperial commission was appointed to travel in Europe and America and study educational methods with a view to revolutionizing popular education and establishing a public school system like that of Japan. The Chinese Minister, Sir Chentung Liang Cheng, says that a great wave of enlightenment is spreading over China and that Western civilization will soon be as much at home there as in Japan.

MINISTER TAKAHIRA, for Japan, and the Commercial Pacific Cable Company recently signed an agreement assuring an all-American Pacific cable. The late John W. Mackay saw the advantages of such a venture, and without any subsidy from our Government agreed to lay the cable which will pierce the Orient at Guam and in China and Japan, to our incalculable advantage.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL MOODY's promise that the beef packers charged with conspiracy to accept railroad rebates would be brought to speedy justice has come true. On September 21st, United States District Judge J. Otis Humphrey at Chicago fined four officials of one beef-packing concern \$25,000 and costs for violating the Elkins law and accepting rebates. The result will probably be that the railroad rebate, which has tainted so many fortunes and sullied so many characters, will disappear.

SURPRISING DISCLOSURES with regard to the administration of insurance companies continue to be made before the Armstrong Committee. George W. Per-

kins, vice-president of the New York Life, admitted that \$48,000 was subscribed by that company for the campaign fund of President Roosevelt, to say nothing of previous subscriptions to other campaign funds. And John A. McCall, the president of the company, declared he thanked God the money had been given. Upon the advice of Secretary Root, Senator Lodge, and Mr. Choate, the President decided to keep silent, but he resolved more strongly than ever to work for Federal control of insurance. Mr. Cortelyou's acceptance of the insurance money for campaign purposes, it is generally believed, will hurt his chances of becoming Secretary of the Treasury next February. But those who know the President are certain that if he means Mr. Cortelyou to be Secretary of the Treasury, Secretary of the Treasury Mr. Cortelyou will be.

It has come out further in the course of the inquiry that there were mysterious funds set aside by the companies for undefined purposes. "Judge" Andrew Hamilton, President McCall of the New York Life admitted, spent in five years about \$500,000 that had never been accounted for. Mr. Hamilton represented the company before every legislature in the United States.

Jacob H. Schiff, the banker, testified in substance that directors don't direct; that the companies are ruled wholly by the executive officers. Nepotism of the most flagrant kind was found to exist in the Mutual Life. Robert H. McCurdy, son of President Richard A. McCurdy, was so situated that his salary and commissions aggregate nearly \$2,000,000. Louis A. Thebaud, the son-in-law, has received commissions of nearly \$1,000,000.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT is resolved that the Esch-Townsend bill, providing for the regulation of railroad rates, shall become a law this winter. The Interstate Commerce Commission will be given power to decide upon the justice of railway rates.

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER on October 2d gave \$10,000,000 to the General Education Board for the purpose of promoting higher education in the United States.

THE AUSTRO-HUNGARIAN empire seems to be facing a real crisis. After an unsatisfactory interview with Emperor Francis Joseph, the leaders of the Hungarian coalition returned to

Budapest in high dudgeon and declined to form a government. Without the coalition's coöperation no government can constitutionally obtain in Hungary.

THE WAR CLOUD that threatened Norway and Sweden has blown away. Delegates from both countries, who met at Karlstadt to discuss amicable separation, were able to announce the successful conclusion of the conference.

THE BOOKS OF THE MONTH

THE TRIDENT AND THE NET, by the anonymous author of "The Martyrdom of an Empress" (Harpers), is a big book rather than a great one. Brittany, with all its mysticism and glamour abundantly and gracefully depicted, is the chief background for young Loic de Kergoat, a Breton noble, who loves unwisely and suffers much. His creator deems him a mediæval hero unhappily fallen upon our own prosaic days.

THE GAMBLER, by Katherine Cecil Thurston (Harpers), tells of Clodagh Asshlin, a high-strung young Irish beauty who has a passion for gambling, inherited from a long line of sporting ancestors. She has a high sense of honor, too, and that causes complications. She is a very human, lovable character, and love saves her.

THE SOCIAL SECRETARY, by David Graham Phillips (Bobbs-Merrill), is a story of a poor but well-born girl who undertakes to direct Senator and Mrs. Tom Burke, from out West, through the devious paths of Washington social life. And not only does she succeed in making "Pa" and "Ma" Burke social successes, but she even manages to marry the heir to the Burke millions.

OUR BEST SOCIETY (Putnam) is one of the most delightful of social satires. The book is anonymous for obvious

reasons—in most of the characters everybody will recognize well-known social figures of to-day. Fashionable life as it is is charmingly described and the thread of a love story runs through the narrative. The book has been attributed to Mr. Elliott Gregory, but no one need be ashamed to own it. It strongly recalls George William Curtis's "Potiphar Papers."

SONNETS AND SONGS, by Helen Hay Whitney (Harpers), is minor poetry of a high order. The twenty-six love sonnets and most of the songs are true poetry.

JUSTICE, by Charles Wagner, the author of "The Simple Life" (McClure, Phillips), consists in a series of talks on practical ethics as they are and should be. M. Wagner's earnestness lends a dignity even to the commonplace remarks in the book. It is well worth reading.

EDITORIAL WILD OATS, by Mark Twain (Harpers), consists in a bundle of delightfully funny and whimsical sketches of Mark's early journalistic experiences.

THE DIVINE FIRE, by May Sinclair (Holt), is the embodiment of a woman's idea of a young poet and the life he leads. Keith Rickman is the son of a London bookseller and at times drops his aitches, but through the harassing experiences of London journalism and a true love by no means smooth, he keeps the

divine fire within him alight and conquers in the end. An interesting novel.

IN THE HEIGHTS, by Richard Watson Gilder (Century Co.), is the eighth volume of poems published by Mr. Gilder, and contains most of his recent verse, including many occasional pieces.

PIPETOWN SANDY, by John Philip Sousa (Bobbs-Merrill), is a book about boys, full of charm and humor. It recalls William Dean Howells's "A Boy's Town," and has the same appeal to grown-ups.

SHELBURNE ESSAYS, by Paul Elmer More (Putnam), is the third volume in the series of Mr. More's critical writings and contains some of his best work. William Cowper, Sainte-Beuve, Swinburne, Christina Rossetti, Laurence Sterne—Mr. More can write of all with a critical insight and charm such as is given to only a few critics in a generation.

WAGNER AND HIS ISOLDE, by Gustav Kobbé (Dodd, Mead), is more fascinating than most novels. It deals with the love of Richard Wagner and Mathilde Wesendonk, who inspired the great opera "Tristan and Isolde." Mr. Kobbé's book is an abridgment of the original German work and contains only the most interesting part of the correspondence between the genius and his love, published by the family of Madame Wesendonk to prove the purity of the passion that brought to her and to Wagner so much happiness and pain.

KIPPS: THE STORY OF A SIMPLE SOUL, by H. G. Wells (Scribner), is a fascinating and vivid story. A poor English boy suddenly inherits untold wealth—\$6,000 a year. The attempts of Kipps to become a gentleman and the pathetically restraining influences of his bringing up are told by Mr. Wells in a wonderfully sympathetic way.

OLD PROVENCE, by Theodore Andrea Cook (Scribner), is a scholarly and read-

able description of the land of troubadours. The history, landmarks, and legends of Provence and the valley of the Rhone are set forth entertainingly in the light of the most recent scientific research. The work is in two volumes and should appeal to tourists.

BEN BLAIR: THE STORY OF A PLAINSMAN, by Will Lillibridge (McClurg), is an exceptionally well told story of ranch life in South Dakota. Ben, the cowboy hero, will call to mind the Virginian, only Ben's father and mother had been notoriously so far from decent that his struggle to win the woman he loves is all the more difficult and more brave.

UNDER ROCKING SKIES, by L. Frank Tooker (Century Co.), is a sea tale of a mildly interesting sort with some good character drawing. The hero is the first mate, the heroine the captain's daughter.

RHYMES OF LITTLE BOYS, by Burges Johnson (Crowell), is surely destined to be popular. It recalls the boy poems of Eugene Field and Stevenson's "Child's Garden of Verses," and it is wholly original. A charming little volume.

THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL, by Baroness Orczy (Putnam), is a very cleverly constructed tale of the adventures of a secret league of aristocratic Englishmen during the French Revolution. The hero is the leader of the league whose self-imposed task it is to rescue French nobles destined for the guillotine.

THE ISLAND OF ENCHANTMENT, by Justus Miles Forman (Harpers), is a short story luxuriously printed on thick paper in a book by itself. Zuan Gradenigo, nephew of a Doge of Venice, A.D. 1355, goes at the head of three galleys to rescue the isle of Arbe from the clutches of the ban of Bosnia, and there, in the train of Yaga, the ban's mistress, he finds his love, Natalia, who had been stolen from him. It is a pretty little tale, but Howard Pyle's illustrations in color are the book's mainstay.

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In this car all controlling levers are assembled at the steering post. Wheel, gear shift, clutch, throttle and spark control are all within finger-reach, so that the operator need never take either hand away from the steering post. This arrangement, together with the responsiveness of the Autocar running mechanism, makes this car easier and simpler than a horse to drive. The greatest value ever offered in a light four-passenger car is

Type VIII **AUTOCAR** at \$1400

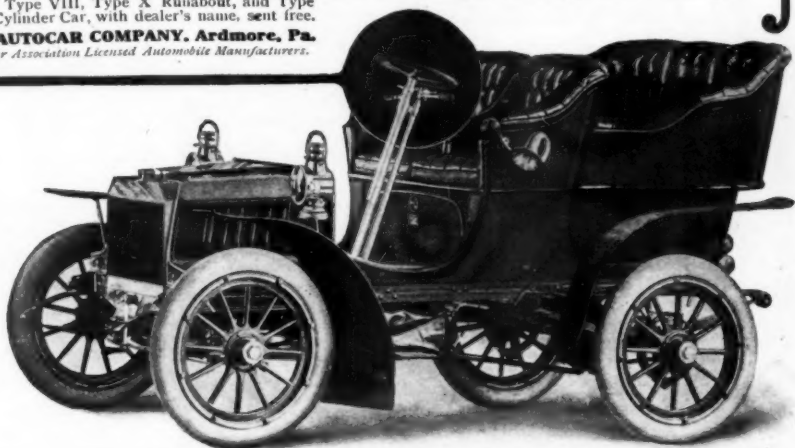
Horizontal two-cylinder opposed motor—no noticeable vibration. Twelve actual horse power.

Three speeds forward and a reverse. Ball bearing, shaft drive. Front and rear construction has ball bearings throughout. Gasoline tank holds 10 gallons—sufficient on good roads for 200 miles.

Engine and transmission case are accessible from above without disturbing body. Catalogue describing Type VIII, Type X Runabout, and Type XI Four Cylinder Car, with dealer's name, sent free.

THE AUTOCAR COMPANY, Ardmore, Pa.

Member Association Licensed Automobile Manufacturers.



TEMAGAMI

A Land of
Lakes and Rivers



"Half an Hour's Catch — Lady Evelyn Lake"

**GRAND
TRUNK
RAILWAY
SYSTEM**

**A Peerless Region for the Tour-
ist, Camper, Canoeist,
Angler and Sportsman**

A new territory now accessible by rail and offering the best fishing and shooting in America. Scenery unexcelled, hay fever unknown, magnificent canoe trips.

Black bass, speckled trout, lake trout, wall-eyed pike in abundance. Moose, deer, bear, partridge and other game during hunting season.

Handsomely illustrated book telling you all about it sent free on application to

G. T. BELL
General Passenger and Ticket Agent
Grand Trunk Railway System
Montreal, Can.



"A String of Beauties — Granite Lake"

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It Binds Here

No Binding Cord takes all the play

Strain on Buttons Pulls on Waist Band

Even support of Waist Band No pulling on Buttons

Men who wear the ordinary suspenders,—stiff, obstinate, straight-pulling, shoulder-binding,—Men who have cast them off for belts,—sagging, constricting, unhygienic,—Will find ideal comfort in

President Suspenders

NONE SO EASY OR SO SMOOTH

Note how their construction distributes the pulling weight throughout the suspenders—not on the shoulders; how it lets them give, smoothly, easily, with every motion of the body; how they hang the trousers just right, all the time.

Fifty cents and \$1.00 everywhere, or by mail, postpaid, from the makers.

THE C. A. EDGARTON MFG. CO.
Box 303, Shirley, Mass.

The neatness of your stockings depends upon the mechanism of your garters.

Ball Bearing Garters

have the most novel mechanism of any garters made. A flat clasp turning on ball bearings gives easy motion, a constant grip and snugness with comfort. If your dealer won't get them, send 25 cents to us.



THE C. A. EDGARTON MFG. CO.
Box 303, Shirley, Mass.
Makers President Suspenders

IT WILL STAND ANY TEST

Wherever language is written the

Underwood Typewriter

becomes as necessary to modern business as the mail service, telegraph, or telephone. Visible writing, perfect construction, easy operation, and great speed, produce **MONEY RESULTS**, by saving 25 per cent. of your operator's time with better and neater work.

UNDERWOOD TYPEWRITER CO.,
241 Broadway, New York.

Adapted for use with the "Unit Book-keeping System."

EVERY NEW SUBSCRIBER TO "THE SOUTHLAND" MAGAZINE

during the month of **July**, at \$1.00 per year, will receive, in addition to his full year's subscription, an attractive **Souvenir of some noted place in the South**. These Souvenirs have been accumulated by the editor in his wanderings.

This offer, in connection with "**The Southland's**" **Artistic Illustrations and Striking Individuality**, makes of it the most desirable magazine proposition of the year.

Address the Norfolk, Va., Office

"The Southland" Magazine

APPLETON'S BOOKLOVERS MAGAZINE

ADVERTISING RATES

One Page, one time,	\$200.00
Half Page, one time,	100.00
Quarter Page, one time,	50.00
Eighth Page, one time,	25.00
Less than an Eighth Page, per agate line,	1.25
Advertisements less than 14 lines not accepted.	

Discounts

A discount of twenty per cent. is allowed when three pages or more are used within one year. This makes the three-page or yearly rate \$160.

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TRAVEL PRIVILEGES

Some very interesting privileges are presented for the enjoyment of travelers over the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Ry. this summer, as follows:

Stop-over at Niagara Falls for a period not to exceed ten days.

Stop-over at Westfield, N. Y., for a visit to Lake Chautauqua.

Stop-over at Sandusky for a side trip visit to Put-in-Bay and Cedar Point.

Option of traveling by boat or rail, either way, between Cleveland and Buffalo. Does not apply on tickets sold locally between those cities.

Option of traveling between Albany and New York City, either way, on Hudson River (day or night) boats, or rail on New York Central.

These matters are explained in folder, "Travel Privileges," sent free on request.

The selection of the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Ry. for your summer travel will add much to the pleasure of it.

As a route for vacation journeys it is unexcelled, reaching practically, by its through trains or direct connections, all the leading summer places east and west.

The widespread popularity of the Lake Shore is a matter of much comment; the explanation is simple—it maintains in the highest degree of perfection everything that enters into the successful operation of its train service, so that its patrons travel safely, comfortably and promptly.

For any desired particulars address

C. F. DALY, Passenger Traffic Manager,
Chicago, Ill.

A. J. SMITH, General Passenger Agent,
Cleveland, Ohio.

A MAN from New York came into my office and said he had been impressed with my advertising and wanted to see what I was really doing. He said: "I have been smoking a clear Havana Cigar for which I pay \$11.00 per hundred." I offered him one of my cigars and as he sat smoking I asked him what he thought of it. "Well," he said, "to tell you the truth all I can say is, it is better than you advertise it. I'll take one hundred right now." That was over a year ago. That man is still a regular purchaser, and has sent others to me.

My business is manufacturing cigars. I sell the entire product of my factory direct to smokers by the hundred and thousand at wholesale prices.

Every cigar I sell is made in my factory. I have standing orders for thousands of cigars from all quarters of the United States, to be shipped on given days of the month as they come around.

It costs me more to make a customer than the profit on his first purchase. If purchasers failed to re-order I could not continue in business. In order to keep my custom my cigars must be even better than advertised. Buyers must be pleased and must continue satisfied. That they are satisfied is shown by the fact that last month over fifty per cent. of my new orders came from men who bought on the recommendation of my customers.

My cigars must sell themselves.

MY OFFER IS: I will, upon request, ship one hundred Shivers' Panatela cigars to an APPLETON'S BOOKLOVERS MAGAZINE reader, all express charges prepaid. He may smoke ten and return the remaining ninety, at my expense, if he is not pleased. If satisfied and he keeps the cigars, of course he agrees to remit the price—\$5.00—for them within ten days. I simply want to give the cigars a chance to sell themselves. This applies also to subsequent orders.

In ordering please state whether mild, medium, or strong cigars are desired.

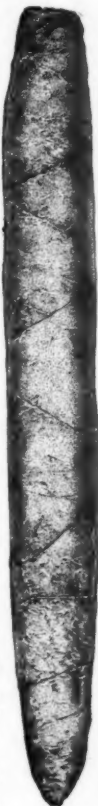
My claim is that the equal of my Panatela cigars, which I sell at \$5.00 a hundred, is not retailed anywhere for less than ten cents straight, and that no other cigar in the world is sold to the consumer at a price so near the actual cost of manufacture.

My customers are bankers, merchants, manufacturers, lawyers, physicians, clergymen—men who would not buy my cigars at any price unless they were actually good. Another fact, every visitor to my factory buys cigars.

There are no discounts to dealers or clubs. I cannot afford to make a discount on any quantity. I can only hope to succeed by giving my customers a much better cigar than they can procure in any other way at or near the same price. And I do.

Think a moment of the risk I take to make a customer—one-tenth of my cigars (all of them, should some unworthy take advantage of me), and expressage both ways. How can a smoker refuse to try my cigars? Where is the possible risk to him? Provided, of course, that \$5.00 per hundred is not a higher price than he cares to pay. Write me if you smoke.

Address: HERBERT D. SHIVERS,
913 Filbert Street, Philadelphia, Pa.



EXACT SIZE
Panatelas
EXACT SHAPE



HOT WATER

INSTANTANEOUSLY

CONVENIENT AND NOT EXPENSIVE

Any time or all the time, and plenty of it

MONARCH AUTOMATIC INSTANTANEOUS WATER HEATER

An Unlimited Supply in any Part of House

Eliminates Tank, Waterbacks and Other Anti-
quated Methods.  Guaranteed Absolutely

Call at any of our branch stores, or write for Catalogue G

MONARCH WATER HEATER CO.
PITTSBURGH, PA.

BRANCHES IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES

A COMFORTABLE HOME

FOR

ONE CENT

If It's Worth It to You Send Us a Postal
for Our Booklet

**Common Sense Heating and
Sanitary Plumbing**

**PIERCE, BUTLER & PIERCE
MANUFACTURING Co.**

Department L . . SYRACUSE, N. Y.



HIGH GRADE WORK **SING** their
PROMPT SERVICE **AND** PRIZES
We have the Facilities of High Grade Work
is our Specialty—**MAY WE SERVE YOU?**
We make PLATES to print in **1** COLOR
on a type printing press in **3** . . .
GATCHEL DESIGNERS
AND ILLUSTRATORS
MANNING ENGRAVERS
PHILADELPHIA

THE TIME O' THEIR LIVES!

Bonny faces and brawny muscles developed by the

Patent
applied for.

Irish Mail

"It's geared."



"She can't
upset."

Jolliest, sportiest little vehicle
for boys and girls. Exercises
all the muscles; gives a child
plenty of "ozone" without over-
taxing. Rubber-tired. Per-
fectly safe.

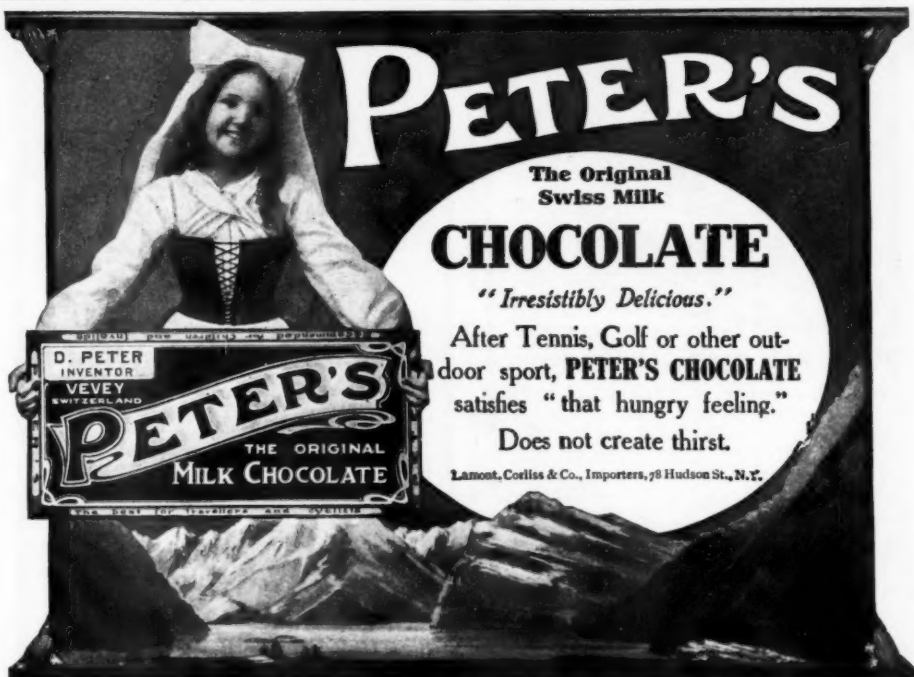
If your dealer hasn't it order direct
from us. Write for booklet, FREE.

HILL-STANDARD MFG. CO.

612 Irish Mail Street, **ANDERSON, IND.**

Successors to The Standard Mfg. Co.

Please mention APPLETON'S BOOKLOVERS MAGAZINE when you write to advertisers



PETER'S

The Original
Swiss Milk

CHOCOLATE

"Irresistibly Delicious."

After Tennis, Golf or other outdoor sport, **PETER'S CHOCOLATE** satisfies "that hungry feeling."

Does not create thirst.

Lamont, Corliss & Co., Importers, 78 Hudson St., N.Y.

D. PETER
INVENTOR
VEVEY
SWITZERLAND

PETER'S
THE ORIGINAL
MILK CHOCOLATE

Five days that are not upon the calendar of any worldly month that you ever knew of, spent in the opal-tinted waters of a new world of forgetfulness and rest; a stop to look through the fascinating windows of a half-way house filled with legend and romance, and on again to be whirled through rocky gateways leading to the progressive transformation scenes of the sunny, enthusiastic West. This, in brief, describes the trip via water and rail from

New York to San Francisco

VIA

SOUTHERN PACIFIC

Elegant Passenger Steamships weekly between
NEW YORK and NEW ORLEANS

Thence via Rail Lines Traversing

**LOUISIANA, TEXAS, NEW MEXICO,
ARIZONA, CALIFORNIA**

INQUIRE

BOSTON, 170 Washington Street.
NEW YORK, 349 Broadway.

PHILADELPHIA, 682 Chestnut Street.
BALTIMORE, 1000 Broadway.
ST. LOUIS, 212 West Washington Street.

The part the hammer plays

If too large or too soft the piano hammer checks the vibrations and the tone is thin; if too light the volume is diminished; if too hard the tone is unsympathetic.

The nature of the Baldwin hammer contributes to the unusual richness of the tone of



The Baldwin Piano

Grand Prix Paris 1900.

The Grand Prize St. Louis 1904.

The Baldwin hammer—made in the Baldwin factory of finest wool felt—possesses and retains that degree of elasticity which controls the rebound from the strings, thus conserving the partial tones which enrich the quality.

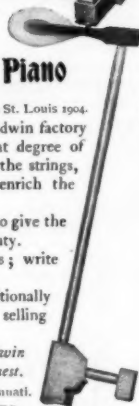
This and other distinctive features unite to give the Baldwin a rare and characteristic tone beauty.

You may hear it in any of the large cities; write for name of nearest representative.

Baldwin pianos are guaranteed unconditionally and indefinitely. The Baldwin plan of selling will interest you. Write for it.

Catalogue illustrating and describing Baldwin Pianos from \$500 up sent on request.

D. H. Baldwin & Co., 156 W. Fourth St., Cincinnati.
REPRESENTED IN ALL LARGE CITIES.



Please mention APPLETON'S BOOKLOVERS MAGAZINE when you write to advertisers



The "Likly" No. 2000 Trunk

This is the one that gave us the reputation of making the lightest-weight trunks in the world.

It surpasses all other American or European makes in lightness, but possesses great strength and durability. Thousands of this trunk are in use, and we have yet to hear of the first dissatisfied purchaser. Practical for all kinds of travel.

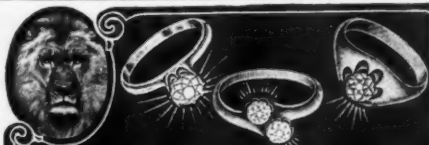
Sold by most dealers or may be ordered from our factory.

Write for Catalogue T of high-grade Trunks, Bags and Suit Cases with the "Likly" features.

"Likly" features are different. Our line is varied, complete and comprehensive.



THIS TRADE-MARK ON EACH PIECE



DIAMONDS ON CREDIT

Any diamond or jewelry bought from this house is absolutely reliable.

We will forward prepaid any catalogued article for examination, granting you the privilege of returning it if not satisfactory.

Anyone of good character may make a purchase from us of any magnitude, on these terms:

20% Down; 10% Per Month

Transactions strictly confidential. No employer's reference required. Any diamond purchased may be exchanged.

LYON PRICES are 20% lower than any competitors. We buy the "rough" stones in London in immense quantities, saving heavy duties, and selling them to you on a one profit basis.

If your dealer can duplicate our values we will take back your purchase and refund your money. Send for new catalogue edition 74.

J. M. LYON & CO.

65-67-69 Nassau St. NEW YORK



What Is Daus' Tip-Top?



TO PROVE

that Daus' "Tip-Top" is the best and simplest device for making **100 copies** from pen-written and **50 copies** from type-written original.

we will ship complete duplicator, cap size, without deposit, on **ten (10) days' trial** if you mention THE BOOKLOVERS MAGAZINE.

Price \$7.50 less trade discount of 33 1/3%, or **\$5 net**

THE FELIX E. C. DAUS DUPLICATOR CO.

Daus Bldg., 111 John Street, New York City.

For Over 60 Years

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

has been used for over FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS of Mothers for their CHILDREN while TEETHING, with perfect success. IT SOOTHES the CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all pain, CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHOEA. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup and take no other kind. 25 Cents a Bottle.

An Old and Well-tried Remedy

Please mention APPLETON'S BOOKLOVERS MAGAZINE when you write to advertisers

THE OSTERMOOR \$15. EXPRESS PREPAID MATTRESS TO YOUR DOOR

deserves the success it has achieved. If one OSTERMOOR did not sell another, we should have stopped advertising years ago. We have many orders every day solely on the recommendation of satisfied buyers—not because of what we say—even though you may **Sleep on it Thirty Nights** and if it is not even all you have *hoped for*, you can get your money back by return mail "no questions asked."

SIZES AND PRICES:
 2 ft. 6 in. wide, 25 lbs. \$8.35
 3 ft. wide, 30 lbs. 10.00
 3 ft. 6 in. wide, 35 lbs. 11.70
 4 ft. wide, 40 lbs. 12.35
 4 ft. 6 in. wide, 45 lbs. 15.00
 All 6 ft. 3 inches long.
 Express Charges Prepaid
 In two parts 50c. extra.

Send for Our Free Book

a handsome volume of 136 pages, finely illustrated, that tells the whole story and gives some interesting facts and surprising figures. You are under no obligation to buy—only send for the book.
 Do not be deceived by dealers who offer "just-as-goods." The name "Ostermoor" on the end of every genuine mattress. Mattresses shipped by express, prepaid, same day check is received.

OSTERMOOR & CO., 131 Elizabeth Street, NEW YORK CITY



A Full-Rigged Ship

No. 7110 of the Morrison Collection of Lamson Nature Prints. Beautifully Hand Colored: A Work of Art. Good size for framing. Sent paid for \$1.00. Special illustrated List of Morrison Collection of ships free. Lamson Nature Prints are exquisitely colored Platinum Photographs from nature; woods and streams, mountains, lakes, and coast scenes. Art Catalogue, illustrated, 10c., stamps. Sample Miniature, 25c., stamps.



Lamson NATURE PRINTS

Lamson Studio, 61 Temple Street, Portland, Me.

The FREE CATALOGUE from BISHOP FURNITURE CO.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

shows over 1000 new styles in fashionable furniture, and fully explains how we **ship anywhere "on approval,"** allowing furniture in your home five days, to be returned at our expense and your money refunded if not perfectly satisfactory.



We Prepay Freight to all points east of the Mississippi River and north of Tennessee line, allowing freight that far toward points beyond. We furnish Homes, Hotels, Clubs, Hospitals and other Public Buildings complete.

Write to-day for our Free Catalog, which shows Turkish Rockers, \$12 to \$70. Sideboards and Buffets, \$10 to \$140. Dressers, Chiffoniers and Toilet Tables, from \$6 to \$60. Davenport and Turkish Couches, from \$9 to \$134. Dining Chairs and Tables, \$8 to \$85. China Closets and China Buffets, \$15 to \$63. Combination Bookcases and Writing Desks, \$12 to \$75. Ladies' Desks and Secretaries, \$5 to \$79. Bookcases, \$5 to \$100. Music and Parlor Cabinets, \$3 to \$41. Also Furniture of every description for the Hall, Bed Room, Parlor, Music Room, Den, Sitting Room and Library.

We are the largest concern in the world shipping furniture to the consumer direct.

BISHOP FURNITURE CO.

56-58 Inola St. east
Grand Rapids, Mich.



Hill's Famous Clothes Dryers

LAST A LIFETIME

Fold compactly for removal when not in use. Do not disfigure the lawn. Require but little space. Wind revolves reel; so clothes dry quicker, cannot blow away, or be torn to shreds.

THE LINE COMES TO YOU

when hanging out or taking in clothes. More than two million people use them.

Hold up to ten feet of line. Do not soil the clothes with dust or mildew like lines that remain outdoors all the time.

Made in several styles and sizes for Lawn, Roof, and Balcony. Ask your hardware dealer to show them. Send for illustrated catalogue No. 16, free for the asking.

HILL DRYER COMPANY, - - 360 Park Avenue, Worcester, Mass.

Please mention APPLETON'S BOOKLOVERS MAGAZINE when you write to advertisers

An Expert's "Best Advertising Medium"



GEORGE H. POWELL, TEACHER OF ADVERTISING

New York, May 27, 1905.

Everybody's Magazine

Gentlemen :

For a number of years I have been making tests of the advertising mediums of the country, with the assistance of a very exact tabulation of results.

During the past year announcements of the Powell System of Advertising Instruction have appeared in practically all the leading magazines, and I find that Everybody's Magazine has given me the biggest returns.

Under separate cover I have just sent you an order for additional half-pages (making full pages in all) in August and September, together with renewal of contract for another year, beginning with your October issue, at \$1.00 per page per thousand for all circulation over 150,000.

You will note that I intend to use more space in Everybody's Magazine during the coming year than in any other medium.

Respectfully yours,

George H. Powell

99% of a Camera's Value is in the Lens

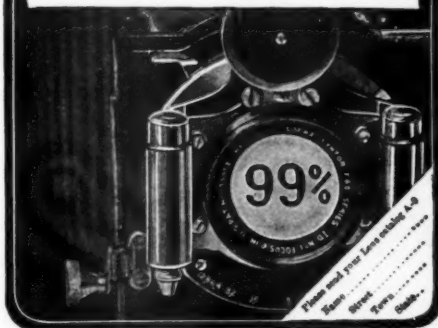
IF YOU HAVE A CAMERA that doesn't take fine pictures—you haven't the right lens.
It's all in the lens.
The better the lens, the finer the pictures.
Perfect pictures can only be taken with

GOERZ LENSES

because they are the best made.
Made in many styles for many purposes and cameras.
Our **SYNTOR** Lens (price \$21.15 and upwards) is the lens for small kodaks and hand cameras. A perfect Lens at a popular price.
Send attached coupon for our Lens Book—it will tell you all about Lenses and Lens values.

C. P. GOERZ OPTICAL WORKS

NEW YORK CHICAGO
52 E. Union Square Heyworth Building
BERLIN LONDON PARIS ST. PETERSBURG



Vinol



The
Cod Liver
Preparation
without
OIL.

Body Builder and Strength Creator For Old People, Puny Children, Weak, Run-down Persons, and after Sickness

The latest improvement on old-fashioned cod liver oil and emulsions. Deliciously palatable at all seasons.

For sale at THE Leading Drug Store in Every Place.
Exclusive Agency given to One Druggist in a Place
CHESTER KENT & CO., Chemists, Boston, Mass.

Bound Volumes

OF

The Booklovers Magazine

January to June 1903
July to December 1903
January to June 1904
July to December 1904
January to June 1905

PRICE \$2.00 Each
(EXPRESSAGE PREPAID)

With the June number 1905 THE BOOKLOVERS MAGAZINE completed its fifth volume. We have bound up a few volumes in handsome red buckram. The price is \$2 per volume, carriage prepaid. Those who wish may send in their magazines in good condition prepaid, together with \$1.25. In exchange we will send a bound volume to any address prepaid.

Volumes I to IV inclusive

We still have on hand a few bound copies of Volumes I to IV at \$2.00 each, prepaid. If you send us one NEW subscriber we will send you either bound volume free.

Index to Vol. V furnished on receipt
of stamped addressed envelope

Appleton's Booklovers Magazine

435 FIFTH AVENUE

NEW YORK

"SILVER PLATE THAT WEARS"

Your Choice IN Spoons

Can be readily selected, and the quality known to be the best made, if you ask your dealer for wares stamped with the trade-mark—

"1847 ROGERS BROS."

Not alone Spoons, but Forks, Knives, and a great variety of Fancy Serving Pieces can be supplied to match. Remember the complete stamp "1847 ROGERS BROS."

Our New Catalogue "G-47" contains all the latest styles, including the Vintage pattern.

Meriden Britannia Co.

(International Silver Co., Successor)

MERIDEN, CONN.



Please mention APPLETON'S BOOKLOVERS MAGAZINE when you write to advertisers



Lake Hopatcong

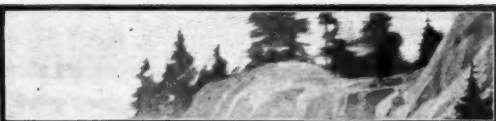
and THE SUSSEX HILLS

**Lackawanna
Railroad**

In the highlands of New Jersey, 1,200 feet above sea level; cool, dry and invigorating. A region, 90 minutes from New York, where you can enjoy your summer outing at moderate cost; sailing, fishing, camping, outdoor sports.

"Mountain and Lake Resorts," a handsomely illustrated book of 128 pages, will give complete information about hotels and boarding places, their rates and location, together with more than 175 pictures. The book also contains a fascinating love story, "A Paper Proposal." Sent on receipt of 10 cents in stamps. Address T. W. LEE, General Passenger Agent, Lackawanna Railroad, New York City.

WINCHESTER



.33 CALIBER RIFLES

The Winchester Model 1886 .33 Caliber is the highest-powered rifle made in take-down style. It is popular with big-game hunters on account of the take-down feature and hard-hitting qualities of the cartridge. The latter is loaded with smokeless powder and a 200-grain, soft point, metal patched bullet, which has special mushrooming qualities, owing to its size and high velocity. It is a particularly desirable rifle for hunting big game generally shot at fairly long range.

Winchester Guns and Ammunition Are Sold Everywhere

**WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO.
NEW HAVEN, CONN.**

A large, dark, and dramatic illustration of a steep, rocky cliff face. The rock has a craggy texture with some vertical fissures. At the base of the cliff, there is a body of water, possibly a river or lake, with some light reflecting off its surface.

NIAGARA TO THE SEA.

The grandest trip in America for health and pleasure. The Thousand Islands, Rapids, Montreal, Quebec and the famed Saguenay River, with its stupendous Capes "Trinity" and "Eternity."

Send 6c. postage for illustrated guide to
THOS. HENRY, Traffic Man., Montreal, Can.

*RICHELIEU & ONTARIO
NAVIGATION
Co.*

TRINITY ROCK, SAGUENAY RIVER.

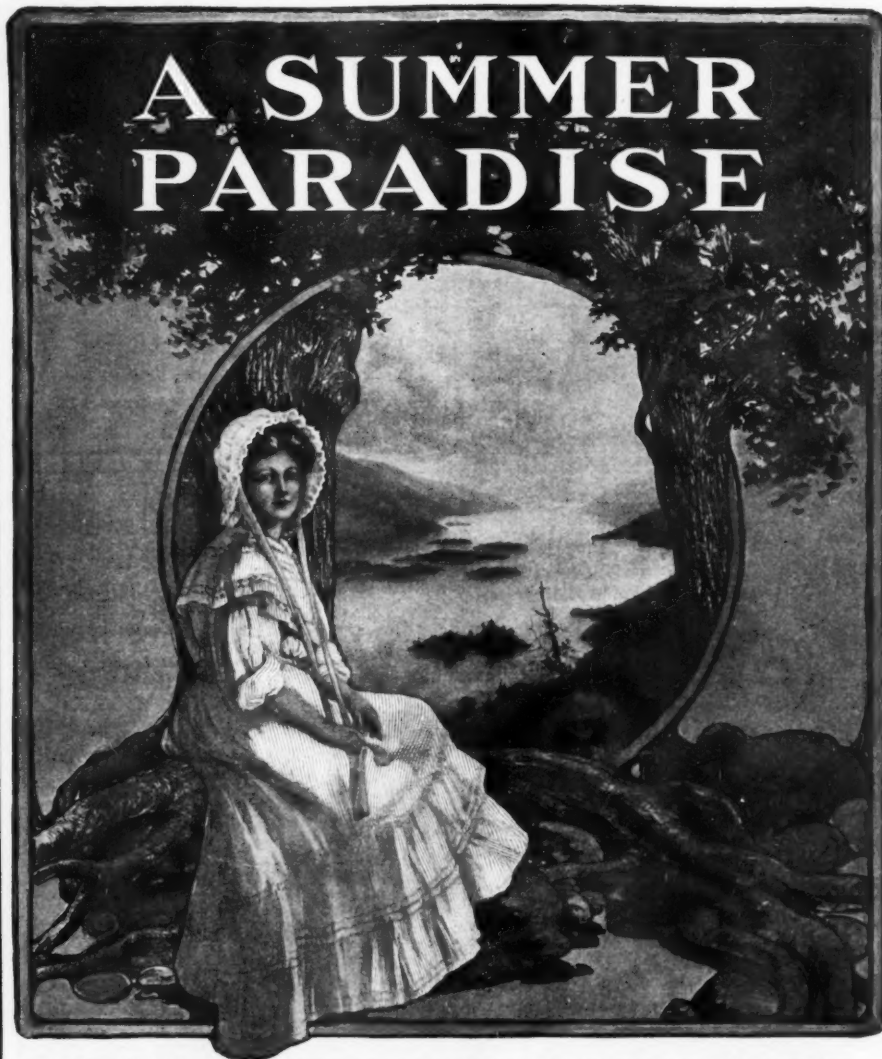
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SARATOGA SPRINGS
LAKE GEORGE
THE ADIRONDACKS
HOTEL CHAMPLAIN
AUSABLE CHASM
SHARON SPRINGS
COOPERSTOWN, ETC.

HEREUNDER

is a reproduction of the cover design of our Illustrated Guide-book (300 pp.), which treats in detail all matters of interest, such as railroad rates, hotels, boarding-houses—their prices and locations, altitudes, etc. Send to-day 4 cents postage to D. & H. R. R., Dept. C, ALBANY, N. Y., and

SOLVE THE SUMMER PROBLEM



A. I. Culver, 2d V. P.
J. W. Burdick, P. T. M.
A. A. Heard, G. P. A.
Albany, N. Y.

DELAWARE AND HUDSON R. R.

New York Office, 21 Cortlandt St.

Modern Advertising

By **EARNEST ELMO CALKINS**
and **RALPH HOLDEN**

Profusely Illustrated. Price, \$1.50 net; postage, 12 cents additional

(APPLETONS' BUSINESS SERIES)

THIS book is the first complete reference book ever written upon advertising. It tells what Modern Advertising is and how it is done. It describes mediums—that is, magazines and newspapers, street car cards and billboards; gives a complete description of the workings of an advertising agency, devotes some attention to retail and mail-order advertising, and contains a very elaborate chapter upon the Channels of Trade, showing how goods are distributed.

Other Books in Appletons' Business Series Are

THE WORK OF WALL STREET

By **SERENO S. PRATT.** \$1.25 net; postage, 12 cents additional.

FUNDS AND THEIR USES

By **FREDERICK A. CLEVELAND, Ph.D.** \$1.25 net; postage, 12 cents additional.

TRUST FINANCE

By **DR. EDWARD S. MEADE.** \$1.25 net; postage, 12 cents additional.

AMERICAN RAILWAY TRANSPORTATION

By **EMORY R. JOHNSON.** \$1.50 net; postage, 14 cents additional.

THE MODERN BANK

By **AMOS K. FISKE.** \$1.50 net; postage, 12 cents additional.

MODERN INDUSTRIALISM

By **FRANK L. McVEY.** \$1.50 net; postage, 12 cents additional.

THE LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

By **WILLIAM ALEXANDER.** \$1.50 net; postage, 13 cents additional.

D. APPLETON & COMPANY
Publishers NEW YORK

Ask Your Neighbor

If any one in the following list happens to be your neighbor, ask him how *he* likes *his*

Hot-Air Pump

These men are among over 30,000 now using one:



J. Pierpont Morgan, New York
Khedive of Egypt
Whitelaw Reid, New York
W. K. Vanderbilt, New York
George Vanderbilt, New York
Frederick W. Vanderbilt, New York
Chauncey M. Depew, New York
Charles Lanier, New York
H. H. Westinghouse, Pittsburg
King Edward VII
Ex-Mayor Seth Low, New York
Andrew Carnegie, New York
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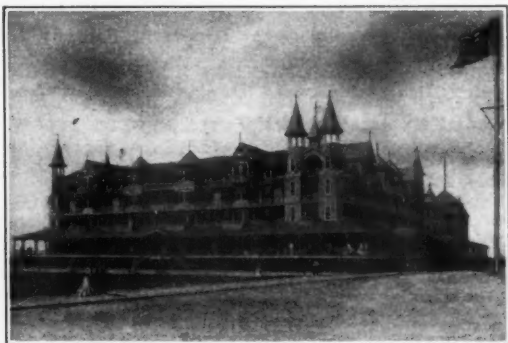
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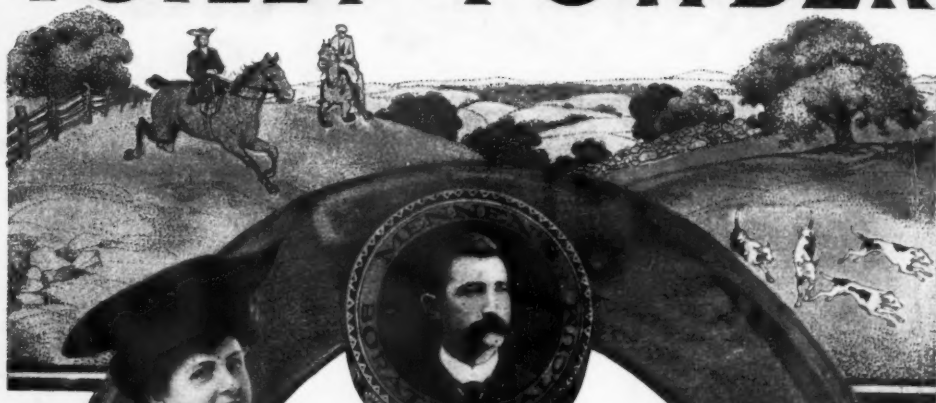
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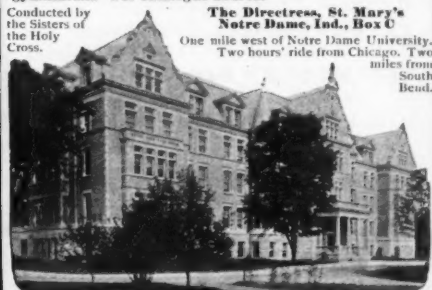
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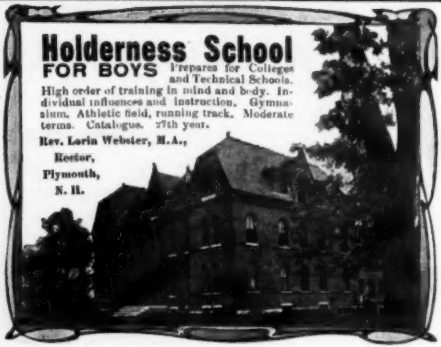
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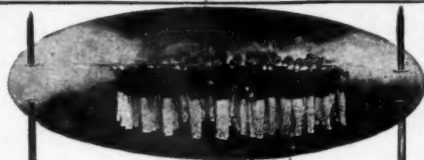
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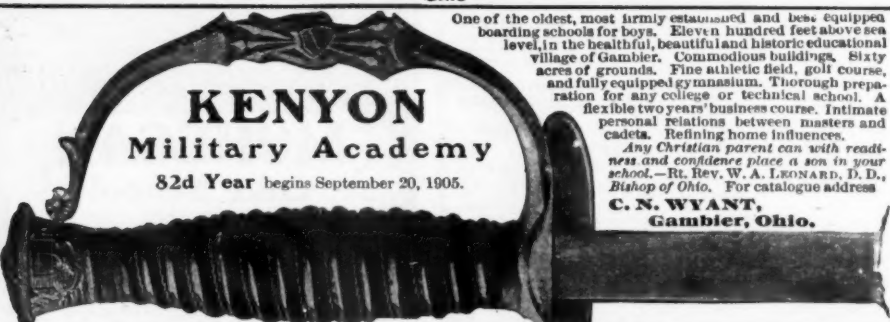
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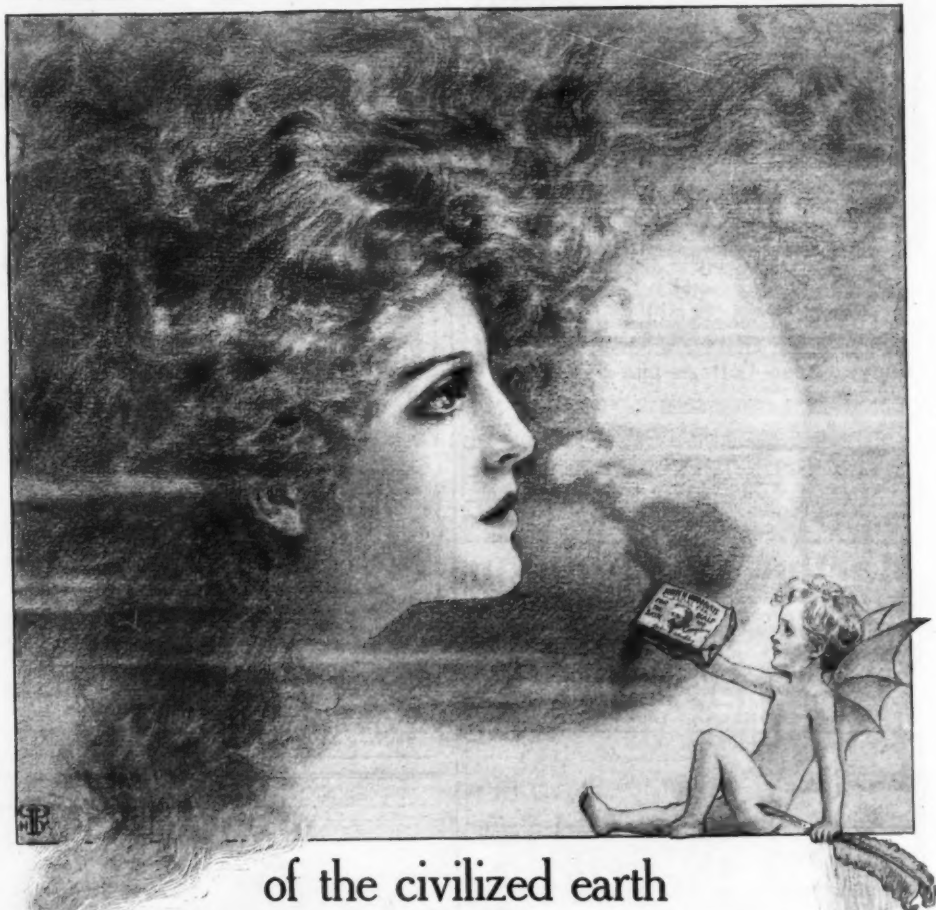
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| 2047. Silence of Mrs. Harrold, The | Samuel M. Gardenhire |
| 2079. Slanderers | Warwick Deeping |
| 2059. Smoke-Eaters, The | Harvey J. O'Higgins |
| ✠1950. Son of Royal Langbrith, A | William Dean Howells |
| 1972. Specialist, The | A. M. Irvine |
| 2185. Stingaree | E. W. Hornung |
| 2065. Storm Center, The | Charles Egbert Craddock |
| 2062. Summit House Mystery, The | L. Dougall |
| ✠1936. Susan Clegg and Her Friend Mrs. Lathrop | Anne Warner |
| 1998. Theophano | Frederic Harrison |
| 2107. Tommy Carteret | Justus Miles Forman |
| ✠1933. Traffics and Discoveries | Rudyard Kipling |
| 1979. Traitor and Loyalist | Henry Kitchell Webster |
| ✠1944. Trixy | Elizabeth Stuart Phelps |
| ✠1949. Truants, The | A. E. W. Mason |
| 2066. Two Captains, The | Cyrus Townsend Brady |
| 2210. Tyranny of the Dark, The | Hamlin Garland |

2253. Ultimate Passion, The
 1986. Undercurrent, The
 2068. Veranilda
 2112. Vicissitudes of Evangeline, The
 ✠1954. Vinland Champions, The (*Juvenile*)
 2106. Wedding of the Lady of Lovell, The
 2098. White Terror and the Red, The
 2206. Wine-Press, The
 ✠1919. Whosoever Shall Offend
 1967. Young Man in a Hurry, A
 ✠1928. Zelda Dameron

Philip Verrill Mighels
 Robert Grant
 George Gissing
 Elinor Glyn
 Ottilie J. Liljencrantz
 Una L. Sliberrad
 A. Cahan
 Anna Robeson Brown
 Francis Marlon Crawford
 Robert W. Chambers
 Meredith Nicholson

MISCELLANEOUS

2198. Another Hardy Garden Book
 2027. Americans, The
 1882. Among English Inns
 1996. Awakening of Japan, The
 ✠1856. Belgian Life in Town and Country
 1900. Belle of the Fifties, A
 2002. Bits of Gossip
 1983. Book of Clever Beasts, The
 2127. Color Line, The
 1970. Common Way, The
 1938. Compromises
 1969. Cycle of Life, The
 2190. Diary from Dixie, A
 2204. Dr. Grenfell's Parish
 1875. Edgeworth, Maria
 2000. Far and Near
 2012. Farmington
 2215. Following the Sun-Flag
 ✠1860. Foundations of Modern Europe
 1977. From Epicurus to Christ
 2037. From Tokio through Manchuria with the Japanese
 1908. Imperator et Rex
 1982. Irishman's Story, An
 1988. Island of Tranquil Delights, The
 1922. Japan
 2017. Japanese Life in Town and Country

Helena Rutherford Ely
 Hugo Münsterberg
 Josephine Lozier
 Okakura Kakuzo
 Demetrius C. Boulger
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 Justin McCarthy
 Charles Warren Stoddard
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2078. Land of Riddles, The	Hugo Ganz
1901. Letters from the Holy Land	Ernest Renan
2194. Lure of the Labrador Wild, The	Dillon Wallace
1987. Man and Superman	G. Bernard Shaw
1874. Manchu and Muscovite	B. L. Putnam Weale
2191. Memoirs of a Great Detective	Victor Speer
1931. Mountains, The	Stewart Edward White
1994. Multiple Personality	Boris Sidis and Simon P. Goodhart
1957. My Literary Life	Madame Edmond Adam
1966. Nature's Invitation	Bradford Torrey
2039. Negro, The: The Southerner's Problem	Thomas Nelson Page
2029. Out of Work	Frances A. Kellor
2286. Parisians Out of Doors	F. Berkeley Smith
2013. Pathfinders of the West	Agnes C. Laut
2061. Peculiar People, A	Aylmer Maude
2202. Port Arthur	Richard Barry
2200. Poverty	Robert Hunter
2014. Practise of Self-Culture, The	Hugh Black
1934. Recollections and Letters of General Lee	Robert E. Lee
1981. Reminiscences of Peace and War	Mrs. Roger A. Pryor
2024. Roma Beata	Maud Howe
1910. Shelburne Essays	Paul Elmer More
1993. Strategy of Great Railroads, The	Frank H. Spearman
1876. Tennyson	Arthur Christopher Benson
2193. Through Isle and Empire	Robert d'Humières
2009. True Henry Clay, The	Joseph M. Rogers
2069. Tuscan and Venetian Artists, The	Hope Rea
1897. War and Neutrality in the Far East	T. J. Lawrence
2199. War of the Classes, The	Jack London
1939. Where Does the Sky Begin?	Washington Gladden
1992. With Kuroki in Manchuria	Frederick Palmer
2033. Woman of the World, A	Ella Wheeler Wilcox
2015. Women of America, The	Elizabeth McCracken
2076. Wonders of Life, The	Ernst Haeckel
2192. Woodmyth and Fable	Ernest Thompson Seton
1960. Yankee on the Yangtze, A	William Edgar Gell
2201. Yellow War, The	"O"
2038. Younger American Poets, The	Jessie B. Rittenhouse
1923. Youth of Washington, The	S. Weir Mitchell
1903. Zola, Emile	Ernest Alfred Vizetelly

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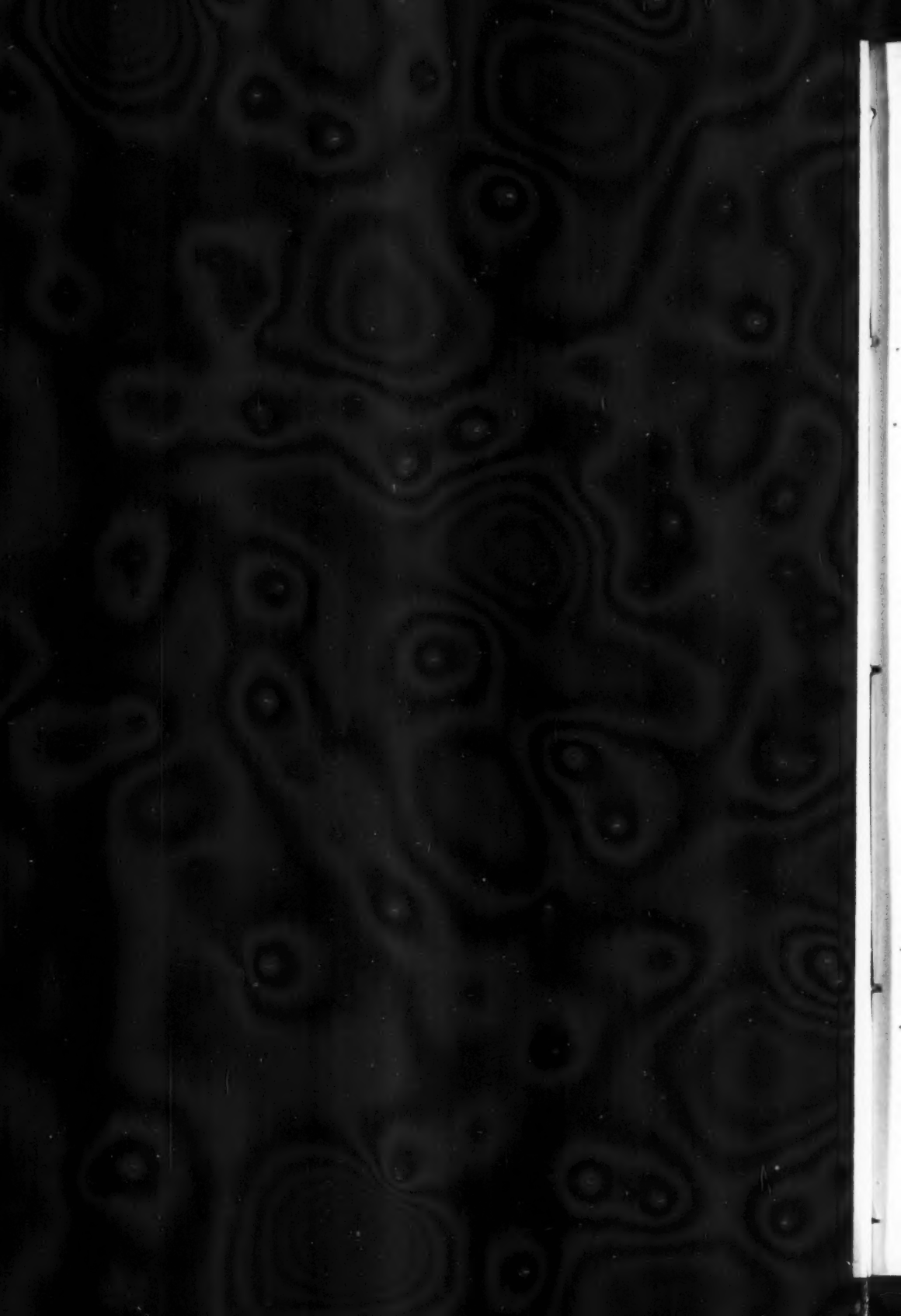


Drawn by Henry Hutt

"A gilt-edged tricorn on her head, and in her hands riding-whip and gloves."

—Page 176.







Of all the famous things made by the National Biscuit Company none surpass Social Tea Biscuit in those high qualities which mark superlative excellence.

Temptingly attractive in appearance, delightfully flavored and touched with sweetness, they meet the demands of every occasion.

They improve a poor dessert, make a good one better, and are just the associate for an afternoon cup of tea.

Serve from the beautiful box—identified by the Trade Mark in red and white on each end of the package.



The old-fashioned Graham Crackers of Dr. Graham were a wholesome article of food, but so tasteless and uninviting that it almost required a prescription to get people to eat them.

Since the National Biscuit Company revolutionized the making and baking of Graham Crackers, everybody eats them and loves them for their own intrinsic goodness.

Take a toothsome munch whenever you feel that way. You'll be surprised at the increased physical comfort and ease with which you perform your tasks.

Protected by their moisture proof package they come from the oven to you in all their original freshness and purity—a gift of health.

Ask for the Graham Crackers of the National Biscuit Company with their Trade Mark in red and white on each end of the package.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

Pearline

—especially adapted
to washing

Ducks
Linen
Piques
Lawns
Madras
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Cheviots
Ginghams
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and all other
Wash Fabrics.



SUMMER EXERCISE
requires frequent washing of
many gowns—Don't wear
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does more than soap can do
—WITHOUT RUBBING.
That's why the most delicate
wash fabrics last twice as long
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Pearline Does the Washing

THE HISTORY OF CHAMPAGNE—No. 2.



EARLY VINTAGERS of the Champagne district of France noticed the tendency of their wines to effervesce. It remained for Dom Perignon, a Monk of St. Peter's Abbey, Hautvillers, to discover, about 1670, how to control this effervescence, to preserve the quality as desired, until he obtained the rarest, most delicate of all wines, Champagne.

The fame of French Champagnes, plus \$8.00 duty doubling the price, makes some people think them worth more than

Great Western

Extra Dry

In reply, we only ask that you try Great Western.

Great Western Champagne actually has the fine flavor and rare bouquet found in French Champagnes. This is due to the long cultivation of Great Western Vineyards—the oldest in New York State. These soils have actually attained the chemical condition which imparts that quality hitherto found only in foreign goods.

Try Great Western—equal to foreign
Champagnes, at half the price.

PLEASANT VALLEY WINE CO., Sole Makers, RHEIMS, N. Y.

Sold everywhere by Dealers in Fine Wines.





The Equitable

Life Assurance Society of the United States, 126 Broadway, New York

HENRY B. HYDE, Founder

The Equitable Leads—

In Amount Paid in Dividends to Policyholders
In Prompt Payment of Policies to Beneficiaries
In Financial Strength—Surplus over \$80,000,000

For many years The Equitable has paid a larger aggregate amount in dividends on its policies than any other company.

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In 1900	.	.	\$3,481,641.00
In 1901	.	.	\$3,742,520.00
In 1902	.	.	\$4,477,924.00
In 1903	.	.	\$5,682,296.00
In 1904	.	.	\$6,001,903.00

The Equitable pays its policies more promptly than any other company—usually within twenty-four hours after proof of death.

DEATH CLAIMS PAID

In United States and Canada

In 1900	.	96%	within one day
In 1901	.	96%	within one day
In 1902	.	98%	within one day
In 1903	.	95%	within one day
In 1904	.	96%	within one day

The Equitable is the strongest life insurance company in the world, both in amount of surplus and in ratio of assets to liabilities.



MENNEN'S TOILET POWDER



"Isn't that lovely!"

What is more beautiful than a comfortable baby? For years Mennen's Borated Talcum Toilet Powder has been making babies comfortable and happy. It has been thoroughly tried, and therefore mothers know they are not experimenting on the baby's delicate skin when they get Mennen's—the powder with the face on the box. When Sunburn, Prickly Heat or Rash annoy, use Mennen's—the scientific. Sold for 25 Cents Everywhere. Sample Free.

GERHARD MENNEN COMPANY, 34 Orange Street, Newark, New Jersey

Try Mennen's Violet Talcum

Gillette Safety Razor

NO STROPPING — NO HONING

This is the razor you have been meaning to buy — that your neighbor has already bought.

This is the razor that is as different from any other razor as smooth is from rough. Made as true and fine as a watch.

With the Gillette Razor, shaving at home or when traveling will be found a comfort, not a torture. Saves time, money, delay, and the barber habit.

Adapts itself to any beard, shaves as smooth as velvet, never pulls, scrapes, cuts, or even irritates the most tender skin.

12 Blades
24 Sharp
Edges.

\$5

COMPLETE
SOLD
EVERYWHERE



Exact
size of
razor
and velvet
lined case.

BEAUTIFULLY FINISHED — TRIPLE SILVER PLATED.

Every blade will shave
from 20 to 40 times before dulling — when dull throw away.

12 new wafer blades for \$1.00. Less than ¼ cent a shave.

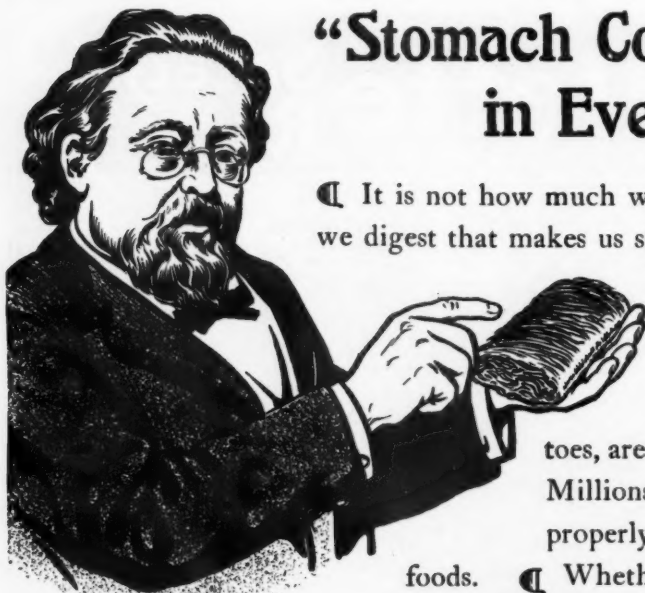
Ask Your Dealer **Accept no Substitute**

Ask your dealer for the **Gillette Safety Razor**; he can procure it for you. Write for our interesting booklet which explains our thirty-day free trial offer. Most dealers make this offer; if yours don't, we will.

Gillette Sales Company

1137 Times Building, Times Square, New York





"Stomach Comfort in Every Shred"

¶ It is not how much we eat, but how much we digest that makes us strong. Indigestion is not confined to the stomach. The starchy foods, such as bread and potatoes, are digested in the bowel. Millions of persons are unable properly to digest starchy foods. ¶ Whether it is stomach indigestion or bowel indigestion, what the

sufferer needs is food, not medicine—the right kind of food. Such a food is

Shredded Whole Wheat

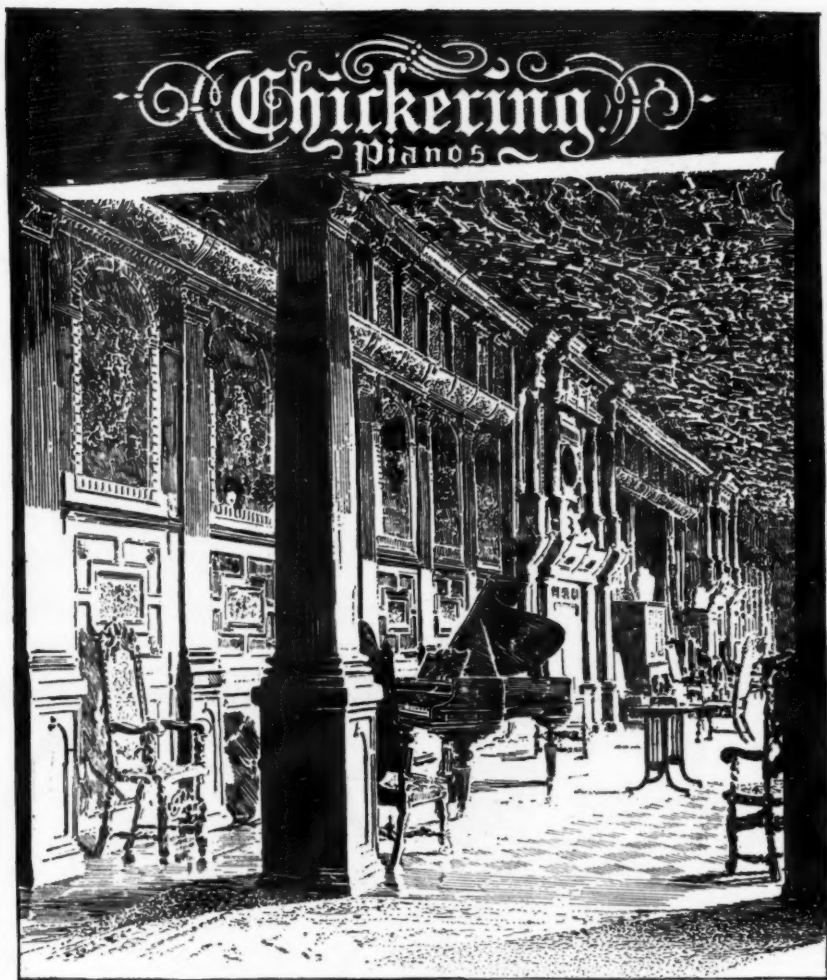
¶ It is made of the whole wheat, steam-cooked and drawn into fine porous shreds and baked. These delicate shreds are retained and assimilated when the stomach rejects all other foods. Thousands of persons—including many doctors—gratefully affirm this fact in letters to this Company.

"It's All in the Shreds"

¶ Shredded Wheat is not "treated" or "flavored" with anything—it is the whole wheat and nothing but the wheat—the cleanest and purest cereal food made. It is made in two forms—BISCUIT and TRISCUIT. The Biscuit is delicious for breakfast with hot or cold milk or cream or for any other meal in combination with fruits or vegetables. Triscuit is the shredded whole wheat cracker which takes the place of white flour bread; delicious as a toast with butter or with cheese or preserves.

THE NATURAL FOOD COMPANY
Niagara Falls, N. Y.

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CONCERNING THE "QUARTER ($\frac{1}{4}$) GRAND"

ITS Tone Quality is superior to that of an Upright. ¶ It occupies practically no more space than an Upright. ¶ It costs no more than the large Upright. ¶ It weighs less than the larger Uprights. ¶ It is a more artistic piece of furniture than an Upright. ¶ It has all the desirable qualities of the larger Grand Pianos. ¶ It can be moved through stairways and spaces smaller than will admit even the small Uprights. ¶ Catalogue upon request.

CHICKERING & SONS, 811 Tremont Street, BOSTON

Established 1823

Most Liberal Cigar Proposition Ever Made

All the time that you have been paying ten cents over the counter for a Panetela cigar, we have sold our FEDORA Panetela, a cigar of exactly the same value at four cents.

In fact, it was one of our standard brands that we sold successfully for many years to the leading jobbers at \$40 per thousand.

But, as you know, our method was changed a long time ago and we came direct to smokers with our entire product at the same jobbers' prices.

Altogether here is our FEDORA PANETELA:

GUARANTEED superior to any \$5 per hundred Panetela advertised, though the price is 20% less.

GUARANTEED superior to the ten-cent cigars sold by dealers.

GUARANTEED to be made of pure Havana filler and high-grade Sumatra wrapper.

GUARANTEED to be made in the cleanest of factories; to be absolutely free from any kind of flavoring matter.

GUARANTEED to SAVE HALF YOUR CIGAR MONEY, sometimes more in comparison with regular retail prices.

GUARANTEED to please you, or the trial costs you nothing.

OUR PROPOSITION.—For \$4.00 we will send you 100 FEDORA Panetelas and our beautiful cigar catalogue, "Rolled Reveries," that "tells you all about it." ALL TRANSPORTATION CHARGES PREPAID. Smoke as many as you wish to find out whether they suit you or not. If not, or on comparison you don't think our claims are carried out, return what you have left, at our expense, and we will REFUND EVERY CENT. The same proposition applies to 50 FEDORA Panetelas at \$2.00.

We do not sell cigars on credit, but we do guarantee your perfect satisfaction. Our strictly cash business saves bookkeepers' salaries, clerical work, makes no bad debts, and our customers get the benefit in value.

IF YOU PREFER, we will send you an assortment of other brands of cigars, showing fifteen noc. values, ten gc. values for \$1.00, each separately wrapped and described. Same guarantee of MONEY BACK if not satisfied.

ORDER NOW, stating color and strength wished.

Our booklet "Rolled Reveries"
sent free on request

JOHN B. ROGERS & CO., "The Pioneers"
257 Jarvis Street, BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

Photo of
FEDORA
Panetela.
Exact Size



By the Big Four

A "good-time" vacation begins with the trip when you take the Big Four to

Mountain, Valley, Lake or Shore

To reach the pleasure-paradise of Michigan, the Adirondacks, New England—wherever it is best to sail, swim, hunt, golf, fish or "frivol."

Ask for tickets via Big Four or write
Warren J. Lynch, Gen'l Pass. Agt.
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Fast trains at convenient hours. Best meals on wheels. Sound sleepers. Attentive service.



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**Visible Writing;
Perfect Construction;
Great Speed**

gave
**UNDERWOOD
TYPEWRITER**

Its Wonderful Record

UNDERWOOD TYPEWRITER CO.,
241 Broadway, New York.
Adapted for use with the
"Unit Book-keeping System."

**AROUND
The
WORLD**



This is little Elizabeth Brock of Macon, Mo. raised on **Mellin's Food** from birth and noted everywhere for her sunny disposition and perfect health.

Mellin's Food will make milk agree with your baby, and he will keep perfectly well all Summer long.

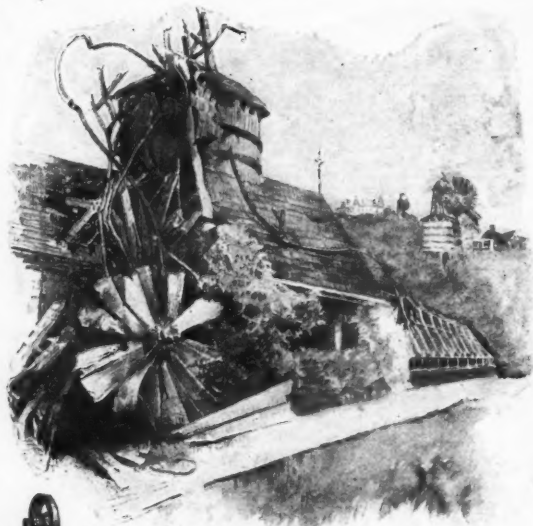
You can even travel with your baby, if you want to, and change the milk supply without risk, if you use **Mellin's Food** to prepare the milk.

SEND TO-DAY FOR A FREE SAMPLE OF MELLIN'S FOOD AND TRY IT.

MELLIN'S FOOD COMPANY,

BOSTON, MASS.

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The Track of a Summer Storm

Yes, there are cheap forms of water-supply, just as there are cheap clothes, cheap shoes and cheap food. This, for instance, is a true picture, showing the effects of a recent cyclone on Long Island. Flat countries are especially subject to the uninterrupted sweep of winds, frequently so violent that no wind-mill, even when made of steel and iron, can withstand their force. Under such conditions the owner of a

Hot-Air Pump

is doubly fortunate. His buildings remain unwrecked, and his water-supply is constant, for it is always independent of wind or weather.

The Hot-Air Pump is an engine of low power which cannot explode; installed in your cellar or outhouse, it works with just force enough to pump water; having no waste power, it must be economical in operation; as it is practically automatic, it requires no care—any child or servant can start or stop its operation.



Descriptive Catalogue "A" sent free on application.

Rider-Ericsson Engine Co.

35 Warren Street, New York. 239 Franklin Street, Boston.
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MUSKOKA



THE ROYAL MUSKOKA HOTEL

Muskoka Lakes, Canada

"The Grandest Spot in all America"

LAKES OF BLUE SET WITH ISLES OF EMERALD

Canoeing, Bathing, Fishing, beautiful Water Trips, Golf and Tennis.

Modern hotel, excellent cuisine, cool verandas and homelike rooms perfumed by the fragrant pines. Hay fever unknown. Less than a day's journey from principal American cities, via Niagara Falls, Detroit, Chicago. Solid trains from Buffalo and Toronto.

Handsomely illustrated descriptive matter free

Apply to **G. T. BELL**, General Passenger and Ticket Agent

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM, Montreal, Quebec

Or **MUSKOKA NAVIGATION COMPANY**, Toronto, Ontario

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For Two on a Tour

The Franklin Gentleman's Roadster is unique among motor-cars. It has a 12 horse-power four-cylinder air-cooled engine in a runabout body; the total weight being only 1050 pounds. It can be fitted with canopy, cape or Victoria top, and is designed and engineered for swift touring, and business purposes; with safety, comfort and wonderful economy.

This type of car, but with less horse power, last summer carried Whitman and Carris from San Francisco to New York in less than 33 days, cutting the record nearly in halves.

It recently made a record run from Minneapolis to Northfield, Minn., a distance of 108 miles in 3 hours and 35 minutes, under very bad road conditions, reducing the record by 1 hour; and in the Boston Club run to Providence, 47 miles and return, passed 15 large touring cars, beating one of the best and most famous 30 h. p. water-cooled cars by 12 minutes.

No other car in its class, and few in any class, can compare with it for practical, economical touring and all-day mileage. As a business runabout it is unequalled by any other car. *Send for catalogue.*



Six Models for 1905 Roadster, Light Touring cars, High-powered Touring cars.

H. H. Franklin Mfg. Co., Syracuse, N. Y.

M. A. L. A. M.

FRANKLIN



FIDELITY AND CASUALTY CO.

OF NEW YORK

1876

GEORGE F. SEWARD, President

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1905

FIDELITY BONDS . . .
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PERSONAL ACCIDENT .
HEALTH
STEAM BOILER . . .
PLATE GLASS . . .
BURGLARY
FLY WHEEL
BONDED LIST . . .

The extent to which a company has served the public may be measured in some degree at least by the losses it has paid. At March 31 this year we had paid the large sum of \$20,224,353.84 in losses. It is our aim to grant always

INSURANCE THAT INSURES

ASSETS, December 31, 1904, . . . \$ 6,791,185.19

LOSSES PAID to March 31, 1905, . . . 20,224,353.84

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Agents in all considerable Towns

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The Four - Track News

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE
OF TRAVEL AND EDUCATION

DELIGHTFUL DESCRIPTIONS OF PLACES AND PEOPLES

THE FASCINATING PRESENT AND THE HISTORIC PAST

The Four-Track News contains approximately 160 pages, each month, devoted to delightful descriptions of

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All the articles are profusely illustrated with the finest half-tones that can be made.

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Subscription price, \$1.00 per year; foreign countries, \$1.50;
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GEORGE H. DANIELS, Publisher.

Room No. 25

7 East 42d St., New York

THE BEST WRITERS--BEAUTIFUL ILLUSTRATIONS

Please mention APPLETON'S BOOKLOVERS MAGAZINE when you write to advertisers

Where Health and Pleasure Wait

IN this latest number of The Four-Track Series the pictures tell the story. There are only a few lines of descriptive matter, and twenty-nine of the most exquisite and interesting half-tones of charming scenes "where health and pleasure wait."

This is one of the most beautiful pieces of advertising ever sent out by a railroad company.

For a copy of "WHERE HEALTH AND PLEASURE WAIT," which is No. 2 of the New York Central's Four-Track Series, send a 2-cent stamp to George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, New York Central & Hudson River Railroad, Room No. 328, Grand Central Station, New York.



HOT WATER
From
CELLAR to ROOF

MONARCH

Turn a faucet anywhere in the house and get real hot water instantaneously at any hour of day or night without heating up the house.

Simple, safe, durable.

MONARCH WATER HEATER COMPANY
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

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The Foster

Hose Supporter

The perfect supporter with dress or negligee

Pat. Dec. 6, 1899

Approved by Leading Physicians, Endorsed by Physical Culturists, Preferred by Ladies of Fashion.

Mercedized, Plain or Frill

Edge Web	\$0.50
Very Strong Silk Frill75
Heavy Silk Whip Cord	1.00
Heavy Silk Double Frill	1.25
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At all dealers, or

Arthur Frankenstein & Co.
(Agents for the U. S.)
514 and 516 Broadway
New York

FREE with mail orders, a large photo-etching of the "Foster Girl," without advertisement.

"The Name is on the Buckles."

S. S. Foster Rubber Co., Portland, Maine. Made in U. S. A.

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that the best sport, summer and winter, for small boys and girls, is the **IRISH MAIL**

Patent applied for.



"They can't upset."

"It's geared."

Exercises all muscles; doesn't over-tax nor over-heat. Designed on hygienic lines. Fast; absolutely safe. A sporty, rakish little "craft" that delights every child.

If your dealer hasn't it, order direct from us. Write for booklet, FREE.

HILL-STANDARD MFG. CO.
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Successors to The Standard Mfg. Co.

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TO PROVE

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
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
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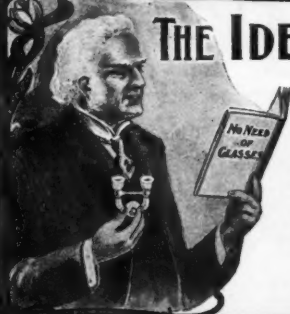
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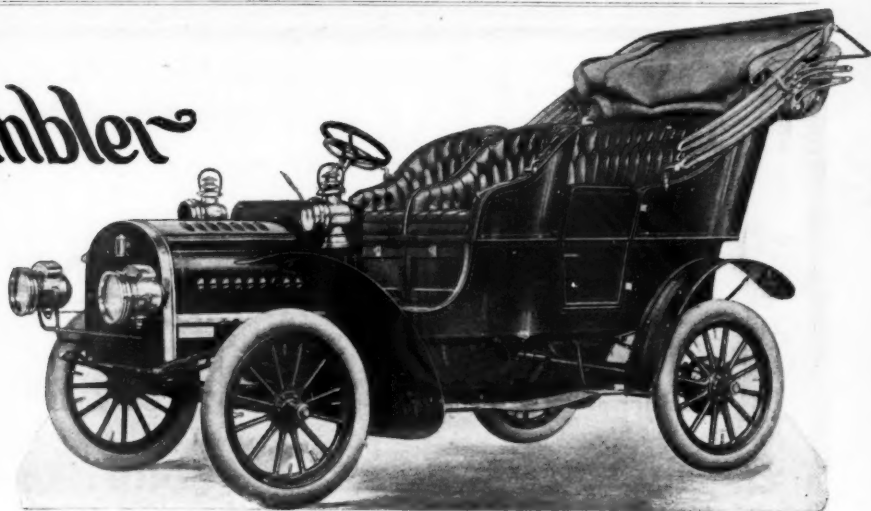
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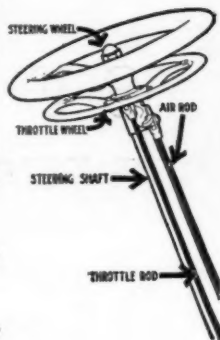
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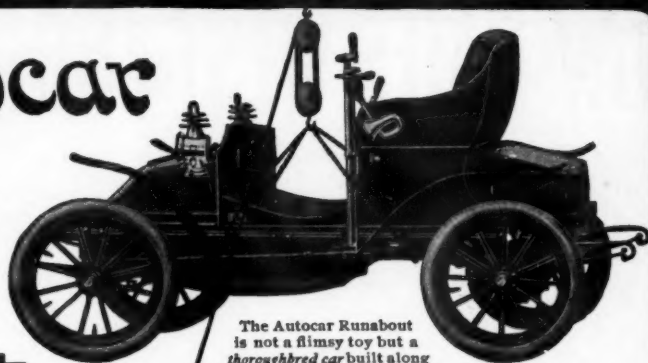
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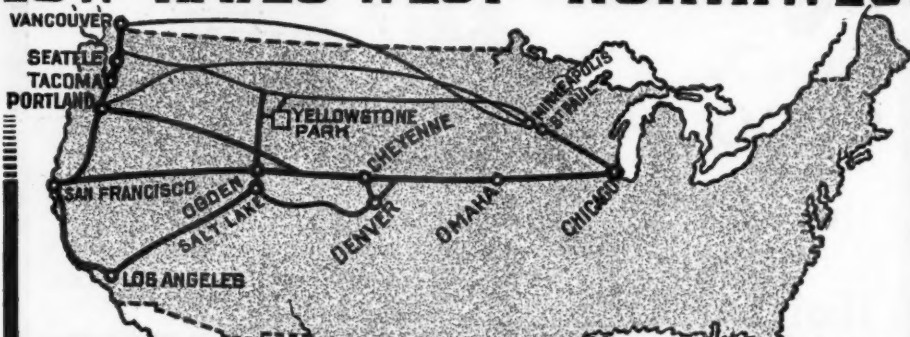
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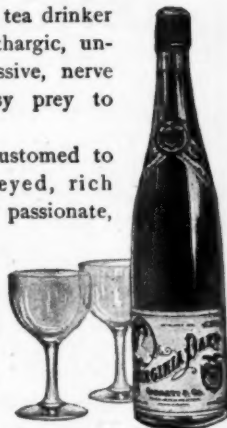
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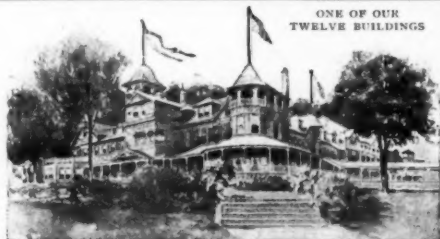
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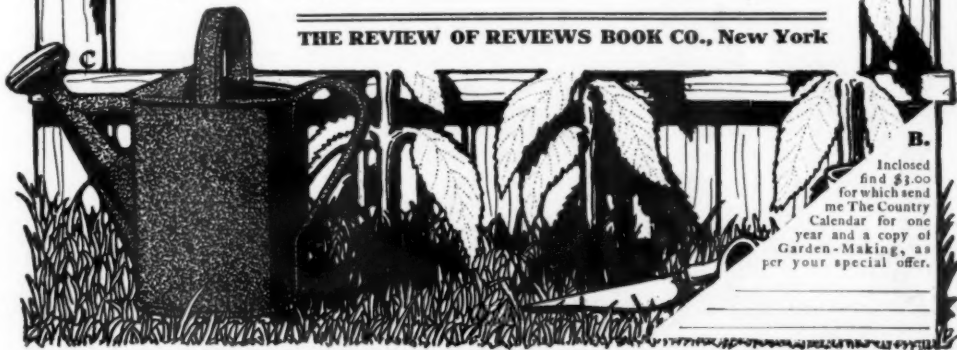
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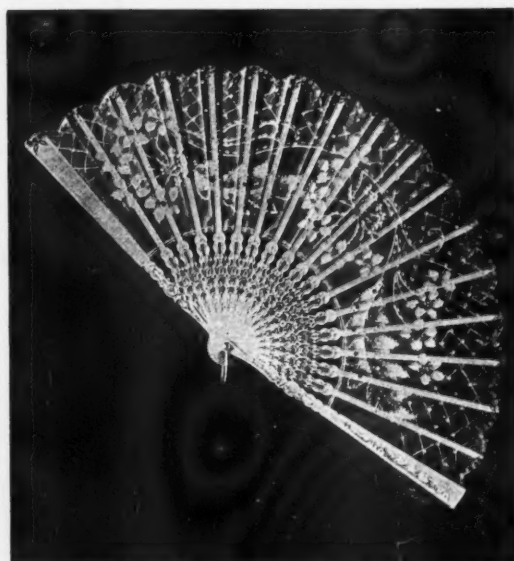


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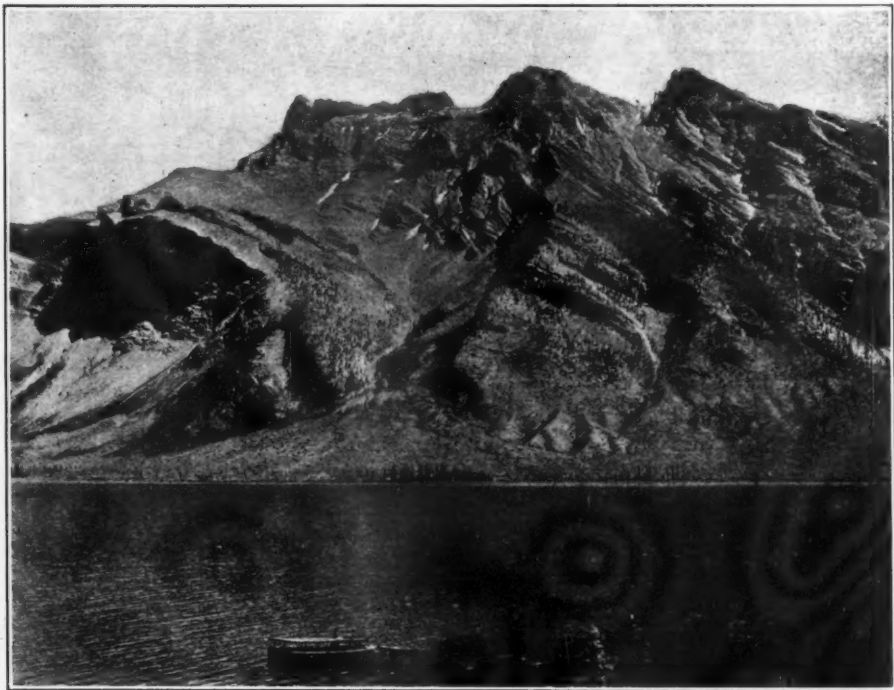
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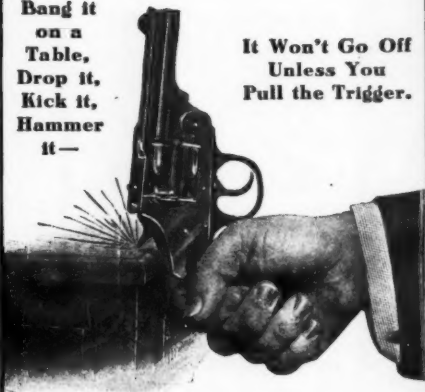
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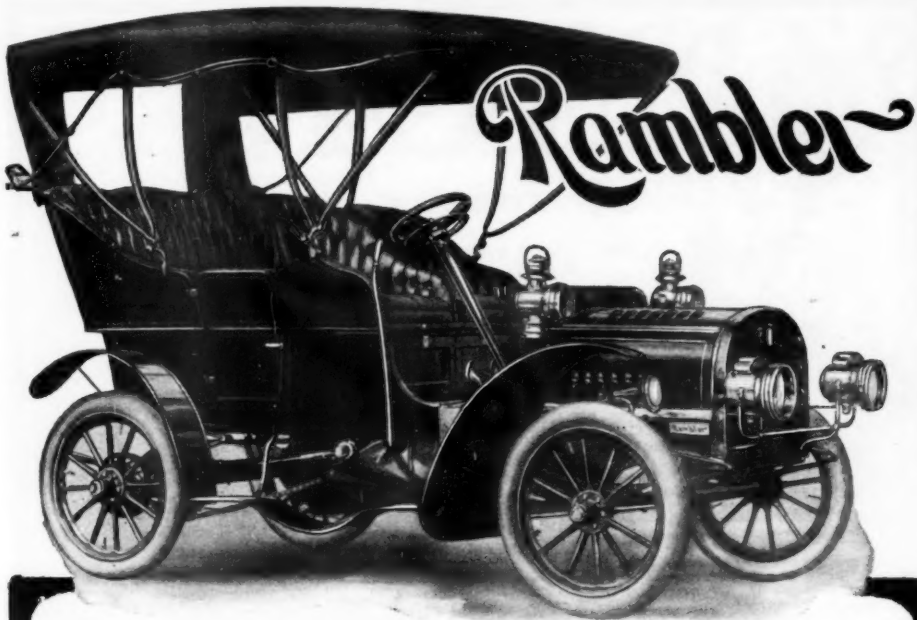
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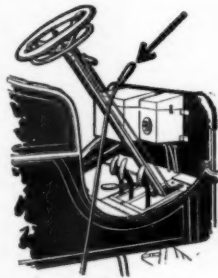
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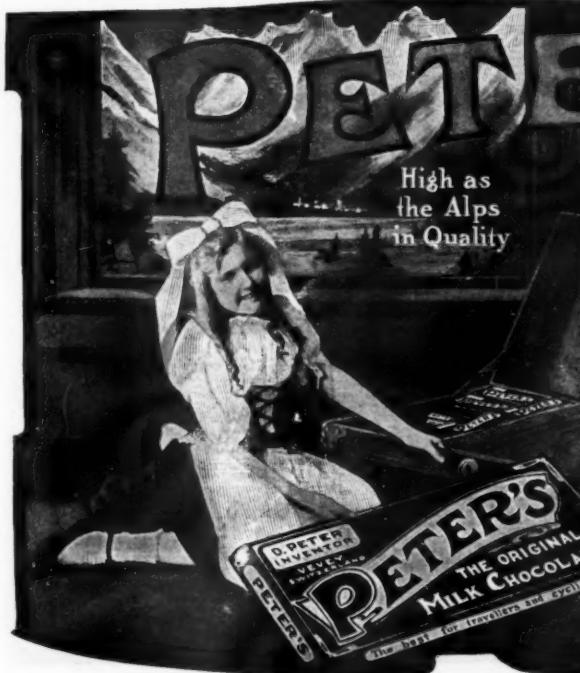


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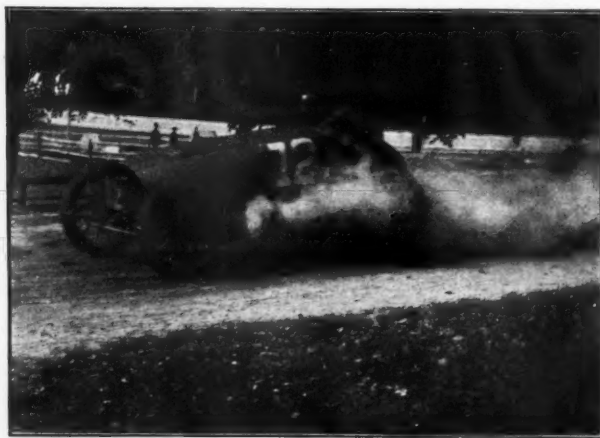
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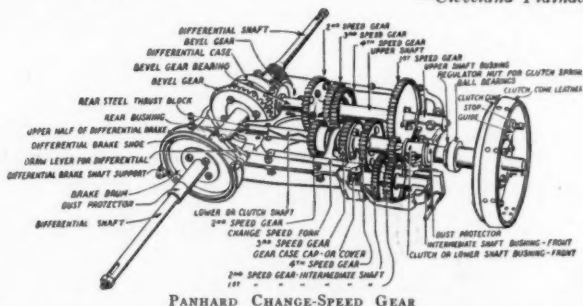


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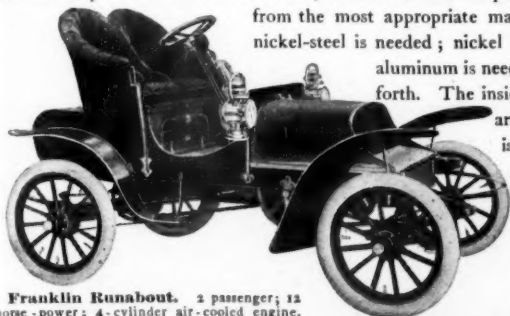
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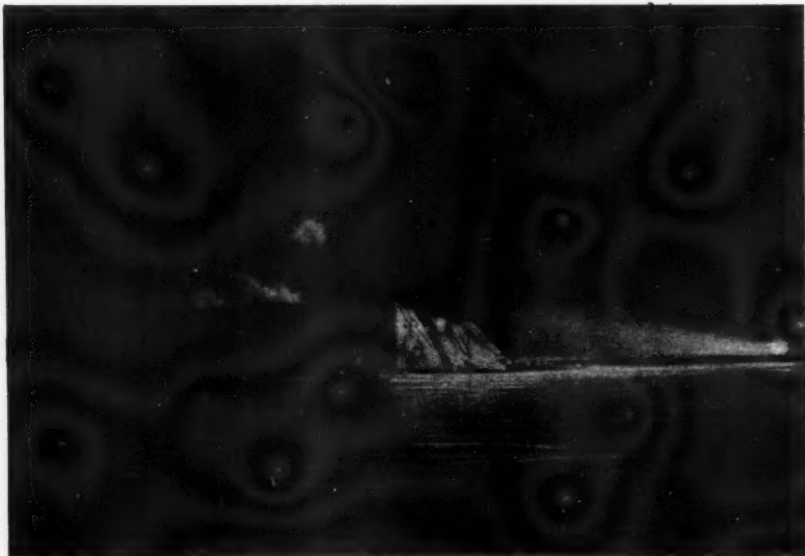
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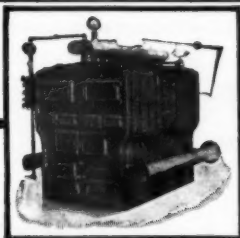
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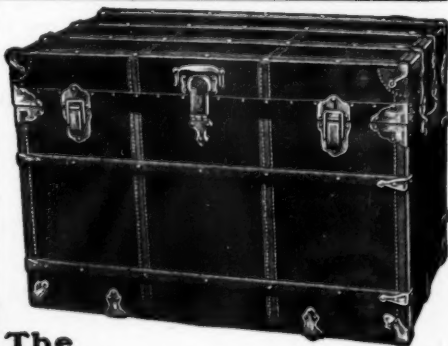
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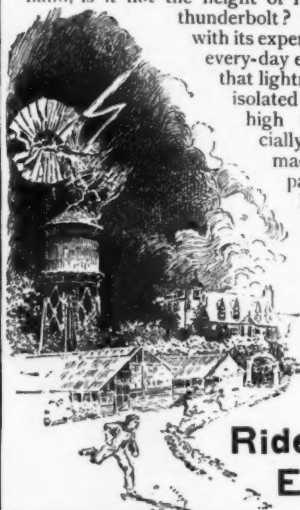
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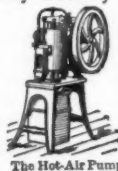
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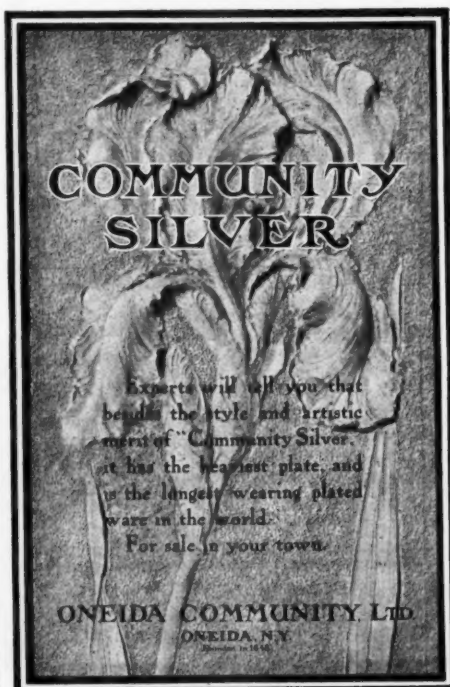


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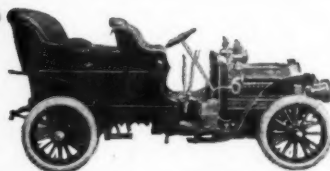
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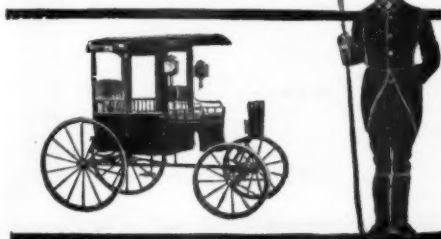


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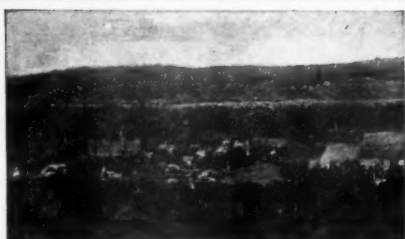
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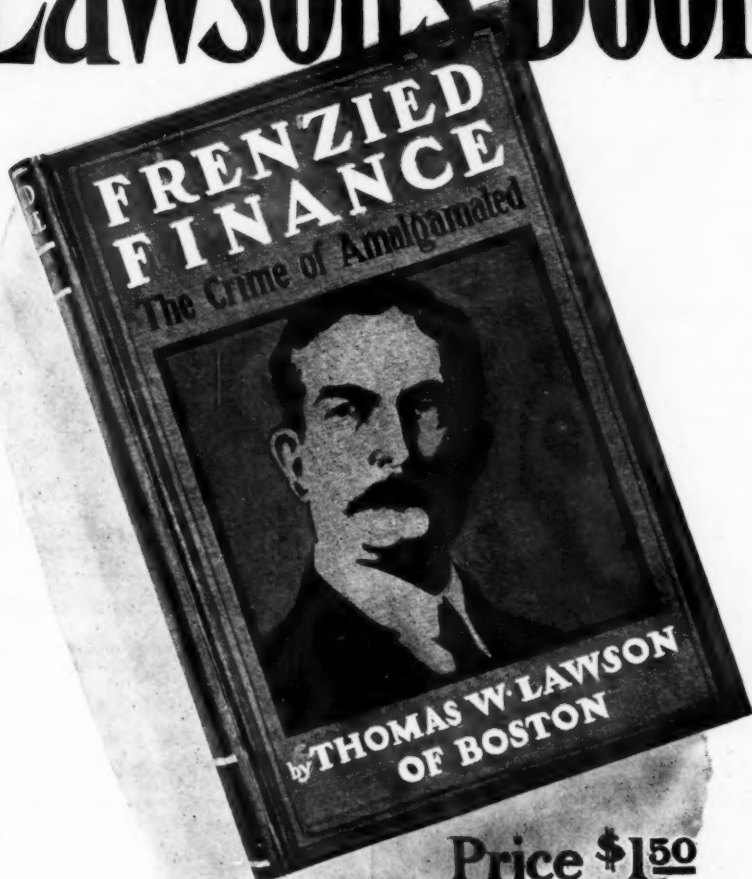
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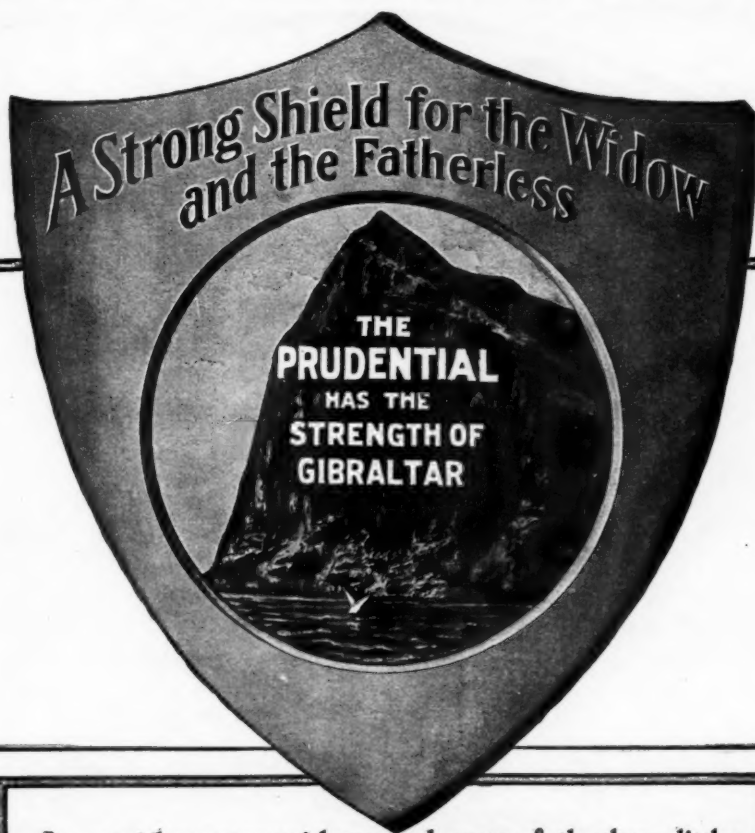
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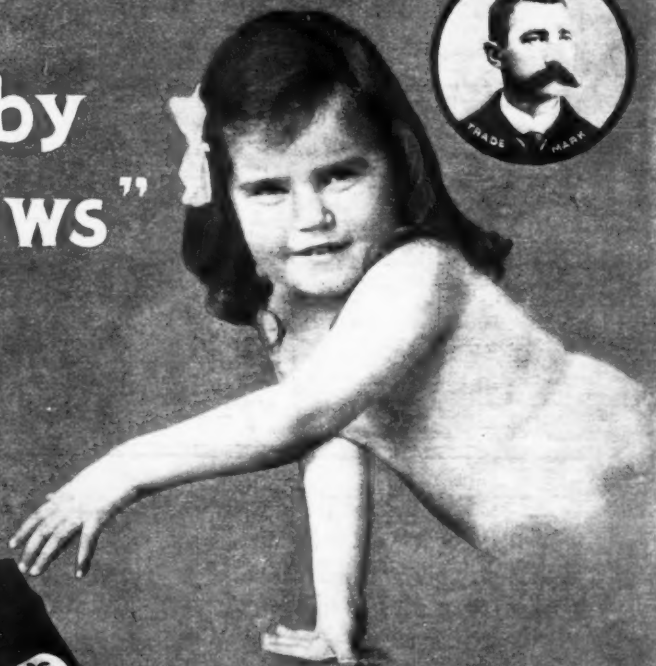
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OCTOBER 1905

PRICE 25 CENTS

APPLETON'S BOOKLOVERS MAGAZINE

J





CREAM of WHEAT

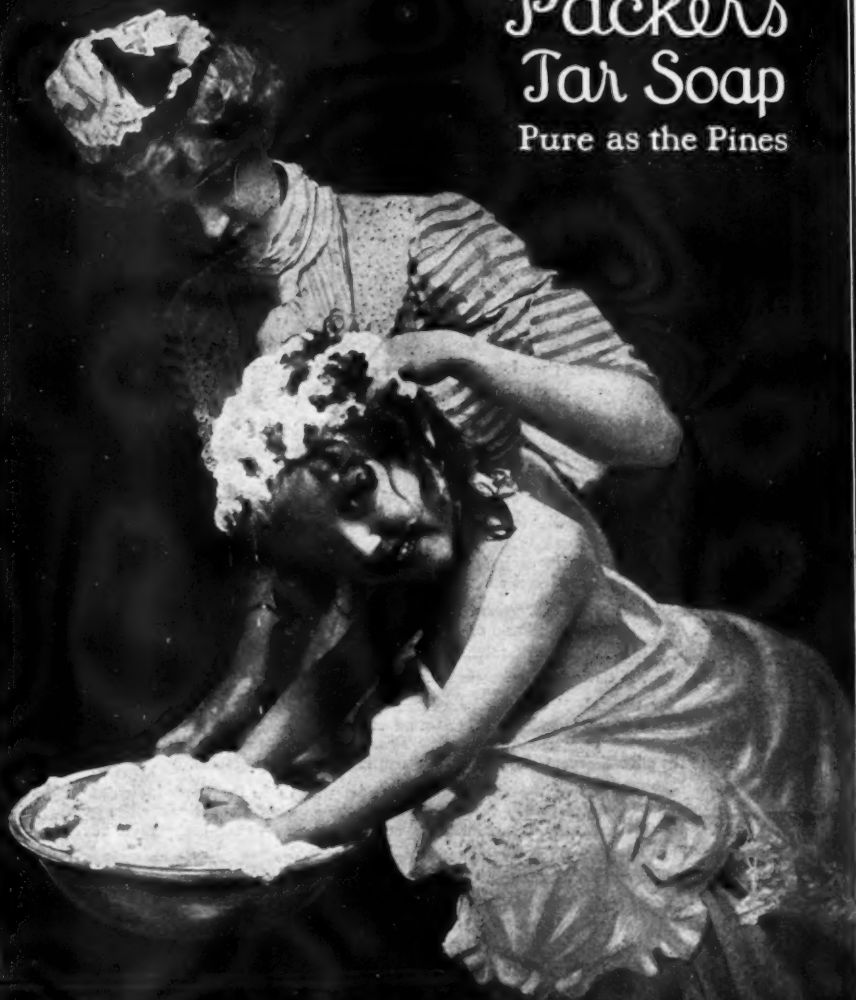
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Pure as the Pines



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THE PACKER MFG. CO., NEW YORK.

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Which is the best advertisement?

\$500.00

To the readers who select the **best** advertisement in this magazine for the month of October (page, half-page, or quarter-page), and who give the best reason for their selection (in not more than fifteen words), the publishers will award **prizes** to the value of five hundred dollars as described in the pages following.

Very Simple Rules

1. The three advertisements in each instance securing the largest number of votes will be considered the prize advertisements.
2. The competitor giving the best reason for his choice (in fifteen words) will receive the first prize. The second, third and other prizes will be awarded accordingly.
3. A prize committee consisting of five well known advertising managers (see names in pages following) will decide on the votes submitted.
4. The reason for the selection must be written on the margin of the advertisement selected and not on a separate sheet. When an advertisement is back of the table of contents or on a cover page competitors may attach their slip to a sheet of paper and indicate the advertisement chosen, to save mutilation of the magazine.
5. The name and address of the competitor must be written in the space indicated by the coupon (see pages following) and the slip, with the address, must be pinned or gummed to the advertisement and sent in with it, one slip (only) for each competitive advertisement sent in.
6. A competitor who votes on more than one advertisement for each coupon will be disqualified.
7. All replies must be in hand on the fifteenth day of October. No letters will be opened until that date, so that no communications can be answered.
8. The prizes will be awarded in ten days after the close of the competition and the results will be made known in the December number.

Send by mail and address your envelope as follows

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APPLETON'S BOOKLOVERS MAGAZINE

436 Fifth Avenue, New York

(See following pages)

The Prize List

The prizes will consist of the finest sets of library books published by D. Appleton & Co. The aggregate value of the prizes each month to be \$500 or over. If a competitor should happen to win a set of books which he already has, the amount will be placed to his credit to apply on some other set or sets of books from D. Appleton & Co.'s catalogue. If a prize-winner is already a subscriber to the magazine he may have his prize subscription sent to a friend.

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- Additional Prizes**—Ten additional prizes of one annual subscription to APPLETON'S BOOKLOVERS MAGAZINE, at \$3.00 per year **30.00**

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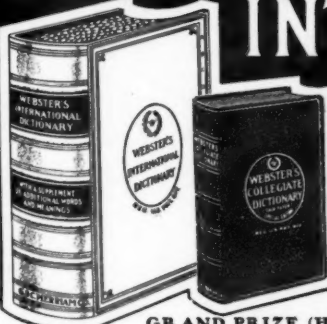
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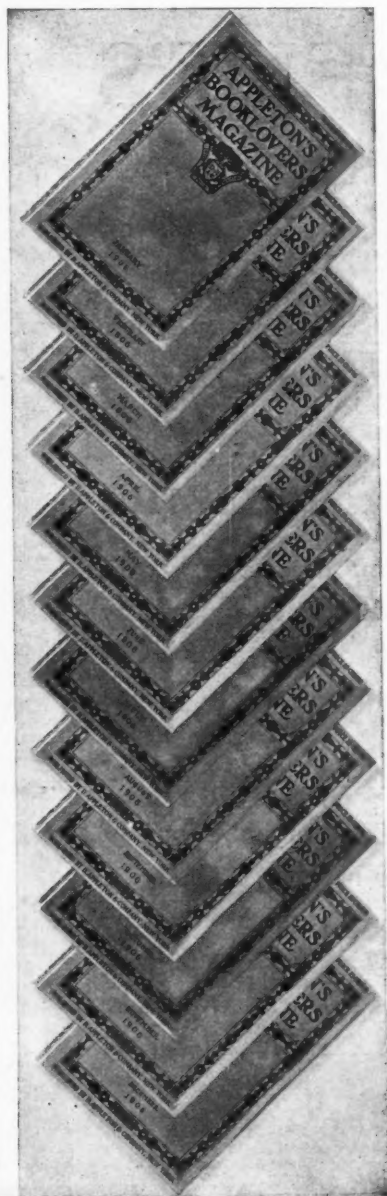
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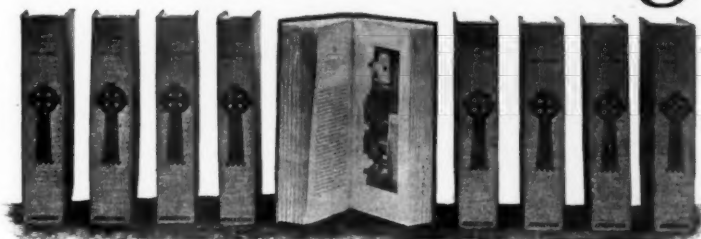
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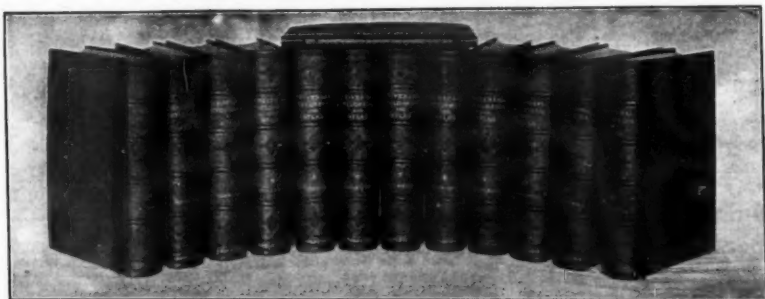
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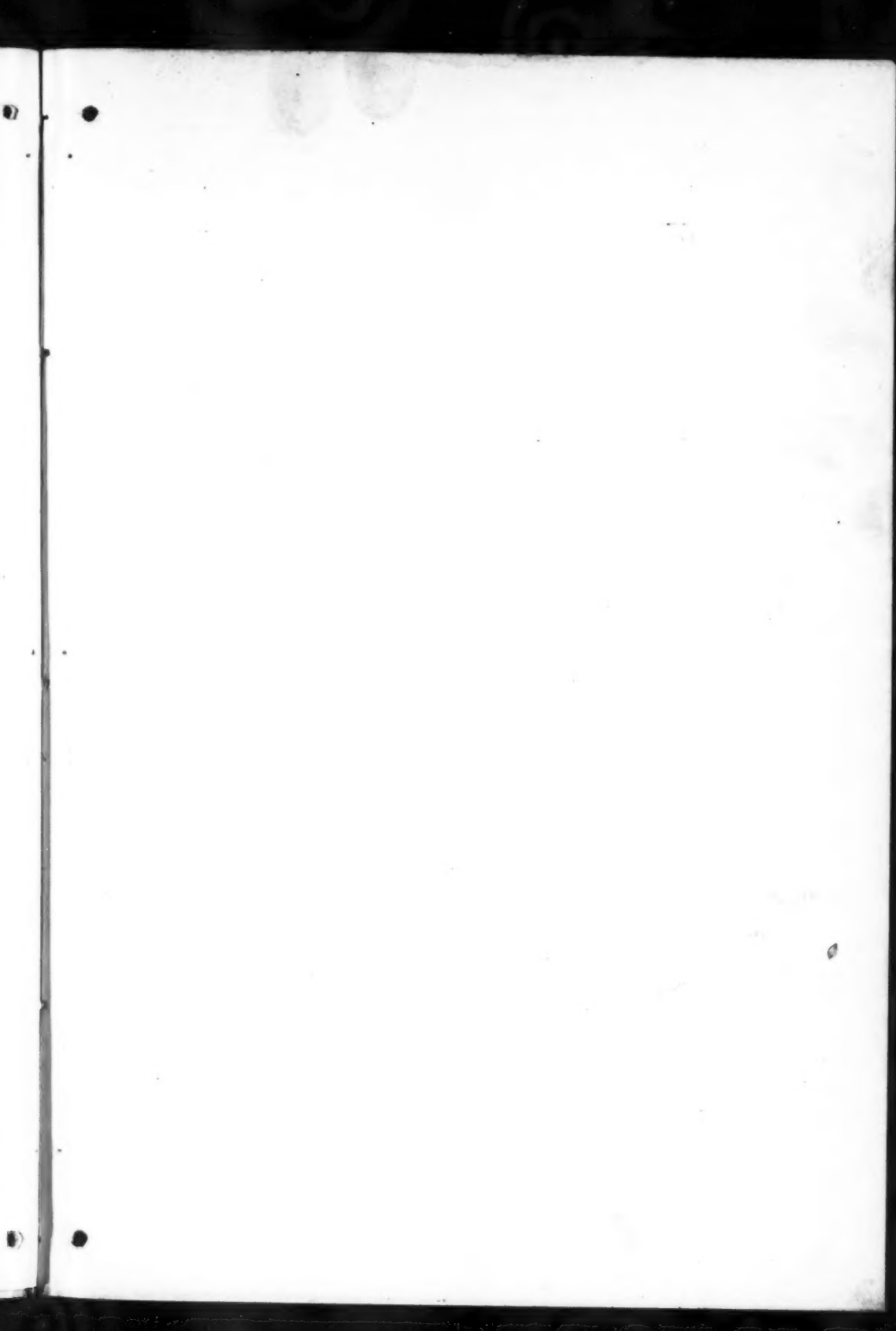
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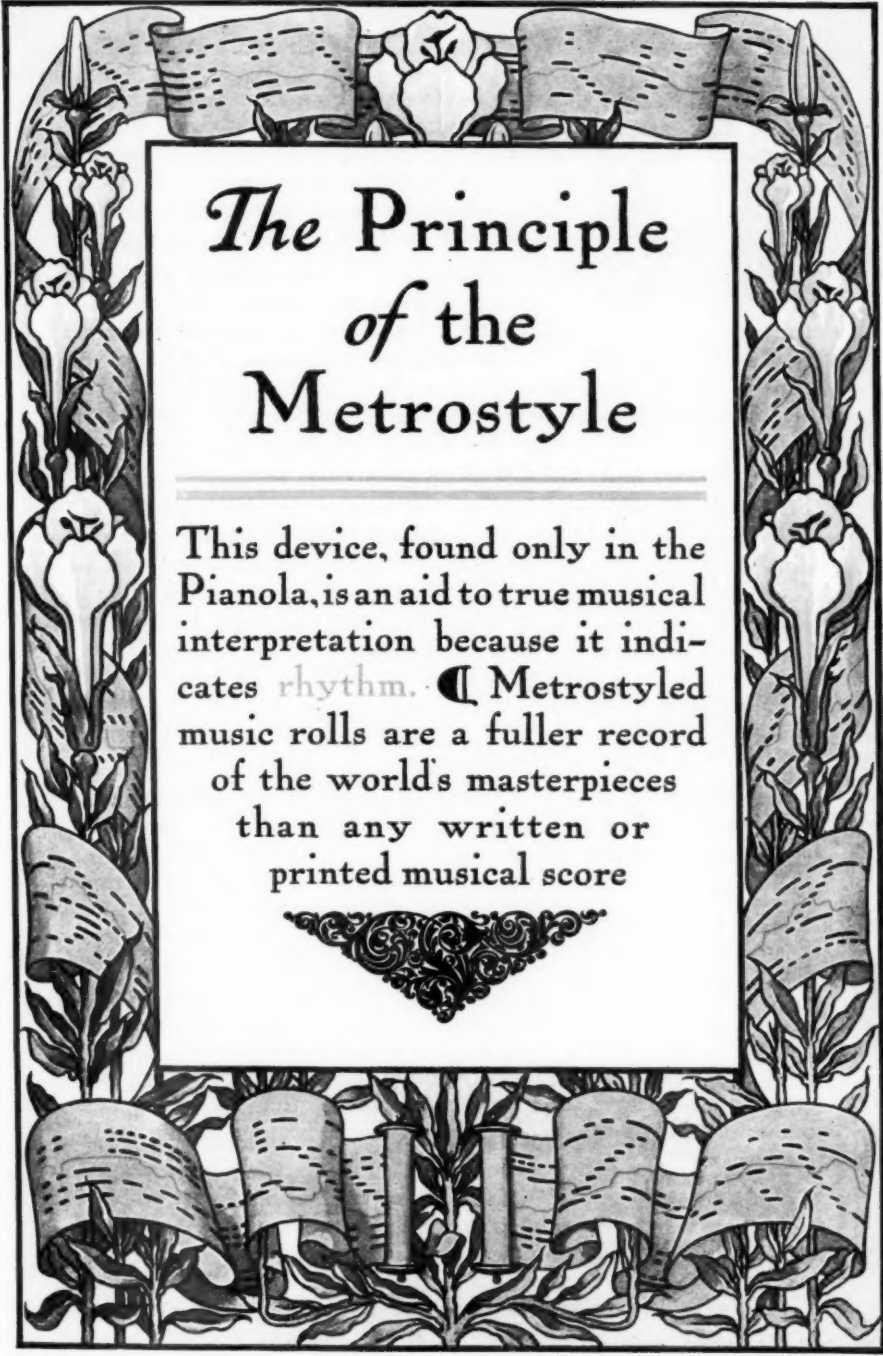


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¶ Music is founded on three elements: *harmony, melody & rhythm*. The harmony and melody of a composition are indelibly written in the composer's score, or, in the case of the Pianola, cut in the perforations of the music roll. But *tempo* has never been fully indicated in written music because no system of recording its infinite lights, shades and feeling has ever been devised.

The composer writes mere marginal hints, and true *tempo* is left to each player's own conception. A pianist's style is largely his *tempo*, and in it he expresses his individuality.

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Metrostyle, a lever and guide by which the Pianola player follows on the music roll itself a red line indicating the authoritative *tempo*.

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I consider your Pianola with the Metrostyle an invention of the greatest importance to musical art. Not only does it play the notes correctly, but, with the Metrostyle, interpretation is given which is equal to that of an artist.—JOSEPH JOACHIM.

I have heard the Metrostyle Pianola and consider it most admirable and interesting. Before hearing the Metrostyle I had thought that all such instruments were only machines, but it is indeed surprising what can be done with the Metrostyle in reproducing musical works in the way of giving the intentions of the composer. It is excellent.

EDVARD GRIEG.

a great composition is a better record than the composer's own score. The artistic value of the Pianola was increased tenfold. Grieg, the famous composer, had refused to even investigate the Pianola. But when the Metrostyle was explained to him, he exclaimed, "Ah! that is a very different matter," and immediately consented to put the Metrostyle line upon his own compositions.

¶ Rhythm is the very soul of modern music. All the mechanical development of the modern piano has tended toward freer rhythmic expression. Mozart wrote for the piano when it had no pedals or sustaining tone, and filled the pauses in his music with trills and ornaments. Brahms, on the other hand, who wrote most modern works, developed rhythm enormously. Rhythm is the soul of Chopin, as of all the moderns.

The Metrostyle places the Pianola beyond all competitors. It makes the Pianola interesting and instructive to pianists, as well as to those who can not play the piano. —JOSEF HOFMANN.

¶ It is said that a pupil of Liszt one day played two runs, ending with two staccato chords, striking the latter immediately after. "No, no," said the master; "after you play the run you must wait a moment before you strike the chords, as if in admiration of your own performance; you must pause, as if to say 'How nicely I did that!'"

¶ It is of such trifles and subtleties as this that musical expression is made up, and nine-tenths of them are grounded in *rhythm*. The first clue to expression in an unfamiliar composition is *tempo*, and *tempo* is the detail of greatest interest after the work has been mastered—the one moot point among various interpreters. Harmony and melody are fixed,—but *tempo* is capable of endless variations, new readings, adaptations to the player's mood and feeling.

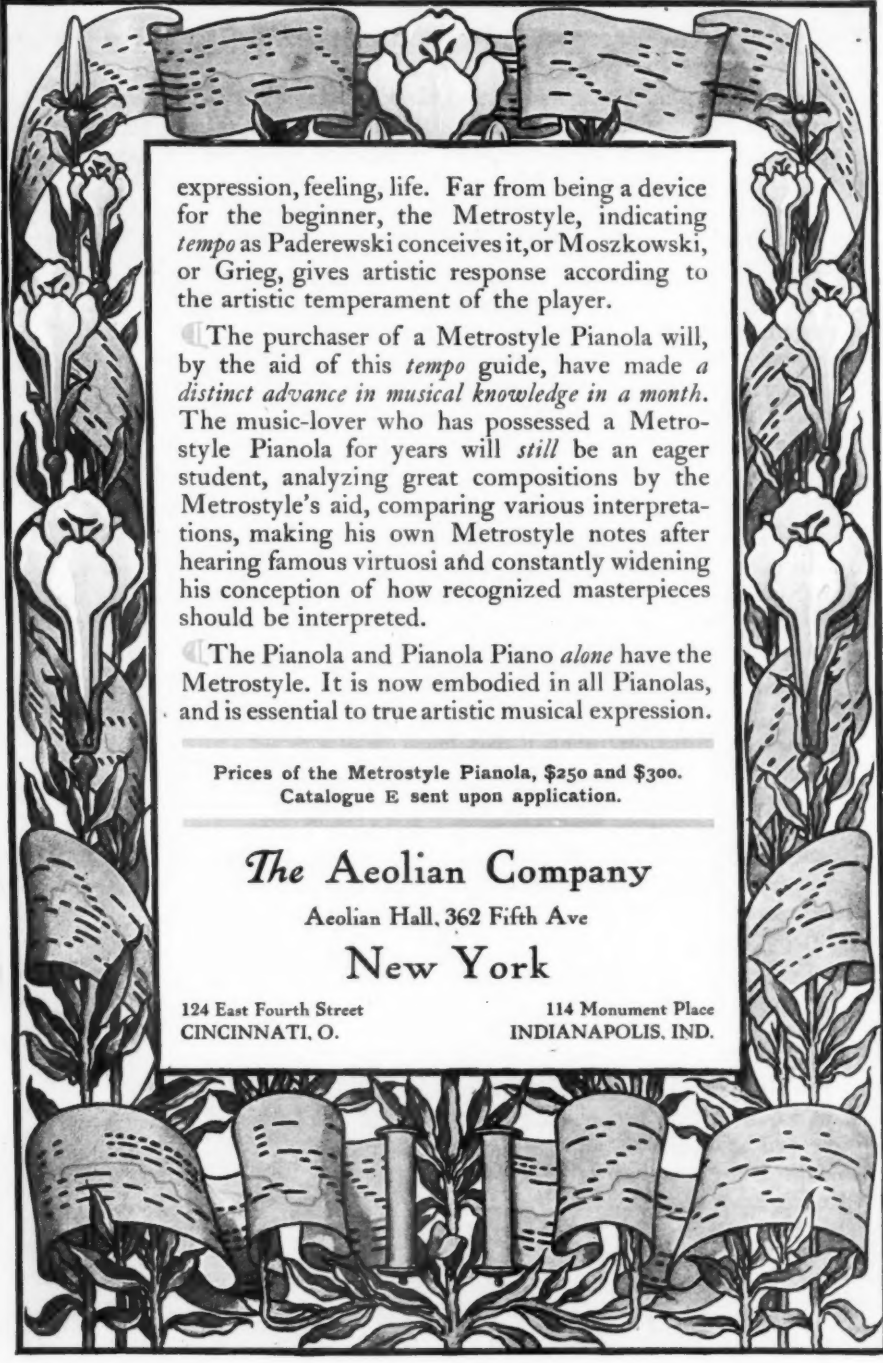
I consider the Metrostyle indispensable to the Pianola, and I indicated my interpretations of several compositions with great interest.

I. J. PADEREWSKI.

¶ The Metrostyle, therefore, is not merely an arbitrary help for the beginner on the Pianola, but a means by which the interest of all music is made inexhaustible to the cultured student. Not a single hour of the many weary weeks of practice devoted to learning the piano in the old way was ever given to acquiring *expression*, but simply served as the foundation upon which real expression was based. *The possessor of a Metrostyle Pianola starts at once with a precise, complete, masterful finger technique*, and from the moment a new composition is taken up all his attention may be given to

I gladly certify that I have a great admiration for your Metrostyle Pianola, and am sincerely interested in it. If I had not heard it myself, it would have appeared to me as incredible that it should render the very playing of the artist as if he were sitting personally at the instrument. Even the thought of it still appears to me almost like a fairy tale.

DR. RICHARD STRAUSS.

A decorative border surrounds the central text. It features stylized flowers, leaves, and musical staves with notes. At the top, a banner-like element contains musical notation. At the bottom, there are illustrations of bells and more musical staves.

expression, feeling, life. Far from being a device for the beginner, the Metrostyle, indicating *tempo* as Paderewski conceives it, or Moszkowski, or Grieg, gives artistic response according to the artistic temperament of the player.

¶ The purchaser of a Metrostyle Pianola will, by the aid of this *tempo* guide, have made a *distinct advance in musical knowledge in a month*. The music-lover who has possessed a Metrostyle Pianola for years will *still* be an eager student, analyzing great compositions by the Metrostyle's aid, comparing various interpretations, making his own Metrostyle notes after hearing famous virtuosi and constantly widening his conception of how recognized masterpieces should be interpreted.

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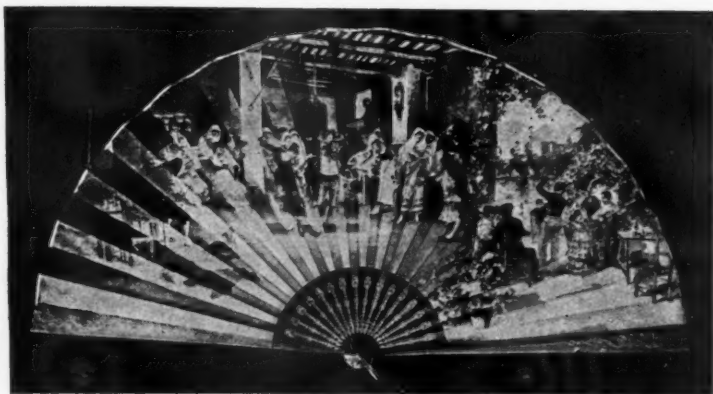
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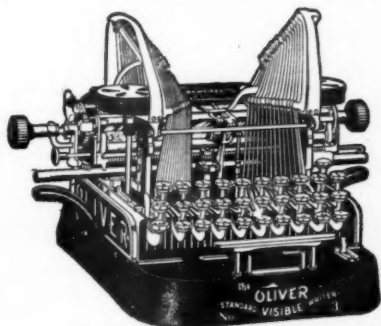
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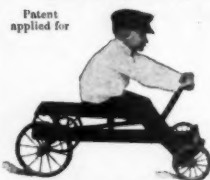
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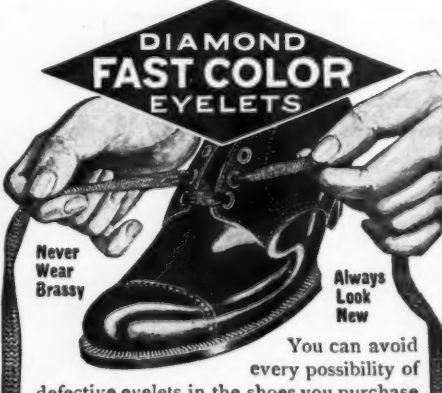
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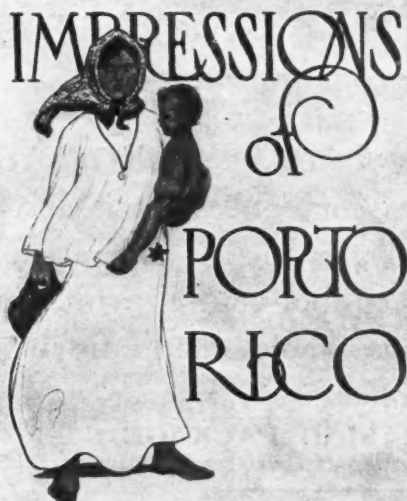
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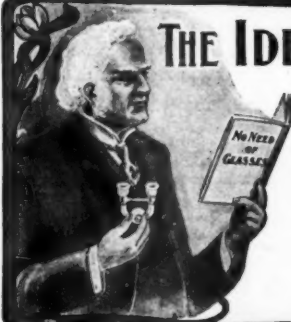
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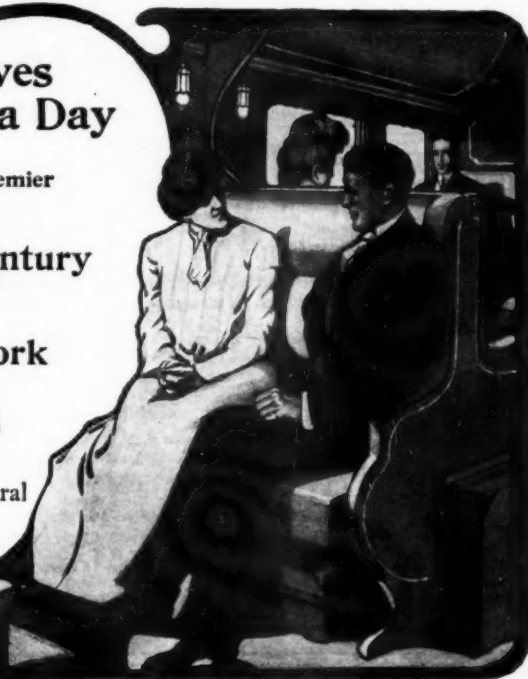
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INVALID WHEEL & ADJUSTABLE CHAIRS: Chair and Wheel Co., 271 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

Furniture (Office)

AMERICAN DESK & STOOL CO.: 32 Howard St., N. Y. City, "Dickerman's Durable Desks, Etc."
BATES HAND-NUMBERING MACHINES: Bates Mfg. Co., 31 Union Square, N. Y. (Cat. free.)
THE BURR INDEX CO.: Hartford, Conn. Burr's Index, Burr's Trial Balance Sheet. (Catalogue.)
THE HEINN CO.: Milwaukee, Originators "Loose Leaf Catalogue System" Ledgers. (Write.)

Glass (Stained)

THE WILLET STUDIOS: Memorial Windows, Portraits on Glass, etc., 723 Liberty Ave., Pittsburg.

Hand Cars for Children

HILL STANDARD MFG. CO.: 612 Irish Mail St., Anderson, Ind.

Harness

TUTTLE & CLARK: Harness correct in style. Detroit, Mich. (Catalogue B free.)

Heaters and Furnaces

PIERCE, BUTLER & PIERCE MFG. CO.: Syracuse, N. Y. (Postal for Booklet, Department L.)

Household Specialties

BATHMATS—SLIPPERY TUBS MADE SAFE: Cantslip Co., 56 Pine St., New York. (Booklet.)
HOT-AIR PUMPS: Rider-Ericsson Engine Co., Warren St., N. Y. Descriptive Catalogue "A" free.
OSTERMOOR MATTRESS: Ostermoor & Co., 131 Elizabeth St., New York. (136-page book free.)
PEARLINE: Gentle, harmless yet effective way of washing. On sale everywhere.
STANDARD SANITARY MFG. CO.: Pittsburg. (Send 6c. for booklet, "Modern Bathrooms." Dept. 31.)

Insurance (Life and Accident)

THE FIDELITY AND CASUALTY CO.: 1876-1905 97 Cedar St., New York.
THE PRUDENTIAL: Newark, N. J. (Send for booklet. Dept. 89.)

Kennel Directory

SCOTTISH TERRIERS: Newcastle Kennels. Brookline, Mass.

APPLETON'S BOOKLOVERS MAGAZINE ADVERTISER

Lights, Gas

LINDSAY LIGHT CO.: Chicago, Ill. "The Lindsay Light".... (Handsome descriptive booklet free.)

Magazines

METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE: 15c. a copy, \$1.80 a year. 3 West 29th Street, New York City.

THE PERRY MAGAZINE: The Perry Pictures Co., Publishers. Subscription, \$1.00. Malden, Mass.

Medical Specialties

CHESTER KENT & CO.: "Vinol," an improved cod liver oil preparation. Boston.

EVANS' VACUUM CAP CO.: "Hair Guaranteed by Bank" 1042 Fullerton Bldg., St. Louis.

THE IDEAL COMPANY: "Ideal Sight Restorer" 239 Broadway, New York.

Metal Goods Manufacturers

BRASS, GERMAN SILVER, AND BUTTONS: Scovill Mfg. Co., Waterbury, Conn. Estimates given.

Music Supplies

CLAYTON F. SUMMY CO.: 220 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill. Publishers and Dealers.

MUSIC LOVERS' GUIDE: National Music Co., 266-68 Wabash Ave., Chicago. (Free if you ask.)

Nurseries

BLUE HILL NURSERIES: Julius Heurlin, South Braintree, Mass. (Catalogue on request.)

ELLIOTT NURSERY CO.: Hardy Plants, Pittsburg, Pa. (Write for Catalogue.)

Paper—Printing—Engraving

PENINSULAR PAPER CO.: Ypsilanti, Mich. Covers and Colored Specialties.... Write for samples.

Photographic Supplies

THE GOERZ LENS: Room 86, 52 E. Union Square, N. Y. "The best photo lens in the world."

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CHICKERING & SONS. 811 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

D. H. BALDWIN & CO.: The Baldwin Piano. Cincinnati, O. Represented in all large cities. Catalogue.

VOSE: Vose & Sons Piano Co., 160 Boylston St., Boston, Mass. (Established 54 years.)

Piano Players

THE AEOLIAN CO.: Aeolian Hall, 432 Fifth Ave., New York. (Write for Catalogue E.)

THE AUTO-GRAND PIANO CO.: Write for "Krell Auto-Grand" special offer. New Castle, Ind.

CHASE & BAKER CO. Send for free Illustrated Catalog, Buffalo, N. Y.

Pictures

THE PERRY PICTURES: The Perry Pictures Co., Malden, Mass. (Send stamp for catalogue.)

Portable Houses

WIGWARM BUILDINGS, for every Purpose: E. F. Hodgson, Box 100, Dover, Mass. (Catalogue.)

Poultry Dealers' Directory

CAPE COD SQUAB CO.: Box M, Wellfleet, Mass. Homers, peacocks, quail, etc. (Stamp for circular.)

Publishers

G. & C. MERRIAM CO.: "Webster's International Dictionary" Springfield, Mass.

P. F. COLLIER & SON: "The Complete Works of Frank Norris" 416 West 13th St., New York.

THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS CO.: "Special offer to 'Country Calendar' subscribers." New York.

WESTERN NEWSPAPER ASS'N: "Ridpath's History of the World." 204 Dearborn St., Chicago.

Railroads

BIG FOUR ROUTE: To New York via Niagara. W. J. Lynch, G. P. A., Cincinnati.

ILLINOIS CENTRAL RY.: "Mississippi Valley Route" A. H. Hanson, P. T. M., Chicago.

LAKE SHORE-NEW YORK CENTRAL: "Twentieth Century Limited." Chicago-New York 18 hours.

NEW JERSEY CENTRAL: "Lakewood in Famous N. J. Pines" Send 2c for Ill. Booklet, Dept. 73, N. Y.

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APPLETON'S BOOKLOVERS MAGAZINE ADVERTISER

Safety Razors

GILLETTE SALES CO.: "Gillette Safety Razor" 1137 Times Bldg., Times Sq., New York.

Sanitariums

THE GLEASON HEALTH RESORT: Edward B. Gleason, Proprietor Elmira, N. Y.
HOPEWORTH SANITARIUM on Narragansett Bay Bristol, R. I. Est. 1883.
JACKSON HEALTH RESORT, THE: J. Arthur Jackson, M.D., Mgr. Dansville, N. Y.

Sectional Bookcases

SECTIONAL BOOKCASES and Filing Cabinets: C. J. Lundstrom Mfg. Co., Little Falls, N.Y. (Direct.)

Seeds and Bulbs

HENRY F. MICHELL CO.: 1018 Market St., Philadelphia. High quality only. (Garden Guide Free.)

Silverware

"1847 ROGERS BROS.": Meriden Britannia Co., Meriden, Conn. New Catalogue K 6.

Soaps

PACKER'S TAR SOAP: Packer Mfg. Co., New York "Pure as the Pines." (Booklet.)
WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP: The Andrew Jergens Company Cincinnati, Ohio.

Stationery Specialties

ALVAH BUSHNELL CO.: 4 N. 13th St., Philadelphia Paperoid Filing Envelopes, all sizes.
JOS. DIXON CRUCIBLE CO.: "Dixon's Pencil Guide" Dept. A. F., Jersey City, N. J.

Suspenders and Hose Supporters

ARTHUR FRANKENSTEIN & CO.: "Foster Hose Supporter" 516 Broadway, New York.
PIONEER SUSPENDER COMPANY: "Brighton Garters" 718 Market St., Philadelphia.
VELVET GRIP: Every pair warranted Geo. Frost Co., makers, Boston, Mass.

Talking Machines

COLUMBIA PHONOGRAPH: Grand Prize, Paris, 1900 For sale by dealers everywhere.

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CAR-MEINE: Hygienic Tooth Paste, 25c. a tube Geo. J. Wallau, 2 Stone St., New York.
FLORENCE MANUFACTURING CO.: "Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush" 166 Pine St., Florence, Mass.
GERHARD MENNEN CO.: Newark, N. J. Mennen's Violet Talcum (Sold everywhere.)
HAND SAPOLIO: "For Toilet and Bath" Enoch Morgan's Sons, New York.

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DAUS' TIP TOP DUPLICATOR: Sent on trial See display advertisement.
SPAYD: Philadelphia. Rents all makes, 50c. up per month Sells 'em on terms to suit you.
THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER: "A Time Economizer." Oliver Typewriter Co., 134 Wabash Ave. Chicago.
UNDERWOOD: Visible Writing Underwood Typewriter Co., 241 Broadway, New York.

Typewriter and Duplicator Repairing

SPAYD: Philadelphia Repairs all makes. Estimates free. Phone.

Wardrobe Trunks

MENDEL & COMPANY: Ask for the Mendel make 129 W. Pearl St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Water Filters

NAIAD FILTER CO.: Sudbury Bldg., Boston, Mass. New in principle, germ-proof. * (Booklet N.)

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\$40

A high-grade typewriter, the equal of any \$100 machine; the superior of many. Its distinctive features are:

**Visible Writing, Typebar Action,
Easy Running, and Great Speed,
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Every machine absolutely guaranteed

Write for free illustrated booklet

**SUN TYPEWRITER CO. 229 BROADWAY
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**IF ANY DEALER
OFFERS YOU
A SUBSTITUTE
WHEN YOU
ASK FOR**

THE *Velvet Grip*

Sample Pair,
Mercerized 25¢,
Silk 50¢.
Mailed on
Receipt of
Price.

**CUSHION
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**HOSE
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INSIST ON HAVING THE GENUINE

**OVER TWO HUNDRED STYLES
WORN ALL OVER THE WORLD**

**LOOK FOR THE NAME AND THE
MOULDED RUBBER BUTTON**

GEORGE FROST CO., MAKERS, BOSTON, MASS., U.S.A.



Mexico

**Over 19 Hours Nearer
NEW DOUBLE DAILY THROUGH SERVICE**

VIA

**IRON MOUNTAIN ROUTE
TEXAS & PACIFIC
INTERNATIONAL
& GREAT NORTHERN**

AND THE

**NATIONAL LINES
OF MEXICO**

**FOR DESCRIPTIVE PAMPHLETS AND FURTHER
INFORMATION ADDRESS**

**W. E. HOYT, G.E.P. Agt.
335 Broadway, New York, N. Y.**

OR

H. C. TOWNSEND,

GEN'L PASSR & TICKET AGENT. * * * ST. LOUIS.

DO YOU KNOW THE BURR MCINTOSH MONTHLY?



PAULA FREDERICKS

From the September Number

Much reduced in size

December 1904 number, conceded to be the finest and most artistic Christmas magazine of that year. You ought to take advantage of either of these liberal offers to-day.

If not, get acquainted with it and you will not be without it a single month in the year. It is the most beautiful, artistic and sumptuous periodical ever produced. Its illustrations, both in half-tone and colors, are not only selected with rare discrimination as to subjects and timeliness—but executed and printed in a manner which produces a result which has not yet hitherto been attained.

Every Picture is Worthy of Framing

and you will find thousands of them handsomely framed in the finest American homes.

The October Number

will be the most artistic and interesting that has yet been issued. Its cover is an exceptionally rich design in many colors. Clara Morris, the well-known author and actress contributes an attractive article, a personal sketch of Mme Jane Hading, the French actress. The illustrations are unusually interesting, containing among other things scenes from the Philippine Islands, along the route of the recent expedition of Secretary Taft. There are also several new and interesting portraits of the prominent members of the Russian and Japanese Peace Commission.

If you are a lover of art, if you want the most beautiful pictures and interesting short stories, you should by all means subscribe for THE BURR MCINTOSH MONTHLY.

Two Special and Very Liberal Offers

Sends us \$3.00, the regular subscription price, and we will send you THE BURR MCINTOSH MONTHLY for the year 1906, and, in addition, absolutely free, the October, November and December 1905 Monthlies. The December number always sells at 50c. a copy.

Or, just to get acquainted, send us \$1.00 and we will send you the September, October, November and December (50c. a copy) 1905 numbers, and also, without extra cost, the 50c.

BURR PUBLISHING COMPANY

P-4 West 22d Street, New York

For Soups



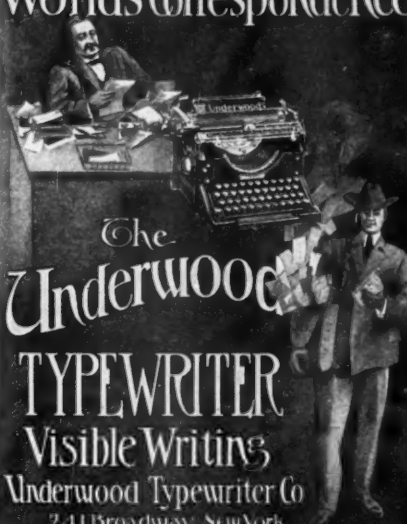
McILHENNY'S
Tabasco
Sauce

Adds tastiness to food, encourages the appetite, and promotes digestion. But be sure it's McIlhenny's, the original, in use half a century. A stimulating seasoning for Soups, Sauces, Salads, Gravies, Oysters, Clams, Fish, Roasts, etc.

Booklet of Recipes on request.

McILHENNY'S TABASCO. New Iberia, Louisiana.

A Clearing House
for the
World's Correspondence

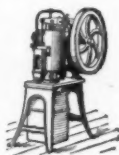


The
Underwood
TYPEWRITER
Visible Writing

Underwood Typewriter Co.
241 Broadway, New York

"Living Water" in the house

Has it ever occurred to you what it would mean to bring that spring, down in the meadow or up by the roadside, right into the doorway and living-rooms of your house, right into the barn in front of every horse and cow—handy for watering the stock in winter, all ready for sprinkling the lawn or garden in the drought of summer, and a fine thing for your own bath every day in the year? These are only a few of the things that can be done anywhere in the country with a



Hot Air Pump

Remember that these pumps are not steam-engines, but machines of low power, operated solely by hot air, automatic in their action, requiring no skilled attention, so simple that any servant or farmer's boy can start and stop the little flame that gives them life. The cost of operation is almost nil, while the delivery of water is absolutely reliable at all times and seasons.

Capacity 100 to 100,000 gallons of water per diem. One of these pumps, representing a permanent investment which will outlast a generation, can now be bought at the very low price of \$108. Descriptive catalogue "A" sent free on application.

Rider-Ericsson Engine Co.

35 Warren St., New York.
40 Dearborn St., Chicago.
40 N. 7th St., Philadelphia.

230 Franklin St., Boston.
602 Craig St. West, Montreal, P.Q.
22 Pitt St., Sydney, N.S.W.
Teniente-Rey 71, Havana, Cuba.



"Standard"
PORCELAIN ENAMELED
Baths & One Piece Lavatories

Assure a Modern,
Beautiful and
Sanitary Bathroom

TRADE
Standard
MARK
DESIGN AND DURABILITY
UNSURPASSED

The perfect way of assuring health and promoting comfort in your home is by installing a bathroom equipped with "Standard" Porcelain Enameled Ware.

A "Standard" modern bathroom is not an expense but a wise investment, paying daily interest in comfort and health, as well as increasing the selling value of your property. "Standard" Porcelain Enameled Baths and One-piece Lavatories are made in one piece, free of cracks or crevices. The surface of "Standard" ware is snowy white and non-porous. Its durability and the perfection of the Porcelain enamel finish make it the most beautiful, useful and ornamental equipment you can secure.

Our Book, "MODERN BATHROOMS," tells you how to plan, buy and arrange your bathroom, and illustrates many beautiful and inexpensive as well as luxurious rooms, showing the approximate cost of each fixture in detail, together with many hints on decoration, tiling, etc. It is the most complete and beautiful booklet ever issued on the subject and contains 100 pages. FREE for six cents postage.

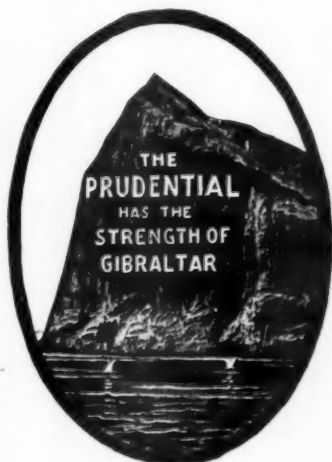
The ABOVE INTERIOR, No. P-26, costing approximately \$101.00 at factory—not counting piping and labor—is described in detail among the others.

CAUTION: Every piece of genuine "Standard" Porcelain Enameled Ware bears our "Standard" "Green and Gold" guarantee label, and has our trade-mark "Standard" cast on the exterior. Unless the label and trade-mark are on the fixture, it is not genuine "Standard" Ware. Refuse all substitutes—they are all inferior and will cost you more in the end.

Address **Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co.** Dept. 31, PITTSBURGH, PA.

Offices and Showrooms in New York: "Standard" Building, 35-37 West 31st St. London, England: 22 Holborn Viaduct, E. C.

The Prudential



Issues the Ideal Life Insurance Contract.

Simple and explicit as a bank check. No confusing technicalities. A definite "promise to pay," with

Rates, Benefits and Privileges Absolutely Fixed and Guaranteed in the Policy.

Cash Loans. Paid-up Insurance. Automatic Extended Insurance. Cash Surrender Values. Occupation, Residence and Travel Unrestricted, and many other valuable features.

POLICIES MAY BE ISSUED WITH CASH DIVIDENDS PAYABLE ANNUALLY OR EVERY FIVE YEARS.

The Instalment Privilege is a Splendid Feature of Prudential Policies.

WHEN POLICY MATURES it may be made payable in one sum; or in from two to twenty-five annual instalments; or in continuous instalments during lifetime of beneficiary (or insured); or the sum insured may be left with the Company as a trust fund at 3 per cent interest, with annual dividends.

IS YOUR LIFE INSURED? We have the policy [you want at low cost on the Whole Life, Limited Payment or Endowment Plan.

Write us today and we will send free, particulars with rates and benefits at your age.

The Prudential Insurance Co. of America

INCORPORATED AS A STOCK COMPANY BY THE STATE OF NEW JERSEY.

JOHN F. DRYDEN, President.

Home Office, NEWARK, N. J.

DEPT. 89

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

This Fountain Pen is the standard writing instrument of the world, everywhere known and recommended by experts to be the best. It excels in simplicity of construction, in the quality of the materials used, and in perfection of workmanship. The most important feature is the improved Spoon Feed, which conducts the ink from the reservoir to the gold pen with absolute uniformity and certainty, and without danger of blotting. Holders are made in a great variety of styles and sizes. Catalogue showing other fancy designs furnished upon request.

The Ideal Clip Cap is adapted only to the cone-shaped caps, Nos. 12 to 18.

The Ideal Clip Cap is made of German Silver. Cost 25c. extra.



The price of the Clip and attaching it to any size cap is but 25c. extra.

We make on order, Solid 14-kt. Gold, Rolled Gold, Plate, and Sterling Silver.

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| No. 12. | No. 4. | No. 24. | No. 14. | No. 14. | No. 14. | No. 14. | No. 24. | No. 14. |
| Closed. | Gold Mounted. | Chased. | Gold Mounted. | Plain. | Silver Filigree | Chased. | Gold Mounted. | Closed. |

Most stores carry complete assortments, but where you can not be served satisfactorily call or write our nearest depot. Be sure the pen you purchase is marked "Waterman's Ideal."

L. E. Waterman Co., 173 Broadway New York.

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FOR THE TOILET

AND
BATH



FOR
HOUSEWORK

Two Soaps with but a Single Thought—

"CLEANLINESS"

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Royal is a cream of tartar baking powder, free from alum, phosphatic acid, and every unclean or unwholesome ingredient. It makes the bread, biscuit, cake, muffins and crusts light, delicious and wholesome

Consumers desiring healthful food must avoid the use of alum-phosphate powders. They seriously interfere with digestion

Make your grocer guarantee a cream of tartar baking powder.

NOVEMBER 1905

PRICE 25 CENTS

APPLETON'S BOOKLOVERS MAGAZINE

J



IN CURE OF HER SOUL
SERIAL BY "J. S. OF DALE"

THE JAPANESE: OUR NEW RIVALS
FOUR ARTICLES BY HAROLD BOLCE



To
reach the
Goal of Health
eat

CREAM of WHEAT

*There is strength for
you in every dish.*

*A dainty breakfast
A delightful luncheon
A delicious dessert*

THE SECRET
OF THE PINES



PACKER'S TAR SOAP

The Secret of the Pines lies in the remedial and purifying influence of Packer's Tar Soap upon the complexion. It is an ideal toilet soap; lathers freely, cleanses thoroughly, neutralizes the bad effects of cosmetics, and leaves the skin smooth soft and elastic. The standard for shampooing

THE PACKER MANUFACTURING CO., NEW YORK



Which is the best advertisement?

\$500.00

To the readers who select the best advertisement in this magazine for the month of November (page, half-page, or quarter-page), and who give the best reason for their selection (in not more than fifteen words), the publishers will award prizes to the value of five hundred dollars as described in the pages following.

Very Simple Rules

1. The competitor giving the best reason for his choice of any full-page, half-page, or quarter-page advertisement (in not more than fifteen words) will receive the first prize. The second, third, and other prizes will be awarded accordingly.
2. A prize committee consisting of five well-known advertising managers (see names in pages following) will decide on the reasons submitted.
3. The reason for the selection should be sent in on a separate slip of paper, with the name of the advertisement and the accompanying reason for its selection written on the slip. The full name and address of the competitor should follow. It is not necessary to send in the advertisement selected; the slip alone is sufficient. Send one slip only for each reason submitted. For our readers' convenience we have indicated on the following page the form to be followed in making out the slip.
4. No competitor will be allowed to secure more than one prize. That is to say, while a competitor may qualify on a full-page advertisement and afterward send in additional reasons for half and quarter page advertisements, he cannot secure prizes on all three, but will qualify on the answer that secures the most valuable prize.
5. All replies must be in hand on the fifteenth day of November. No letters will be opened until that date, so that no communications can be answered.
6. The prizes will be awarded fifteen days after the close of the competition and the results made known in the January number.

Send by mail and address your envelope as follows

Advertising Prize Competition

APPLETON'S BOOKLOVERS MAGAZINE

436 Fifth Avenue, New York

(See following pages)

The Prize List

The prizes will consist of the finest sets of library books published by D. Appleton & Co. The aggregate value of the prizes each month to be \$500 or over. If a competitor should happen to win a set of books which he already has, the amount will be placed to his credit to apply on some other set or sets of books from D. Appleton & Co.'s catalogue. If a prize-winner is already a subscriber to the magazine he may have his prize subscription sent to a friend.

For the Best Reason Given on a Full-Page Advertisement

- First Prize**—One set Appletons' Universal Encyclopedia and Atlas. Twelve volumes bound in half morocco. Value **\$96.00**
- Second Prize**—A Century of French Romances. New translations of the Masterpieces of French Literature; being a history of French fiction for a hundred years. Portraits and caricature of each author. Twenty volumes, gilt top and deckle edges. Value **60.00**
- Third Prize**—The Music of the Modern World. Explained and illustrated for American readers. Including portraits of great musicians, color plates, etc. Published in four sections. Value **36.00**
- Additional Prizes**—Ten additional prizes of one annual subscription to APPLETON'S BOOKLOVERS MAGAZINE, at \$3.00 per year **30.00**

For the Best Reason Given on a Half-Page Advertisement

- First Prize**—The Novels of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and Anthony Hope. Authorized edition from new Scotch face type. Illustrations by Gibson, Christy, Clinedinst and others. Twenty-eight vols. Value **\$70.00**
- Second Prize**—The Historical Romances of Louisa Mühlbach. A history of the great crises in Germany, Austria, Russia, England, Switzerland, Egypt, France, Holland, and Prussia during two hundred years till Waterloo. Twenty volumes, half morocco. Value **36.00**
- Third Prize**—The Library of Valuable Information. It takes up for simple descriptive study the most vital subjects of general knowledge. Profusely illustrated. Twenty-five volumes. With a complete index to each volume. Value **25.00**
- Additional Prizes**—Ten additional prizes of an annual subscription to APPLETON'S BOOKLOVERS MAGAZINE, at \$3.00 per year **30.00**

(OVER)

For the Best Reason Given on a Quarter-Page Advertisement

First Prize —The Novels of James Fenimore Cooper. Illustrated with steel plates. Thirty-two volumes, cloth. Value	\$48.00
Second Prize —The Historical Romances of George Ebers. Translated from the German. Fifteen volumes, half morocco. Value	\$4.00
Third Prize —The Manx Edition of the writings of Hall Caine. Nine volumes, cloth. Value	12.00
Additional Prizes —Ten additional prizes of one annual subscription to APPLETON'S BOOKLOVERS MAGAZINE, at \$3.00 per year	30.00

The Judges

The prize committee of five members which will decide on the best answers submitted will consist of the following well-known advertising managers:

C. W. CHENEY, Mellin's Food Co., Boston.

IRVING COX, "Peter's Milk Chocolate," New York.

TRUMAN A. DE WEESE, Shredded Wheat Biscuit Co., Niagara Falls.

F. B. MIDDLETON, JR., Victor Talking Machine Co., Philadelphia.

JOHN E. ROOT, the New York Central Railroad, New York.

It is not necessary to use this blank in sending in your answer.
A form similar to it is suggested ONLY.

Advertising Prize Competition

Name of advertisement selected _____

Reason for selection in 15 words or less _____

Name of competitor _____

Full address _____

This Month

We want to tell you the reasons WHY the History Association formed the combination of brains and capital which resulted in

THE HISTORIANS' HISTORY OF THE WORLD

The brains represented are those of the first scholars of the United States and Europe. The capital invested is \$750,000. What were the circumstances that warranted so powerful a combination? Briefly, these:

In the field of history there was chaos.

Hundreds of thousands of authors of every century and all countries have striven to give us word pictures of their own and other times. Fortunately for the reader, oblivion has followed fast on the labors of most of them.

But there are still left some two thousand historians who have made permanent contributions to our knowledge of the world's nations. Granted that their writings duplicate each other—that they are fragmentary—that, like Macaulay, they cover only seventeen years of English history or, like Froude, fifty-six years of Roman history—still the masterpieces of these 2,000 men are standards. Many of them have lived for centuries. They are worth reading—in part at least.

To the question "Which parts?" there has never been given any definite answer. The Historians' History solves the problem. Out of this chaos of disconnected volumes and incomplete accounts it has created one spirited, accurate narrative, covering all nations and all times.

It is original because its text is based, as far as possible, on the accounts of eye-witnesses.

It is classic because it is composed of the actual words of 2,000 great historians.

It is modern because its editors and contributors include the most brilliant living scholars of Europe and America

It is accurate because every line and every word has been subjected to the searchlight of modern criticism.

It is fascinating because the pages represent the high water mark of conciseness, clearness and eloquence in each historian's work.

Yesterday we (as a nation) became concerned in world affairs. To-day Japan becomes our competitor. To-morrow may find China in the lists. What are their, and our, passports to international politics? What is their history? What promises does it hold out for the future? Egypt, Greece, Rome once rivalled in power France, England or Germany. What happened to them, and *why* did they fall?

Seven hundred years ago Dante exclaimed: "My country is the World." What was true of that great genius has become true of every citizen of these United States.

Our interests are no longer provincial, our knowledge should be world-wide.

The time was ripe for a new great work. The Historians' History was needed.

NEXT MONTH

We will tell you just HOW The Historians' History was built. Out of what granite its foundations were hewed; with what symmetry it was planned; with what art, what brilliancy of color and perfection of detail it was finished. BUT IN THE MEANTIME—NOW—TO-DAY—

Send for Our Special Discount Offer

FOOTNOTE:—We would like to tell you what Grover Cleveland, President Harper of Chicago, and Rev. Charles Wagner, author of "The Simple Life," have said about the need of "The Historians' History."

NEW YORK
THE OUTLOOK COMPANY
LONDON
THE HISTORY ASSOCIATION

Please mention APPLETON'S BOOKLOVERS MAGAZINE when you write to advertisers

TEAR OFF THIS COUPON 

Booklovers
N 1

THE OUTLOOK,
225 4th Ave., NEW YORK CITY

Please send me further details and illustrations of The Historians' History of the World, also your special offer.

Name.....

Address.....

NEW GIFT BOOKS

The Most Beautiful Holiday Book of the Year



BRET HARTE'S HER LETTER

Illustrated with forty-four full-page pictures, in color and tint, and many decorations in gold,
by ARTHUR I. KELLER

No romance of California mining days ever made a wider appeal than this "Love-Suit on Poverty Flat;" and no artist is better fitted to illustrate this humorous and altogether charming love story than Mr. Keller, who, by birth, is a native of the West and, by reputation, a master in the modern style of illustration. (*Large 8vo, boxed, \$2.00.*)

KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN'S

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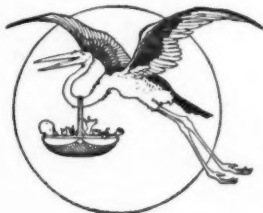
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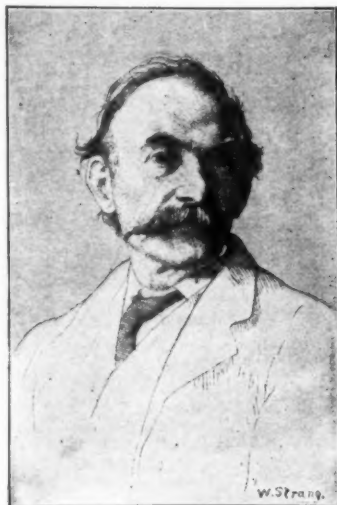
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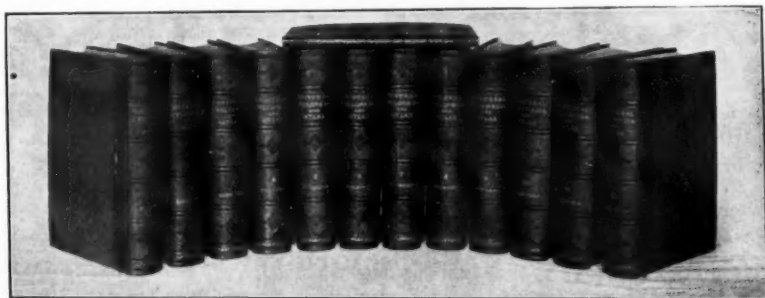
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THIS series of articles, supplementing the author's expert polemics on the subject of our foreign trade situation, begins in the November number and will be continued through the first numbers of 1906.

Mr. Bolce's grasp of this question, his forceful way of bringing home "to men's business and bosoms" his arguments for an awakened activity in our export trade, have excited such widespread discussion by their appearance in this magazine that we shall continue next year the publication of these valuable papers, written by a man who is in close touch with the Federal Government at Washington, and who has made a careful study not only of statistics but also of comparative conditions, without the understanding of which a knowledge of statistics is of no value.

Mr. Bolce's facts, though incontrovertible and well understood by those who are in close touch with the foreign trade situation, have all the force of a revelation to the general public, whose eyes have been blinded and whose ears have been assailed by the brilliant speeches of demagogues until they have come to believe that the United States is a great exporting nation, whereas in reality, as Mr. Bolce has already shown conclusively, the foreign trade of our country in manufactured goods is a petty and pitiful exhibit among nations.

For the preparation of the articles on Japan as a rising power in the world's commerce, to the probable exclusion of ourselves in the Far East, Mr. Bolce has equipped himself by making recently a special trip for this magazine to China and Japan, so that he might study affairs at first hand.

American Art and Architecture

Undeniably the past few years have seen a remarkable awakening in the public consciousness to art matters. We have obtained permission to reproduce in color examples of American paintings from the very complete

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Two articles by *Louis A. Holman* and *Delia Austrian* will give some fine examples from

American Etchers

Our publication this year of the remarkably interesting journal of Latrobe, the architect of the National Capitol, has convinced us of the present widespread interest in matters architectural. American architecture is changing for the better, returning to correct standards of taste, as *Glenn Brown*, Secretary of the American Institute of Architects, will point out in a paper on

The Relation of the Federal Government to Art

Along this general line will be a series of articles by *WILLIAM A. COFFIN*.

Recent Decorations of State Capitols

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Illustrations

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THE OUTDOOR GIRL, by *George Gibbs*
which will be reproduced in the summer numbers, in color.

A Few of the Timely Special Articles

"FRANKLIN AND THE FRENCH INTRIGUES," by *Mary C. Crawford*, will celebrate the 200th anniversary of Franklin's birth in February.

"FIGHTING EPIDEMICS," by a prominent member of the New York Health Department, will outline the methods modern science has developed to stamp out contagion.

"THE OIL REGIONS OF PENNSYLVANIA," by *Alden Arthur Knipe*, with illustrations by *E. Benson Knipe*.

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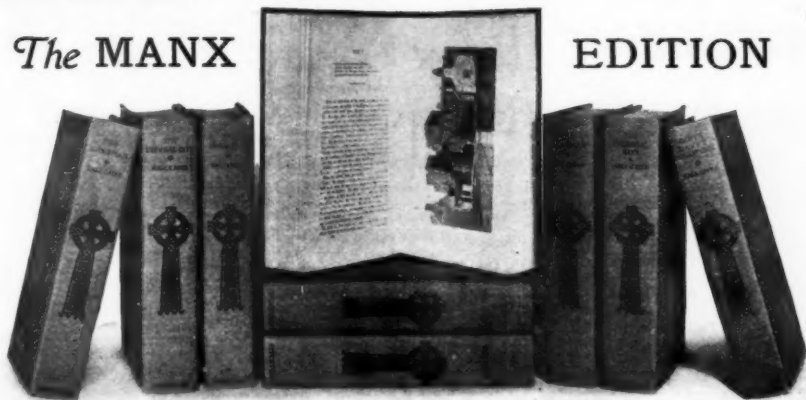
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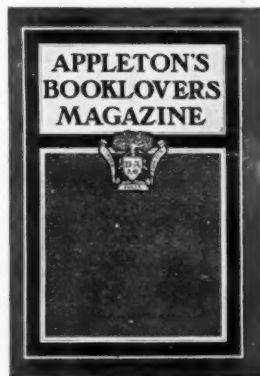
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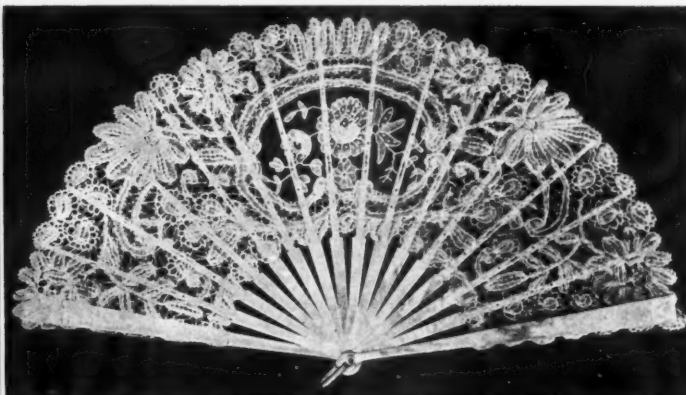
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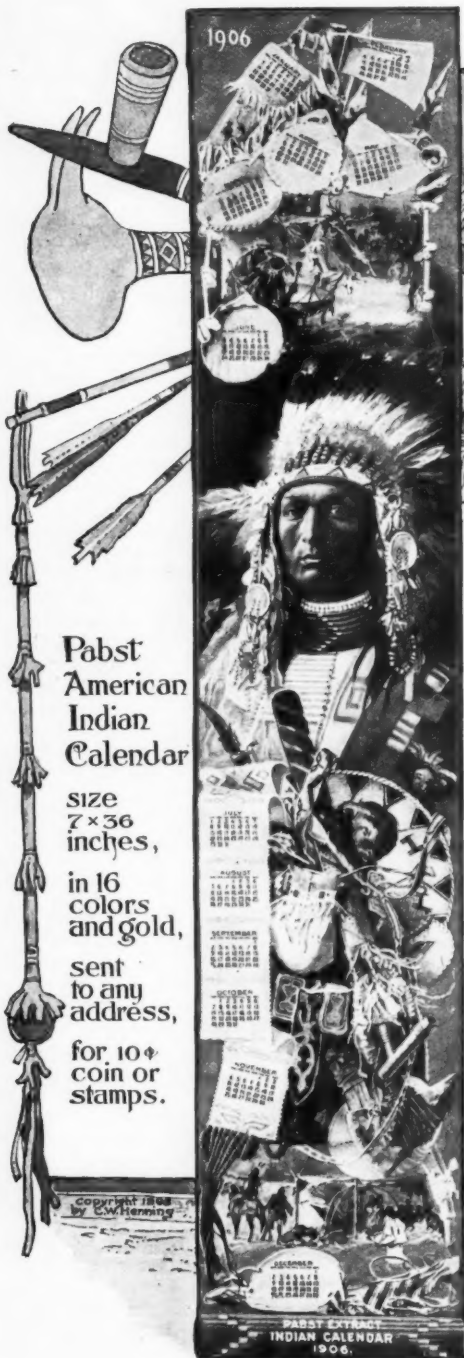
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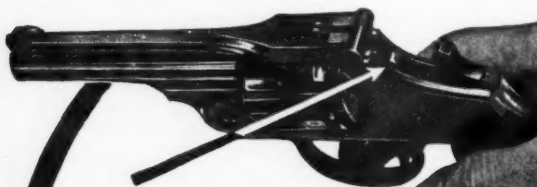
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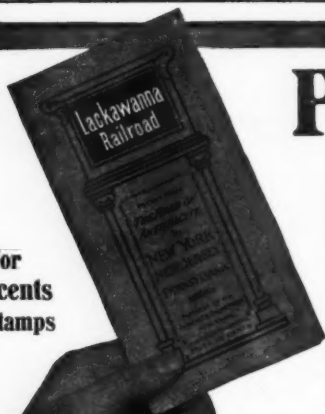
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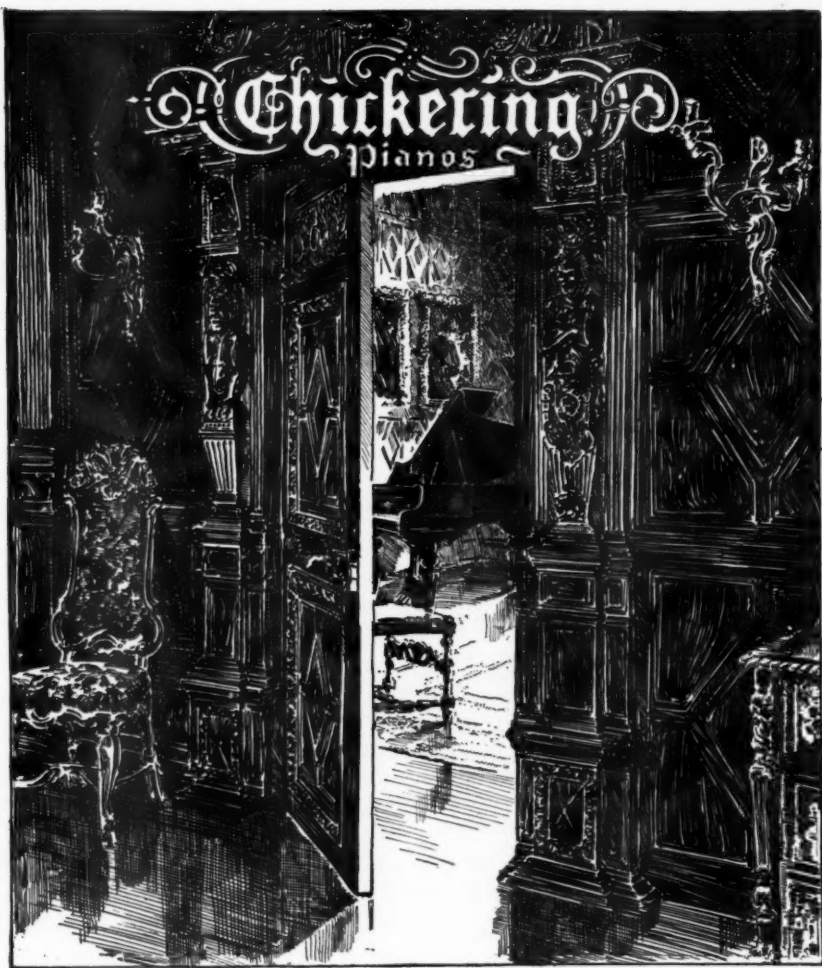
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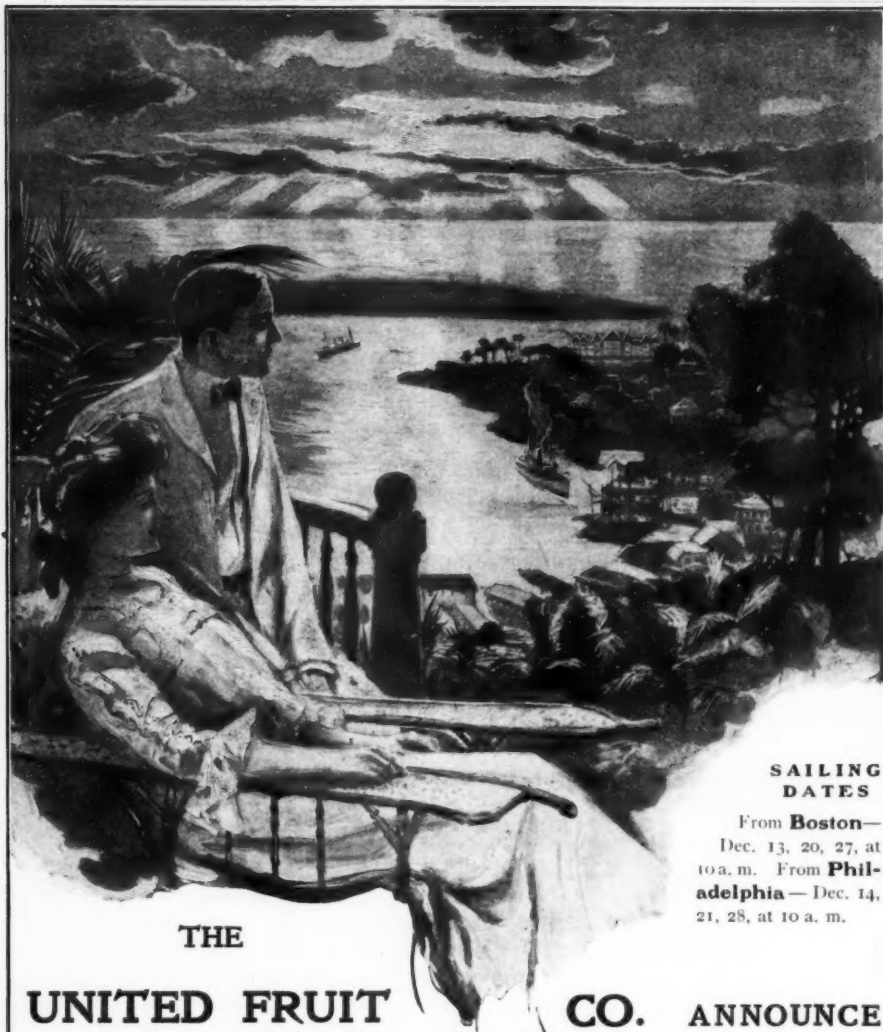
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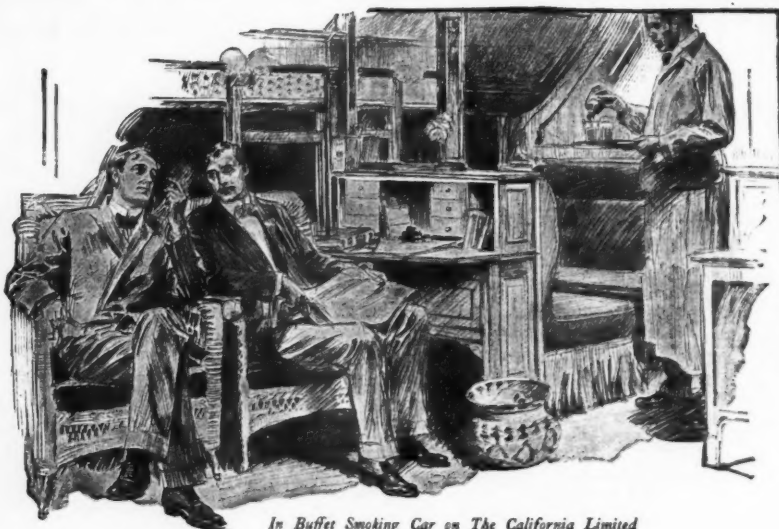
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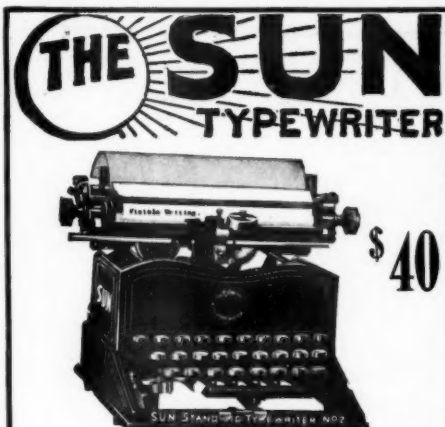
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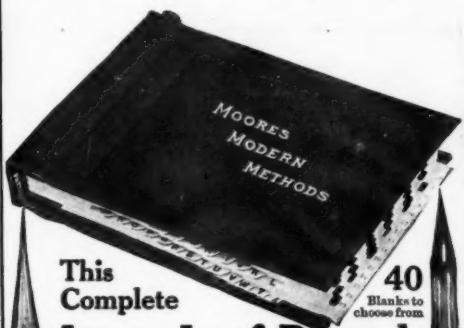
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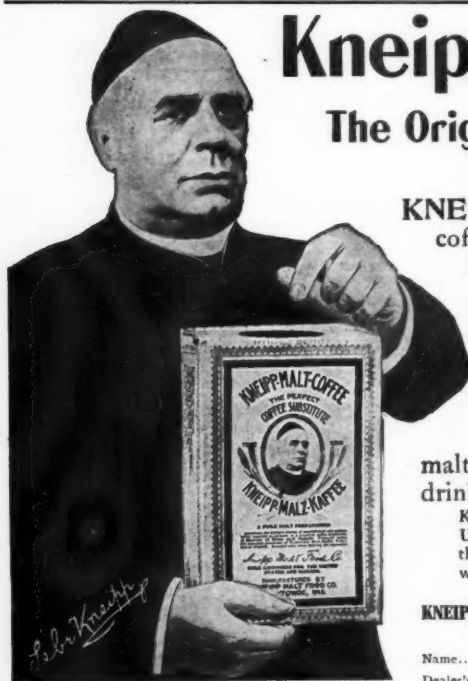
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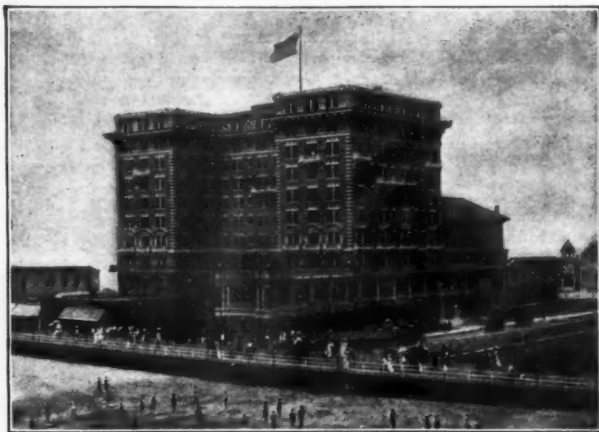
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REVISED AND CORRECTED MONTHLY

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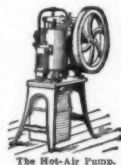
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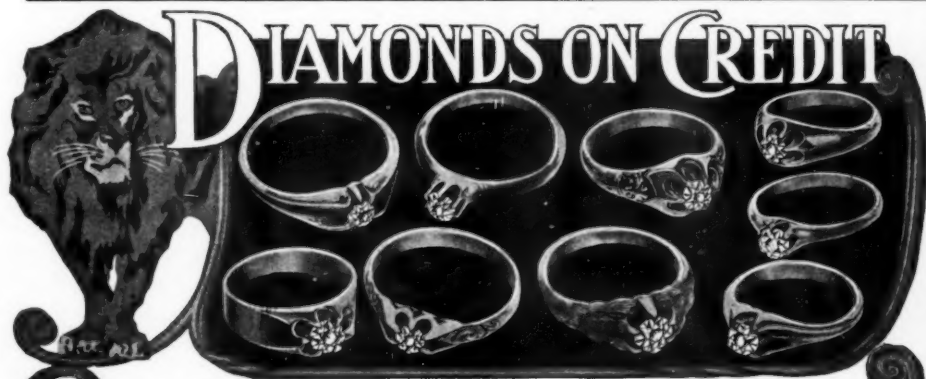
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I am John Mackintosh the Toffee King

MACKINTOSH'S **THE FAMOUS** **ENGLISH** **TOFFEE** **CANDY**

has gained an enormous popularity. But success begets imitations. An imitation of any pure, edible product is dangerous. To protect the purchaser and myself from fraudulent imitations, I have made *my name and face my trade-mark* in America and my name and face appear on every package of *genuine* MACKINTOSH'S TOFFEE. To make this *trade-mark* familiar to the public, my name and face appear in this and every advertisement of MACKINTOSH'S TOFFEE, so that the package can be instantly identified by the advertisement.

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How to have flowers in the home window for Christmas and Easter with the least fuss and cost?

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(superbly illustrated with more than one hundred pictures), which gives full instructions for the fall planting of **trees, shrubs, vines, perennials, bulbs, fruit trees, berry bushes**, and the starting of the window garden.

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**Whooping-Cough, Croup,
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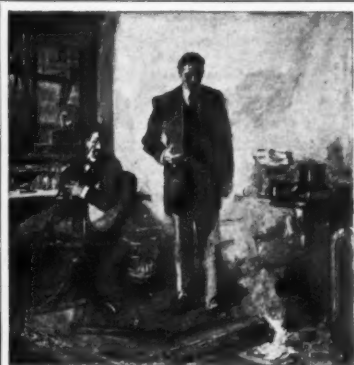
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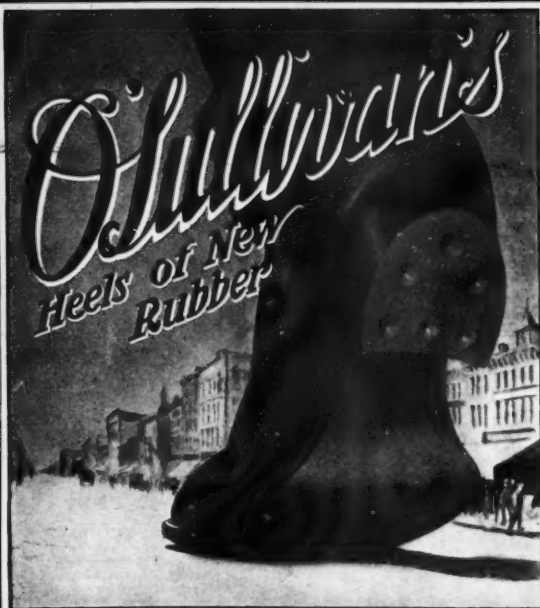
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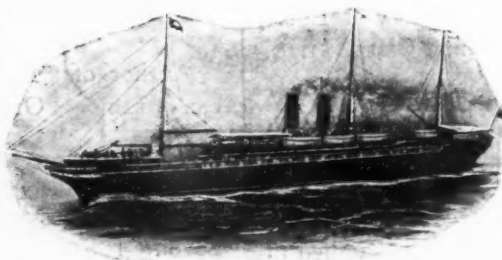
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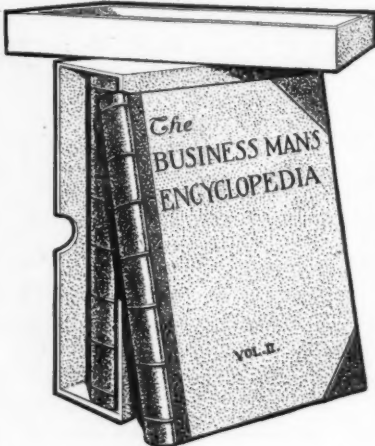
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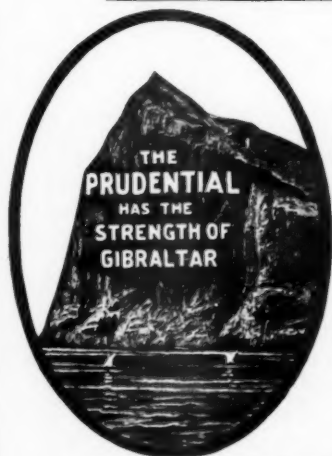
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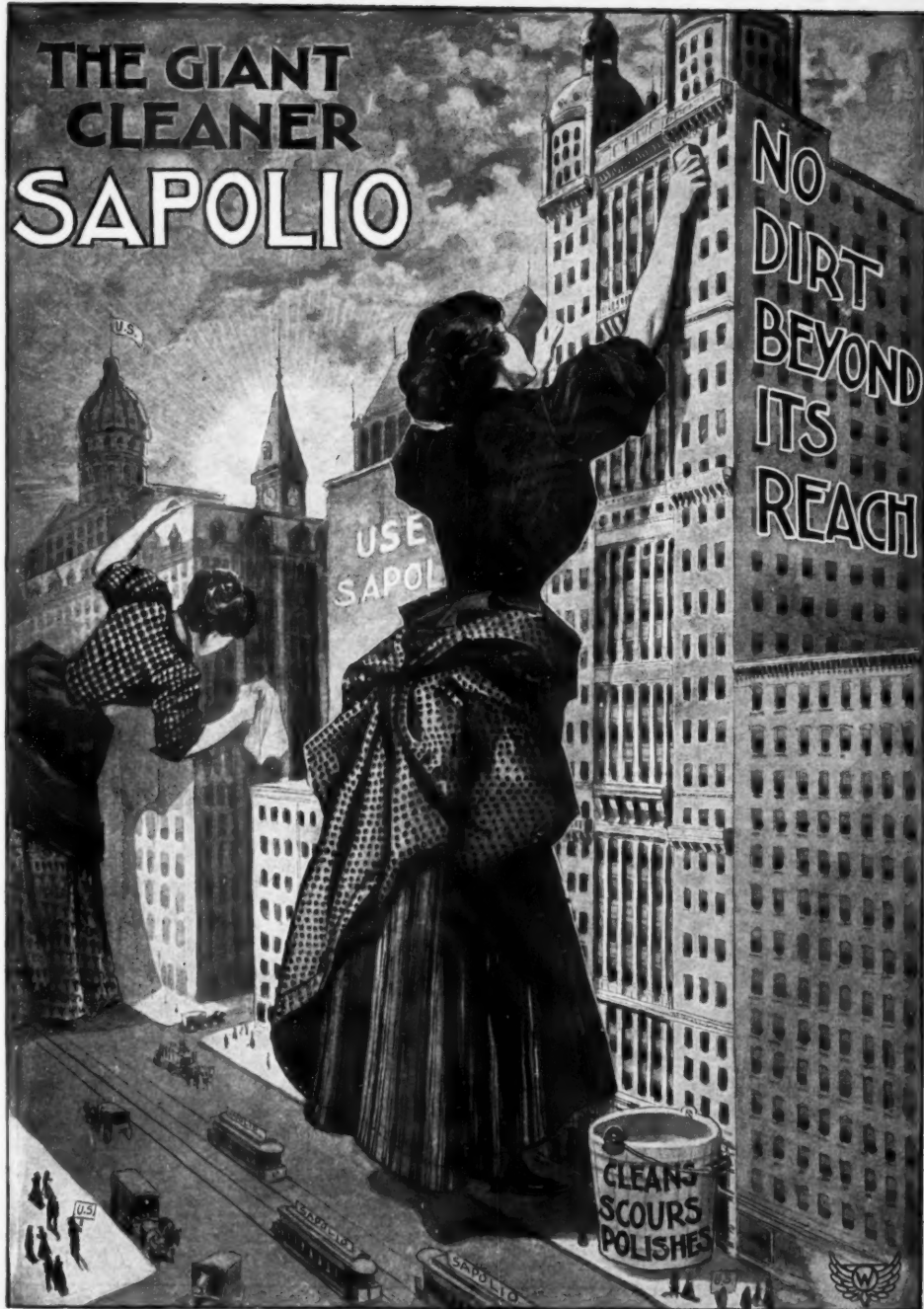
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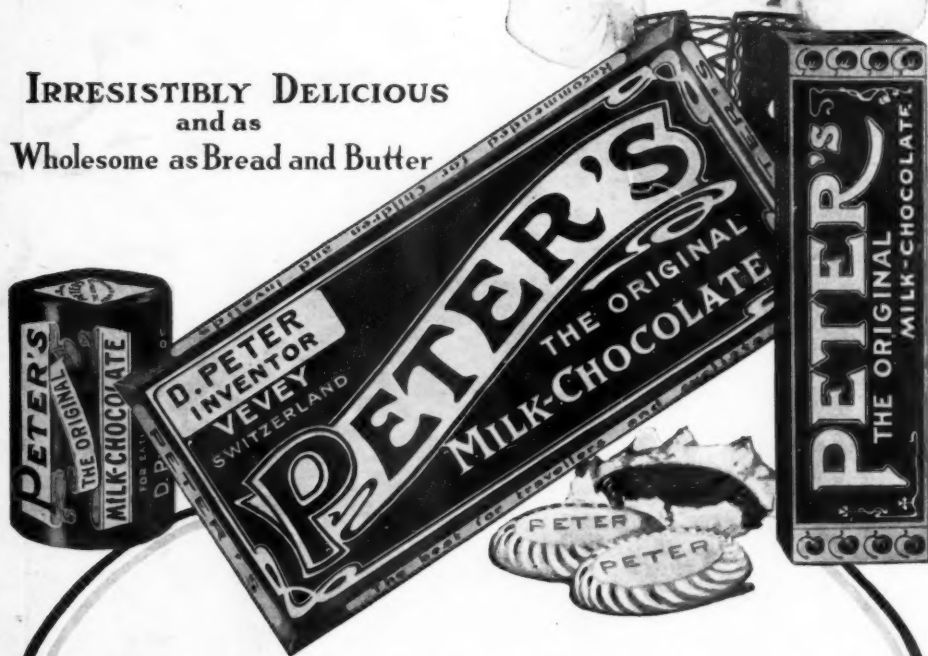


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The month of Janus has ever been the proper time for men and magazines, "looking before and after," to change their habits. Those who read or run through the pages of our January *Appleton's* will notice that with the beginning of this new volume the *Magazine* assumes a new "dress." Aside from the question of appearance which this very handsome face of type will lend to the somewhat larger page, a distinct advantage will accrue to our readers from the fact that we are now enabled to give them nearly three hundred words more to the page without taxing their eyes any more than, if as much as, formerly. Each page of the *Magazine* will carry just a little short of a thousand words, and the benefit to the reader in this will be apparent in the contents of the January number, which will show twenty-two titles, including a long serial, a short serial, five short stories, eight special articles, and three departments. Thirty-two pages of the number will be illustrated in color.

As previously announced, the series of articles by Rex E. Beach, on "The Looting of Alaska," will begin in the January *Appleton's*. The facts which Mr. Beach discloses form what has been called "the blackest page in the history of the American judiciary," and form an unparalleled chronicle of political connivance and debauchery, tracing a great conspiracy from its inception in high official places to its conclusion in the northland. It is a history that involves prominent politicians, East and West, and promises to exert a powerful and unexpected influence upon the politics of the Northwest. Much has been said about graft. Magazines have exposed corruption in the government of our great municipalities and our fiduciary and commercial institutions, but Mr. Beach brings home to us the startling fact that the "system" could obtain an instant hold in a virgin soil. It is the story of the most sensational robbery in American politics, told by a man who knows of what he writes, who was there, and who saw. The picture is dramatic, showing upon a background of corruption the perpetration of a great wrong done in the glamour of the gold fields by means of writs, riots and bloodshed. Altogether, without being sensational in any sense it proves to be the most startling exposure of recent years.

It is better to postpone the fulfillment of a promise than to half fulfill it, and we think it, therefore, unnecessary to apologize for postponing until the January number the story by Elinor Macartney Lane (author of "Nancy Stair") which we expected to print in the December issue. Our readers will here, again, reap advantage in the fact that Mrs. Lane's story has grown under her fascinating pen to such proportions that it will now be published in two parts, in the January and February *Appleton's*, and will be illustrated with six drawings by Arthur Becher.

We are fortunate in being able to announce that we have secured, through the courtesy of General James Grant Wilson, a posthumous paper by General Lew Wallace, the author of "Ben Hur," giving his own account of his conduct and the movements of his division of the Army of the Tennessee on the first day of the battle of Shiloh. General Wallace sent this account to General Wilson in a personal letter, stipulating that it be not published until after his

death. There have been many conflicting chronicles of the events of that day, so disastrous to the Union army, so important to General Wallace's command. Now, for the first time, the opportunity is given to the public to judge of General Wallace's conduct in the light of his own statement.

No one can make us feel that he knows the sea so well as Joseph Conrad. There may be those who know the sea as well as he, but none has his rare literary charm in writing about it. In a beautiful reverie entitled "The Character of the Sea" he will describe, in the January *Appleton's*, an incident out of his own experience which will make any landsman feel the inscrutable mystery of the sea. A charming drawing by W. J. Aylward will add to the readers' pleasure.

Brander Matthews has a fascinating way of making so-called dry subjects interesting. Our readers will remember when he lighted up the mooted question of the peculiarities of our national speech by pointing out that Shakespeare was full of "Americanisms." He has written, in somewhat similar vein, of "Comedy," showing, among other things, that Weber and Fields are not wholly without antitypes in classic Greek drama. Mr. Matthews draws other illuminating comparisons, and, as always, instructs us while he entertains with the fruits of his ripe scholarship.

The serial by Frederic Jesup Stimson ("J. S. of Dale") will be continued with a liberal installment of over eighteen pages in the January *Appleton's*. The promise of the chapters in this present number will be more than fulfilled in the January installment.

The third of the series of articles by Harold Bolce on "Japan: Our New Rival in the East" will treat of Japan and the Philippines.

Those who read the story entitled "A Pair of Mules," in the November number, will agree with us that anything written by Karl Edwin Harriman is worth going out of one's way to read. We have secured a series of stories by Mr. Harriman, the scenes of which are all laid in that portion of our country known as the Western Desert. In the story entitled "Sadie," which will appear in the January number, Mr. Harriman has drawn a very human and delightful picture of a woman in this environment.

Miss Eleanor Gates is one of the few writers who know animals "right down to the ground." In her story entitled "Little Watcher" in the January number she lays bare the soul of a coyote, from his birth, through his very remarkable career as a sheep dog, up to his tragic death. The story will be illustrated with some fine drawings by Charles Livingstone Bull.

D. Appleton & Co.



With
Packer's
Tar Soap

"YOU CANNOT
BEGIN TOO EARLY."

Systematic Shampooing

"Young Americans who do not wish to lose their hair before they are forty, must begin to look after their scalps before they are twenty."

—New York Medical Record.

With Packer's Tar Soap means healthy hair and scalp—and you cannot begin too early. To get the best results, specify

PACKER'S

Our Leaflet:—"The Value of Systematic Shampooing," sent free. Address
THE PACKER MANUFACTURING CO. (Suite 87X), 81 Fulton Street, New York.

THE ST. JAMES

Corner Walnut and Thirteenth Streets
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

EUROPEAN PLAN

One Hundred and Sixty Rooms.

ABSOLUTELY FIRE-PROOF

A New Hotel



CUISINE UNEXCELLED

Location especially desirable. Immediate vicinity fashionable shopping and theatre district. Within easy access to Pennsylvania and Reading Railroads.

Rates: Rooms \$2.00 per day and upwards **EUGENE G. MILLER, Mgr.**



Which is the best advertisement?

\$1,000.00

To the readers who select the best advertisement in this magazine for the month of December (page, half-page, or quarter-page), and who give the best reason for their selection (in not more than fifteen words), the publishers will award prizes to the value of one thousand dollars as described in the pages following.

Very Simple Rules

1. The competitor giving the best reason for his choice of any full-page, half-page, or quarter-page advertisement (in not more than fifteen words) will receive the first prize. The second, third, and other prizes will be awarded accordingly.
2. A prize committee consisting of five well-known advertising managers (see names in pages following) will decide on the reasons submitted.
3. The reason for the selection should be sent in on a separate slip of paper, with the name of the advertisement and the accompanying reason for its selection written on the slip. The full name and address of the competitor should follow. It is not necessary to send in the advertisement selected; the slip alone is sufficient. Send one slip only for each reason submitted. For our readers' convenience we have indicated on the following page the form to be followed in making out the slip.
4. No competitor will be allowed to secure more than one prize. That is to say, while a competitor may qualify on a full-page advertisement and afterward send in additional reasons for half and quarter page advertisements, he cannot secure prizes on all three, but will qualify on the answer that secures the most valuable prize.
5. All replies must be in hand on the fifteenth day of December. No letters will be opened until that date, so that no communications can be answered.
6. The prizes will be awarded fifteen days after the close of the competition and the results made known in the February number.

Send by mail and address your envelope as follows

Advertising Prize Competition

APPLETON'S BOOKLOVERS MAGAZINE

436 Fifth Avenue, New York

(See following pages)

The Prize List

The prize list for December will consist principally of the finest sets of library books published by D. Appleton & Co., with one special prize of a Chase & Baker Piano Player for the best answer submitted on a full-page advertisement. The aggregate value of the prizes for December will be over \$1,000. If a competitor should happen to win a set of books which he already has, the amount will be placed to his credit to apply on some other set or sets of books from D. Appleton & Co.'s catalogue. If a prize-winner is already a subscriber to the magazine he may have his prize subscription sent to a friend.

For the Best Reason Given on a Full-Page Advertisement

- First Prize**—One Chase & Baker Piano Player, valued at \$275.00, and \$50 worth of piano player music. Total value **\$325.00**
- Second Prize**—One set **Appletons' Universal Encyclopedia and Atlas**. Twelve volumes bound in three-quarters morocco. Value **144.00**
- Third Prize**—**A Century of French Romances**. New translations of the Masterpieces of French Literature; being a history of French fiction for a hundred years. Portraits and caricature of each author. Twenty volumes, gilt top and deckle edges. Value **60.00**
- Additional Prizes**—Five additional prizes of one annual subscription to APPLETON'S BOOKLOVERS MAGAZINE, at \$3.00 per year **15.00**

For the Best Reason Given on a Half-Page Advertisement

- First Prize**—**The Music of the Modern World**. Expert historical and critical accounts of famous singers, composers, schools, etc.; piano and vocal lessons. One hundred pieces of music, edition de luxe, limited to 100 sets, 10 portfolios. Value **\$150.00**
- Second Prize**—**The Great Commander Series**. America is a child of war. Her independence is the result of battle. The battles were won by the men whose biographies form this series. Limited edition de luxe, 14 volumes, half morocco. Value **77.00**
- Third Prize**—**Great Masters in the Louvre Gallery**. A complete review of the development of the art of painting from its inception to the nineteenth century. Each wonderful picture has been treated separately. Popular edition. Value **60.00**

(OVER)

For the Best Reason Given on a Quarter-Page Advertisement

- First Prize—The Historical Romances of Louisa Mühlbach.** A history of the great crises in Germany, Austria, Russia, England, Switzerland, Egypt, France, Holland, and Prussia during two hundred years till Waterloo. Hapsburg edition. Limited to 250 sets. Twenty volumes, three-quarters morocco. Value **\$100.00**
- Second Prize—The Novels of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and Anthony Hope.** Authorized edition from new Scotch face type. Illustrations by Gibson, Christy, Clinedinst and others. Twenty-eight volumes. Value **70.00**
- Third Prize—The Historical Romances of George Ebers.** Romances of Ancient Egypt. Translated from the German. Fifteen volumes, half morocco. Value **34.00**
- Additional Prizes—**Five additional prizes of one annual subscription to APPLETON'S BOOKLOVERS MAGAZINE, at \$3.00 per year **15.00**

The Judges

The prize committee of five members which will decide on the best answers submitted will consist of the following well-known advertising managers:

IRVING COX, "Peter's Milk Chocolate," New York.
 TRUMAN A. DE WEESE, Shredded Wheat Biscuit Co., Niagara Falls.
 F. B. MIDDLETON, JR., Victor Talking Machine Co., Philadelphia.
 JOHN E. ROOT, the New York Central Railroad, New York.
 F. D. WATERMAN, L. E. Waterman Co., New York.

It is not necessary to use this blank in sending in your answer.
 A form similar to it is suggested.

Advertising Prize Competition

Name of advertisement selected _____

Reason for selection in 15 words or less _____

Name of competitor _____

Full address _____

The "October" PRIZE COMPETITION

Winning Advertisements and Competitors

THE WINNING ADVERTISEMENTS

Full Page: CREAM OF WHEAT.

Half Page: PYLE'S PEARLINE.

Quarter Page: JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE CO.

THE THREE BEST ANSWERS

Full Page: *Attractive, simple, striking, expressive, and engaging. Everyone sees, reads, comprehends, is pleased and remembers.*

Half Page: *A mother would use nothing harmful on her child's skin.*

Quarter Page: *The unusual always attracts attention. 8-26 is distinctive. "Bookkeepers" classifies and reaches the individual.*

THE WINNING COMPETITORS

Full Page: 1st Prize.	D. W. Morgan, Birmingham, Ala.,	Value, \$96
" " 2d "	Roscoe Gilmore Stott, 847 E. Jefferson St., Franklin, Ind.,	" 60
" " 3d "	Mary Blumer, Butler Hospital, Providence, R. I.,	" 36

ADDITIONAL PRIZES OF AN ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION TO APPLETON'S BOOKLOVERS MAGAZINE

Marie L. Tricou,	Treasury Department, Washington, D. C.
Mrs. Odella Saulsbury,	Ridgely, Md.
Julius Cohen,	344 Poplar St., Memphis, Tenn.
Florence L. Sahler,	312 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.
Kate Douglass Wiggin,	165 West 58th St., New York, N. Y.
Mrs. Lizzie P. McIntire,	Treasury Department, Register's Office, Washington, D. C.
Ellwood D. Graham,	3322 Blaisdell Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.
Miss Nellie A. McCallum,	8 Haddon Hall, Station I, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Miss Helena Stacy,	Bathurst, New Brunswick, Canada.
John P. Frey,	S. E. Cor. 16th and Tasker Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

Half Page: 1st Prize.	Miss C. McCutcheon, Edgewater Park, N. J.,	Value, \$70
" " 2d "	Mrs. E. S. Lee, 1035 Shrader St., San Francisco, Cal.,	" 36
" " 3d "	Howard Bromley, Farmville, Va.,	" 25

ADDITIONAL PRIZES OF AN ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION TO APPLETON'S BOOKLOVERS MAGAZINE

Arthur W. Logan,	430 Francis St., Madison, Wis.
F. J. J. Coakley,	Rugby, Tenn.
M. T. Frisbie,	136 W. Kennedy St., Syracuse, N. Y.
H. K. Ebert,	29 E. Mt. Airy Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.
Edward McCulloch,	210 Bradford St., Brooklyn.
Kathleen Stairs,	Kent St., Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada.
Samuel F. Hubbard,	73 Pinckney St., Boston, Mass.
H. P. McGee,	Mahaffey, Clearfield Co., Pa.
Mrs. D. H. Steele,	2657 W. 9th St., Los Angeles, Cal.
C. S. Winchell,	73 Warren St., New York, N. Y.

Quarter Page: 1st Prize.	Geo. W. Hardman, 61 Washington St., Quincy, Mass.,	Value, \$48
" " 2d "	Eva Mary Stilz, 4128 Old York Rd., Philadelphia, Pa.,	" 34
" " 3d "	Augusta N. Clark, 2007 Haste St., Berkeley, Cal.,	" 12

ADDITIONAL PRIZES OF AN ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION TO APPLETON'S BOOKLOVERS MAGAZINE

William F. Forster,	Box 34, Elmhurst, Pa.
C. G. Hinsdale,	703 Shephard Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.

THOMAS HARDY'S Complete Works

IN TWENTY VOLUMES

MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS announce the publication of the new **WESSEX EDITION** OF THOMAS HARDY'S WORKS IN TWENTY VOLUMES—the only complete edition of the famous novelist's works.

In twenty volumes, handsomely bound in green rep silk-finished cloth, with gilt tops and uncut edges. With frontispieces in sepia on India-tint paper, and full-page illustrations in half-tone by prominent illustrators.

TITLES OF THE VOLUMES:

TESS OF THE D'URBERVILLES

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE

THE HAND OF ETHELBERTA

A LAODICEAN (Vol. 1)

A LAODICEAN (Vol. 2)

A PAIR OF BLUE EYES

THE WELL-BELOVED

WESSEX TALES

FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD

THE RETURN OF THE NATIVE (Vol. 1)

THE WOODLANDERS

THE RETURN OF THE NATIVE (Vol. 2)

TWO ON A TOWER

THE MAYOR OF CASTERBRIDGE

JUDE THE OBSCURE (Vol. 1)

A GROUP OF NOBLE DAMES

JUDE THE OBSCURE (Vol. 2)

DESPERATE REMEDIES

LIFE'S LITTLE IRONIES

THE TRUMPET MAJOR



MRS. FISKE AS TESS OF THE D'URBERVILLES

OUR OFFER

We will send you the entire set of twenty volumes, all charges prepaid, on receipt of \$1.00. If you do not like the books when they reach you, send them back at our expense, and we will return the \$1.00. If you do like them, send us \$2.00 every month for 15 months, until the full price, \$31.00, is paid. On receipt of your request for these books we will enter you as a subscriber, without any additional cost to you, to either **Harper's Magazine**, **Harper's Weekly**, **Harper's Bazar**, or **The North American Review** for one year. In writing, state which periodical you want.

A half-leather edition is also published. Booklet of this sent on request

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS, NEW YORK

HARPER'S HOLIDAY BOOKS



The Island of Enchantment

By JUSTUS MILES FORMAN

The story of a great passion in the days when romance made its home among men. The love scenes are fascinating, and the book itself is exquisite in its holiday dress.

Illustrated in Color from Paintings by Howard Pyle. Marginal Decorations in Tint. Gilt Top, Uncut Edges. Specially Boxed. Price, \$1.75.

The Line of Love

By JAMES BRANCH CABELL

Of this beautiful holiday book Mark Twain says: "It is the charmingest book I have read in a long time. Archaic speech in this case allures and bewitches, the art of it is so perfect."

Illustrated in Color by Howard Pyle. Marginal Decorations in Tint. Gilt Top, Uncut Edges. Specially Boxed. Price, \$2.00.



Caroline of Court- landt Street

By WEYMER JAY MILLS

Merrily, mirthfully, but with an undercurrent of tender sentiment, this romance presents an enchanting story of old New York. It is comedy of a delightful order, full of surprises and the glamour of golden days.

Illustrated in Color by Anna Whelan Betts. Marginal Decorations in Tint. Gilt Top, Uncut Edges. Specially Boxed. Price, \$2.00 net.



Her Memory Book

By HELEN HAYES

A delightful improvement over the home-made memory book that every girl loves to keep. The pages are embellished with drawings appropriate to the events to be recorded, which include all sorts of social diversions, college events, the sports of the four seasons, etc.

Specially Boxed. Price, \$2.00.



The Pleasant Tragedies of Childhood

Drawings by F. Y. Cory. Verses by Burges Johnson

This series of drawings in black and tint represent typical mirthful phases in the lives of little tots, and each is accompanied by merry little rhymes. It is a captivating volume for the holiday season, and its humor in verse and picture is sure to be enjoyed by every one.

Thirty Full-Page Pictures in Black and Tint. Marginal Drawings in Pen and Ink. Ornamented Cloth Cover Stamped in Gold. Specially Boxed. Price, \$1.50.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS, NEW YORK

LAST MONTH

We told you of the origin, this month we want to tell you of the actual construction of

The Historians' History of the World

The conception of this new world history was, as one reviewer puts it, "a stroke of genius." In brief, the plan was to secure specialists, not to write new history, but to select from, and where necessary, add to, the original text of the two thousand historians, **THE PLAN** whose works form the foundation of all our knowledge of the past. Modern writers can do little more than paraphrase these authorities. Why not then quote the historian's own words, weaving together (by means of editorial matter) the best portions of each great writer's work? Add to such a narrative, special essays by the foremost living scholars, and the result is a masterly, complete review of human progress.

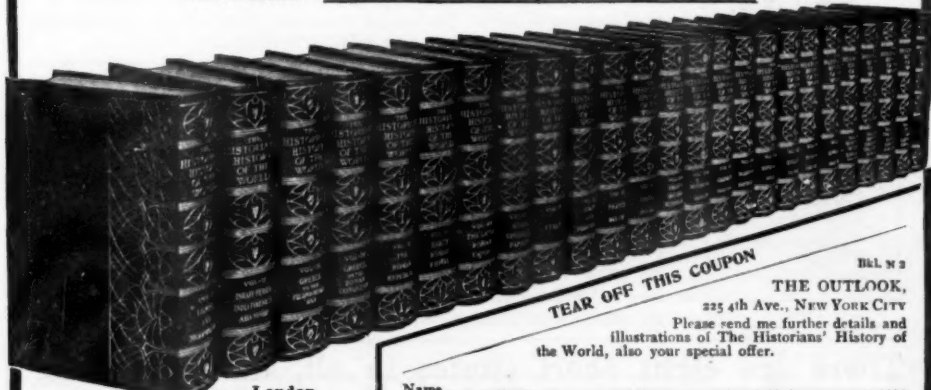
A world history which was only a chronicle of wars, battles, and the political expansion of countries, would very imperfectly fulfil its purpose. The Historians' History traces as well, the social development, the art, literature, music, religions, commerce and economics of the various nations. It gives in dramatic narrative the large movements of history. It paints breathing portraits of the great men and women of every age. Nor is that all. The aim of the editors has been to produce a work of sustained interest. This has been accomplished, by resorting, whenever possible, to accounts written by eye-witnesses of famous events, and by contemporaries of historic characters.

Every great historian is represented. Fifteen hundred translations (filling 5,000 pages) have been made from Egyptian, Babylonian, Assyrian, Arabic, Syriac, Persian, Chinese, Japanese, Greek, Latin, Russian, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, French, Dutch, German, and Scandinavian. **THE MATERIAL ITSELF** The accuracy of the work is not the result of haphazard methods. Every paragraph, every sentence, every line has been examined critically by experts. Ancient chronicles have been checked by the results of recent explorations: doubtful statements have been readjusted on the basis of modern research.

No one country could have produced the Historians' History. Just as the text itself is the product of the best of the world's historians, so the board of editorial revisers and contributors includes the greatest living authorities of Europe and America. France is represented by Rambaud and Halévy; Germany by Erman and Nöldeke; England by Cheyne and Powell; the United States by Hart, McLaughlin and Botsford, and these are only a few of the thirty scholars who have directed and contributed to this new work.

PRICES THE FULL MOROCCO EDITION IS NOW BEING SOLD AT ITS LIST PRICE. ON THE OTHER FOUR BINDINGS, HOWEVER, THE OUTLOOK IS ABLE TO OFFER A SPECIAL CONCESSION TO THOSE WHO INQUIRE IMMEDIATELY

PRICES



New York THE OUTLOOK
London THE HISTORY ASSOCIATION

TEAR OFF THIS COUPON

Rev. N. 3

THE OUTLOOK,

225 4th Ave., NEW YORK CITY

Please send me further details and illustrations of The Historians' History of the World, also your special offer.

Name

Address

The CHRISTMAS SCRIBNER



Of Surpassing Interest

THE SPY By RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

Mr. Davis has written one of his most notable stories, the title of which is significant of its exceptionally strong dramatic interest. The hero is a young New York lawyer, and the scene is laid on an ocean steamer and in a South American town.



Photograph by Jack Bros.
RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

The Swarming ^{of the} White Bees

By HENRY VAN DYKE

For sustained imaginative power, beauty of figure, rhythm, and brilliant lyrical qualities this fine poem, turning to a charming fancy the old legend of Apollo and Aristeus, will take its place among the author's highest achievements. The accompanying decorations are by J. C. Leyendecker, and will be printed in tint.



From a drawing by F. C. Yohn
(Copyright, 1905, Charles Scribner's Sons)

Captain Arendt's Choice

By RALPH
D. PAINE

The story of an old German sea captain who, after many years of service, was put to a most trying test between personal interests and a sense of duty. The chief incident is the wreck of a steamer in a dense fog. Illustrated by W. J. Aylward.

THE DAWN OF A TO-MORROW

A CHRISTMAS STORY

By FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

This beautiful story belongs, in its humanity and broad lines, to the succession of Christmas stories headed by Dickens's "Christmas Carol." A man, world-weary and hopeless to the point of desperation, passes what he had expected to be his last day in a succession of experiences that change his views of life and its possibilities as thoroughly as those of Scrooge were changed. The scene of the story is in London. It is illustrated in color by Yohn.

There are eight short stories in all, and interesting
articles by Kenyon Cox and Brander Matthews
THE NUMBER IS SUPERBLY ILLUSTRATED

**SOME OF THE STORIES AND ARTICLES SOON TO APPEAR
IN SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE**

**F. Hopkinson Smith's Serial
"The Tides of Barnegat"**

begins in the November Scribner and will run through some ten months. The scene, as implied in its title, is laid on the New Jersey coast. It is a dramatic and vigorous story, with all the vivid narrative, humor, and sympathy with both the heroic and pathetic sides of life that have been the distinguishing marks of Mr. Smith's most successful tales, and is a new advance on what has attracted the many readers of "Oliver Horn" and "Caleb West." *Illustrated by George Wright.*

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE GREAT ACTOR

Joseph Jefferson

By his long-time friend and fellow actor, FRANCIS WILSON

**By Ernest Thompson Seton
A Series of Six Articles**

on the Great Horned Game Species of North America

The ELK, the Moose, etc. Filled with the author's remarkable store of anecdote and observation. These articles are of the strongest interest to the whole body of animal lovers as well as to hunters. While authoritative contributions to Natural History, they at the same time tell very vividly the picturesque and interesting life stories of these once abundant animals. *Illustrated both by remarkable photographs and the author's drawings.*

The Railways of the Future

A series of articles on the great railway enterprises which are in contemplation and in progress, and on the problems associated with them. Like the well-known series on "The American Railway," published in Scribner's Magazine some years ago, this will have as its contributors in every case writers of the highest authority; and the articles will be abundantly illustrated from material supplied by leading engineers, as well as from the work of the Magazine's own artists and photographers. Among the earlier articles in the series will be the following:

THE PAN-AMERICAN RAILWAY

By CHARLES H. PEPPER, U. S. Commissioner to Central and South American Countries

THE RAILROADS OF AFRICA

The "Cape to Cairo" Railway

By LIEUT.-COL. SIR PERCY GIROUARD, of the Royal Engineers. The foremost authority upon African railway matters

**THE PROPOSED EXTENSIONS OF THE
TRANS-SIBERIAN RAILROAD**

**THE FUTURE OF ELECTRIC POWER AS
APPLIED TO GREAT RAILROADS**

By FRANK J. SPRAGUE, inventor of the Sprague motor and builder of the earlier trolleys

**Edith Wharton
James B. Connolly**

**Kate Douglas Wiggin
Thomas Nelson Page**

will be represented by short stories

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE IS KNOWN THE WORLD OVER. IT SELLS FOR \$3.00
A YEAR, NO LESS. IT IS EASY TO GET SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR IT

The Publishers of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE offer a liberal cash commission for earnest and efficient work in securing new subscribers. Write for terms

25C. PER NUMBER

\$3 PER YEAR

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, Publishers, NEW YORK

Please mention APPLETON'S BOOKLOVERS MAGAZINE when you write to advertisers

"No Gift Book ever came out of a box that was prettier than



BRET HARTE'S HER LETTER

Illustrated with forty-four full-page pictures, in color
and tint, and many decorations in gold,
by ARTHUR I. KELLER

A really exquisite volume that, for once, no publisher's promise
or critic's praise can exaggerate." — *New York Globe*.

"The book is a beautiful example of typography, and Mr.
Keller's skillfully executed pictures are full of true Bret Harte
humor." — *New York Times*. (Large 8vo, boxed, \$2.00.)

KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN'S ROSE O' THE RIVER

"A sweet and natural love story with a rugged background. Logging and jam-breaking
on the Saco give an outdoor freshness and action to the narrative, while Rose's grandsire,
Old Kennebec, affords spontaneous fun." — *The Outlook, New York*. By the author of "Re-
becca of Sunnybrook Farm." Illustrated in color by George Wright. (12mo, \$1.25.)

Howard Pyle's illustrated Christmas Edition of Holmes's



ONE-HOSS SHAY

No more deliciously humorous poems have ever ap-
peared than the famous classics, "The One-Hoss
Shay," "How the Old Horse won the Bet," and "The
Broomstick Train," which are included in this little
holiday volume so beautifully illustrated by HOWARD
PYLE, in colors, as to appear hand-painted.

(12mo, \$1.50.)

The Humorous Book of the Year

E. BOYD SMITH'S STORY OF NOAH'S ARK FOR GROWN-UPS

The log of the Ark's cruise, in pictorial form, in which 26
beautifully colored pictures piquantly describe: —

Noah and his Floating Zoo; The Ark Builders on a Strike;
The Procession of the Animals; Why the Mammoth became
extinct; The Giraffe with his "sea-legs on;" Monkey Shines and Bear Hugs; The Diffi-
culties of Housekeeping; etc. The brief descriptions which accompany the pictures add to
their charm and whimsicality. (Large oblong, \$2.00, net. Postpaid, \$2.19.)



Illustrated Holiday Bulletin sent, free, on request.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY, Boston and New York

NO field offers such an infinite variety of holiday gifts as the realm of literature. From the following list may be selected books to please the tastes of all ages and temperaments, "from grave to gay, from lively to severe." A book is the easiest solution of the "Christmas problem."

JOHN BURROUGHS'S

WAYS OF NATURE
A rational view of nature's methods, in which Mr. Burroughs answers the attacks made upon him during the past year. \$1.10, net. Postpaid, \$1.21.

HENRY JAMES'S

ENGLISH HOURS
Mr. James's impressions of English life, illustrated with about seventy charcoal sketches by Joseph Pennell. Postpaid, \$3.00.

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON'S

PART OF A MAN'S LIFE
"It gives an extremely comprehensive view of American progress during the last three-quarters of a century."—*Boston Transcript*. Illustrated. \$2.50, net. Postpaid, \$2.68.

FERRIS GREENSLET'S

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL
"To readers of a third generation that know Lowell chiefly and imperfectly by 'favorite selections' from his writings, this book is distinctly welcome and useful."—*Boston Herald*. Illustrated. \$1.50, net. Postpaid, \$1.62.

EDWIN MIMS'S

SIDNEY LANIER
The first complete and adequate life of one of the finest and truest of American poets. With portraits. \$1.50, net. Postpaid, \$1.65.

SAMUEL M. CROTHERS'S

THE PARDONER'S WALLET
The quiet delicacy and humor of these delightful essays by the author of "The Gentle Reader," recalls "The Autocrat." \$1.25, net. Postpaid, \$1.38.

AGNES REPPLIER'S

IN OUR CONVENT DAYS
The childish adventures of an eager American girl in a convent school are here told in the author's inimitable way. \$1.10, net. Postpaid, \$1.21.

ALICE BROWN'S

PARADISE
A powerful New England novel with a direct human appeal. \$1.50.

ARTHUR STANWOOD PIER'S

THE ANCIENT GRUDGE
"Few, if any, novels of the season show more thoughtful and solid work in character-study."—*The Outlook, New York*. \$1.50.

MARGARET SHERWOOD'S

THE COMING OF THE TIDE
"With an excellent style and a true sense of the poetry of things, she writes delicately and with refined and cultivated appreciation."—*Richmond Times-Dispatch*. \$1.50.

ALICE M. BACON'S

IN THE LAND OF THE GODS
"Very pretty are these stories built upon Japanese superstitions."—*New York Sun*. \$1.50.

ARTHUR STRINGER'S

LONELY O'MALLEY
"Older readers will enjoy it, for it contains much genuine humor and will serve as a pleasant reminder of the days of their youth."—*Boston Transcript*. Illustrated. \$1.50.

EVERETT T. TOMLINSON'S

THE RED CHIEF
"The boy hero plays a man's part in a way to capture the hearts of all boy readers."—*Newark News*. Illustrated. \$1.50.

HENRY D. SEDGWICK'S

A SHORT HISTORY OF ITALY
It shows the relations between the political life and the intellectual life as expressed in the fine arts, literature, science and music. With maps. \$2.00, net. Postpaid, \$2.20.

An illustrated Holiday Bulletin with full announcements of these and many other attractive books will be mailed free, on request, by the Publishers.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & COMPANY
BOSTON **NEW YORK**

STOKES' XMAS BOOKS

The BASSES: Fresh-water and Marine

By William C. Harris, and Others. Edited by LOUIS RHEAD, with an introduction by TARLETON H. BEAN, and with numerous illustrations in colors and black-and-white by LOUIS RHEAD.

A companion volume to "The Brook Trout," published by the same authors some years ago, but more profusely illustrated and with a binding of unusual originality. An exhaustive treatise upon this important fish—its habits, its value, its geography, the methods of capture, etc.—prepared by men recognized in the world of sport as authorities. 8vo, cloth, \$3.50 net; postpaid, \$3.68.

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ELINOR MACARTNEY LANE

(Author of "NANCY STAIR")

has written a novelette, entitled *ANNE DONELLAN*, a charming love story, which will appear early in the year and run through three numbers.

HALL CAINE

since the publication of "The Prodigal Son," has been engaged in writing a new novel, which it is hoped will be completed in time to appear in the pages of this magazine during the latter half of the year.

Shorter Fiction

The high standard which the editors have set from the first in the field of the short story will be maintained throughout the year by the work of such authors as the following beside many others:

BOOTH TARKINGTON
EDITH WHARTON
MARGARET DELAND
JOSEPH CONRAD
ANNE O'HAGAN
MARY H. VORSE
REX E. BEACH
ELEANOR GATES
HARRISON RHOADES

F. PETER DUNNE ("Mr. Dooley")
ELINOR MACARTNEY LANE
HENRY LEON WILSON
W. A. FRASER
LLOYD OSBOURNE
HENRY C. ROWLAND
ARTHUR E. MACFARLANE
KARL EDWIN HARRIMAN
H. K. VIELÉ

THE MISSES ROSS AND SOMERVILLE

authors of "Recollections of an Irish R. M." and "All Along the Irish Shore," are writing a series of six short stories, which we expect to run toward the end of 1906.

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JAPAN: OUR NEW RIVAL IN THE EAST

By HAROLD BOLCE

This series of articles, supplementing the author's expert polemics on the subject of our foreign trade situation, begins in this number and will be continued through the first numbers of 1906.

AMERICAN ART AND ARCHITECTURE

The Collection of Mr. William T. Evans

American Etchers

By Louis A. Holman and Delia Austrian

The Relation of the Federal Government to Art

By Glenn Brown, Secretary of the American Architectural League

The article in the November number on "RECENT COLLEGE ARCHITECTURE AT PRINCETON AND PENNSYLVANIA," by Christian Brinton, illustrated with Vernon Howe Bailey's beautiful drawings, will be supplemented in the January number by an article on Yale and Harvard from the same sources.

Along this general line will be

"Recent Decorations of State Capitols"

a series of articles by WILLIAM A. COFFIN;

"The Projected Elevation of the Metropolis"

By Thomas Hastings

ILLUSTRATIONS

The usual artistic quality evident in the illustrations which adorn the pages of APPLETON'S BOOKLOVERS MAGAZINE will be maintained throughout the coming year. Mr. Stimson's serial will be illustrated by A. B. WENZELL; whilst well-known artists, such as

de Thulstrup
Harrison Fisher
Jay Hambidge
Lester Ralph

W. L. Glackens
E. W. Kemball
George Wright
Charlotte Weber-Ditzler

Walter Appleton Clark
Vernon Howe Bailey
Joseph C. Leyendecker
Fletcher C. Ransom, etc., etc.

will be represented. Of special note is a series of four beautiful pastels

THE OUTDOOR GIRL, by George Gibbs

which will be reproduced in one of the summer numbers in color.

SPECIAL ARTICLES

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"Franklin and the French Intrigues"

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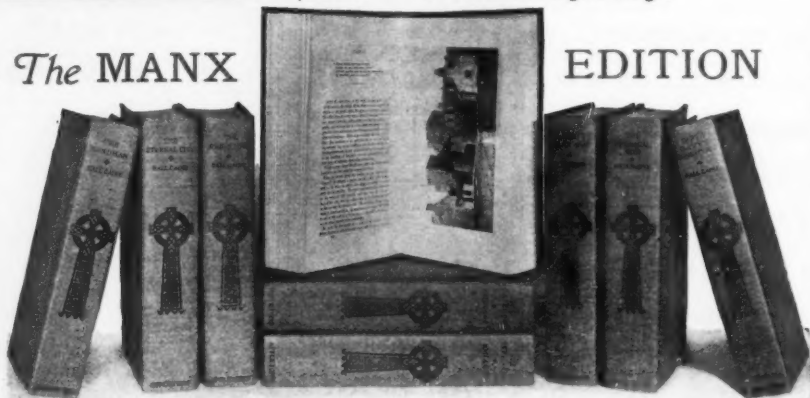
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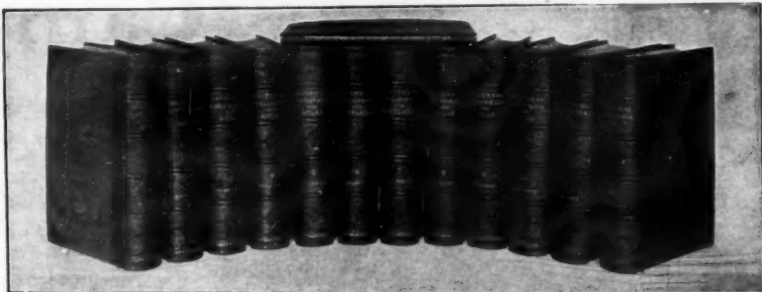
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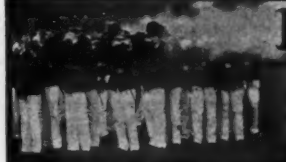
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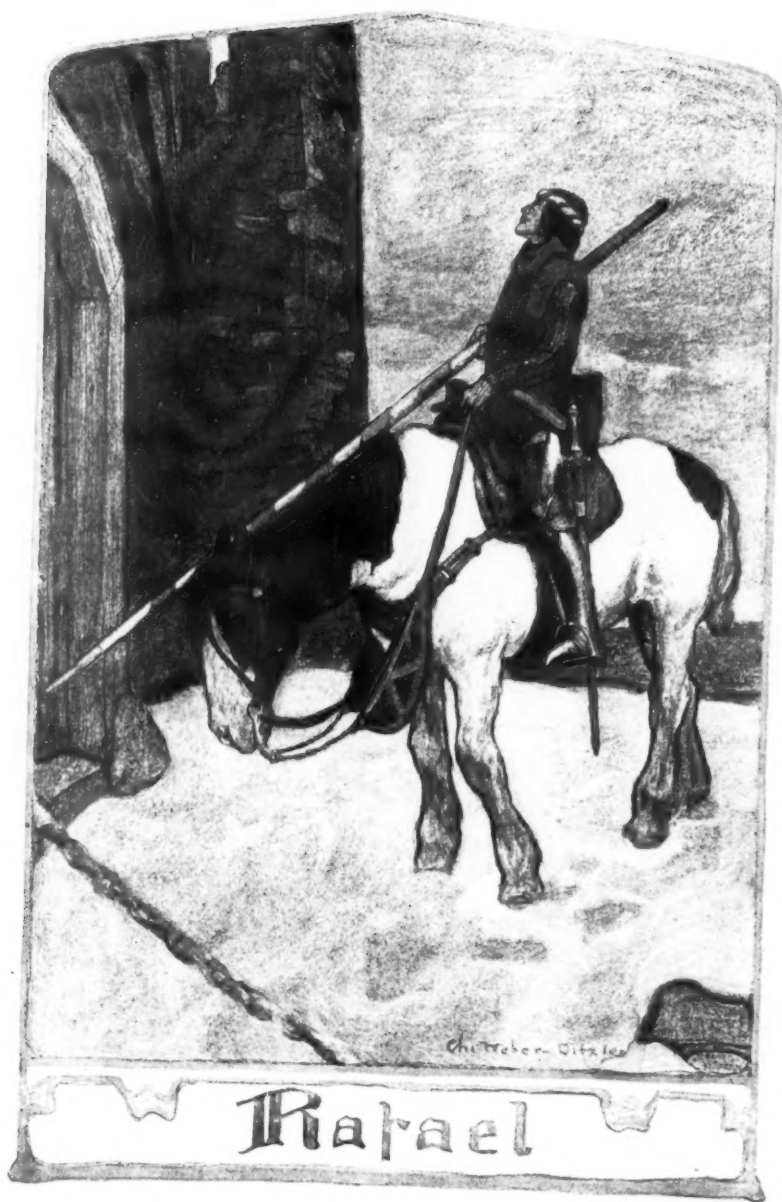
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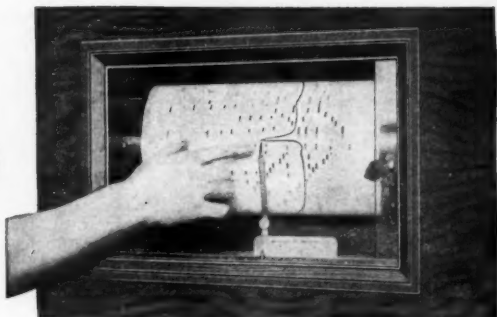
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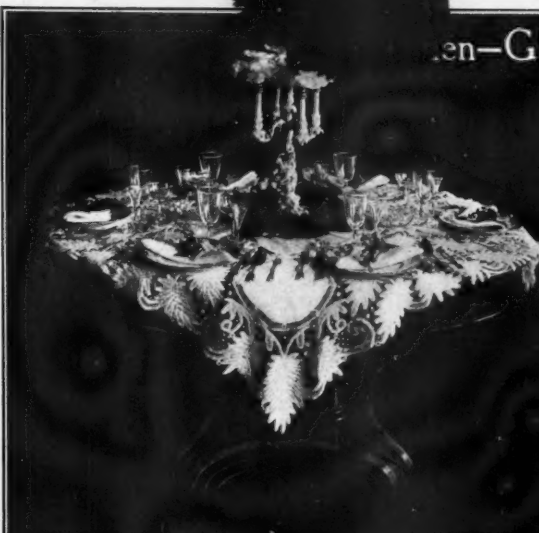
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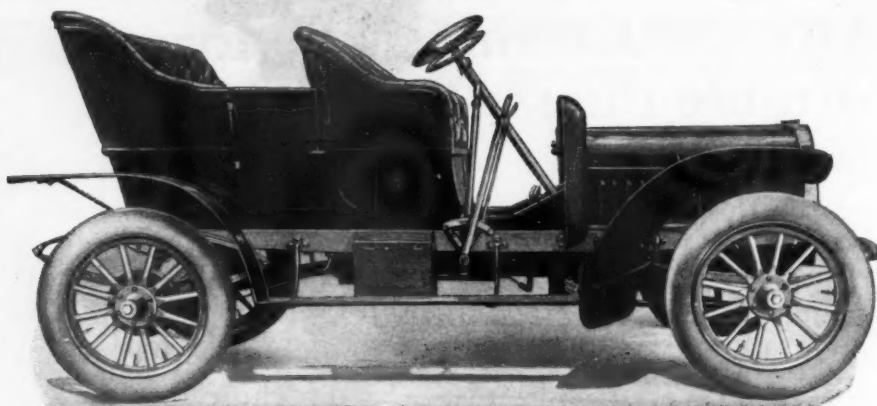
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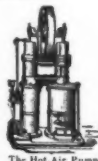
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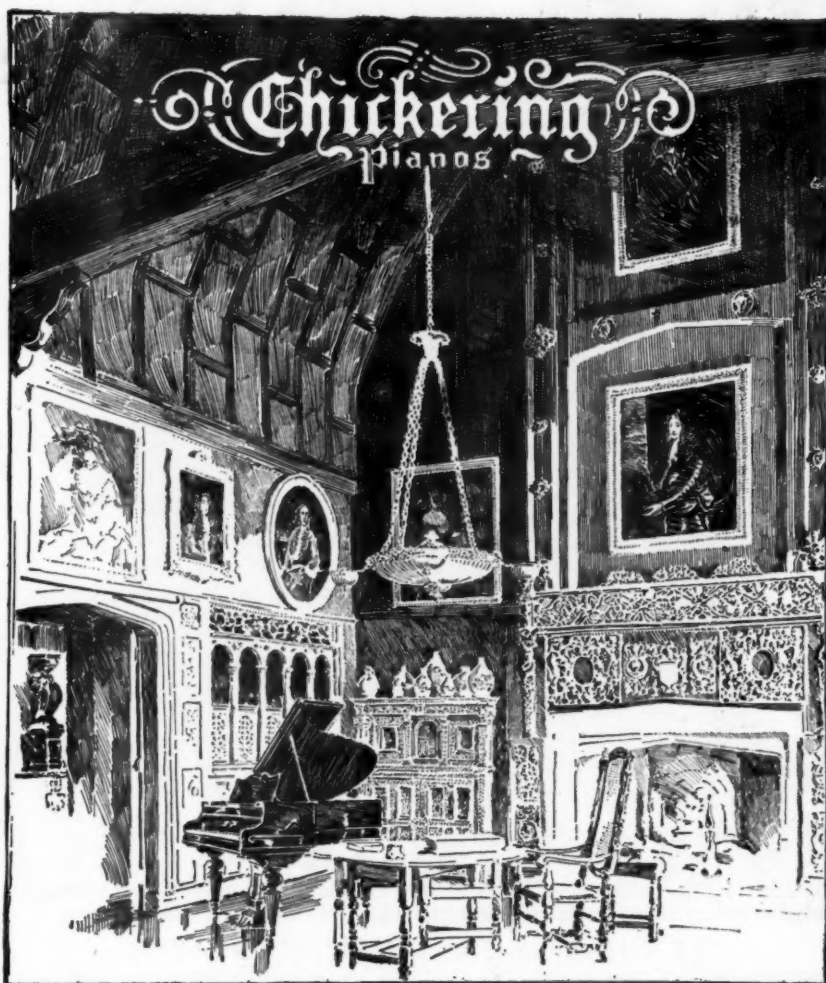
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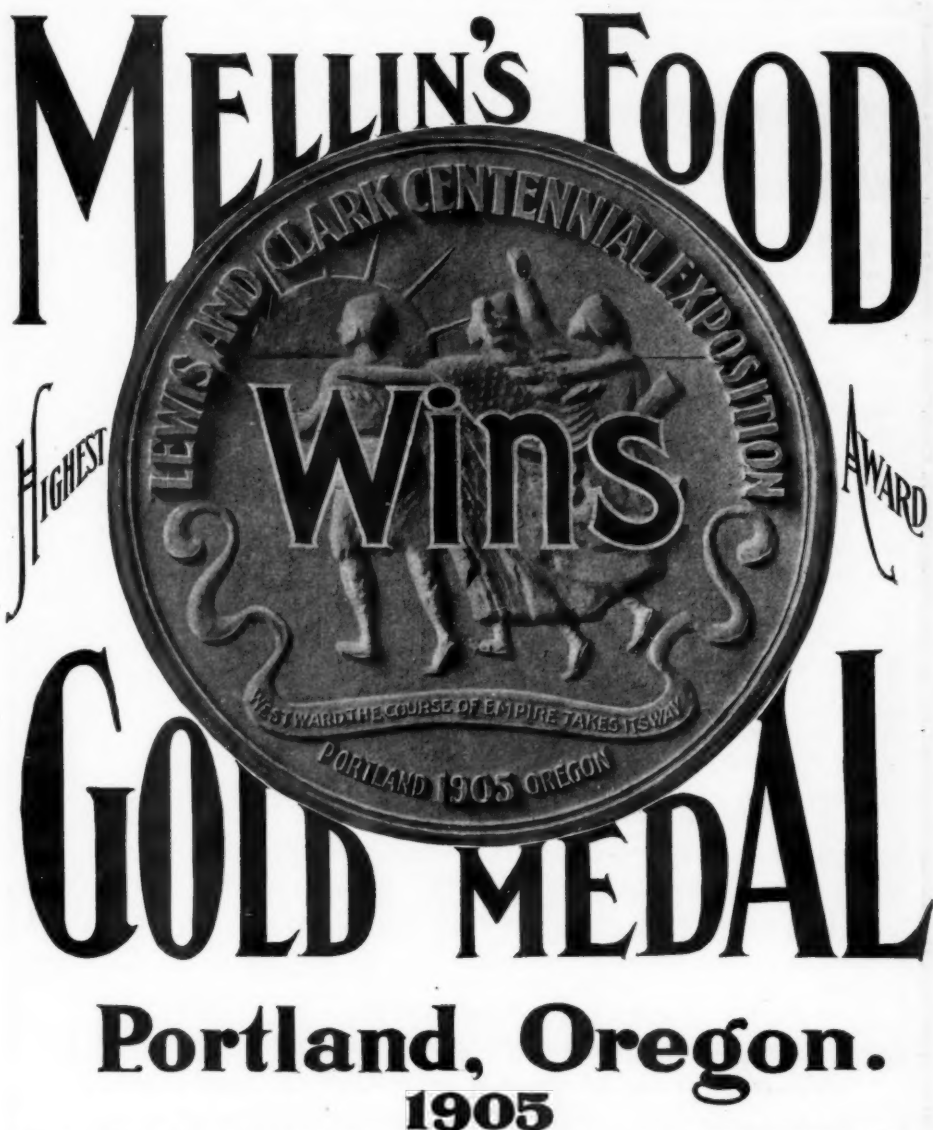
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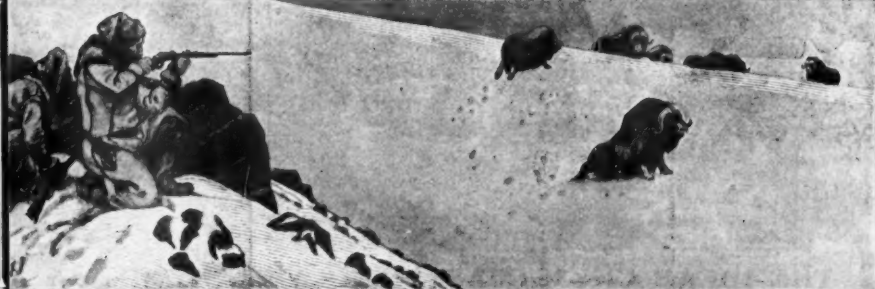


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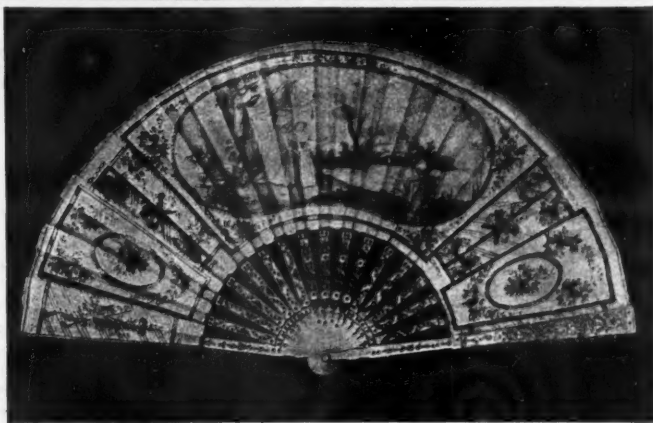
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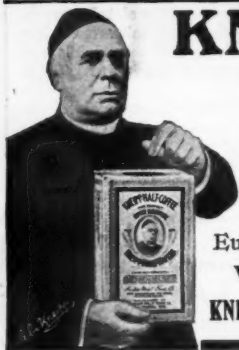
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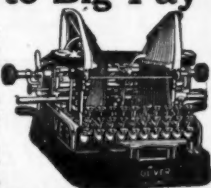
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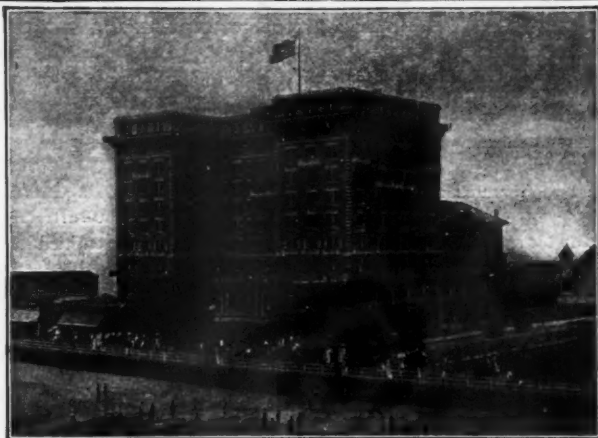
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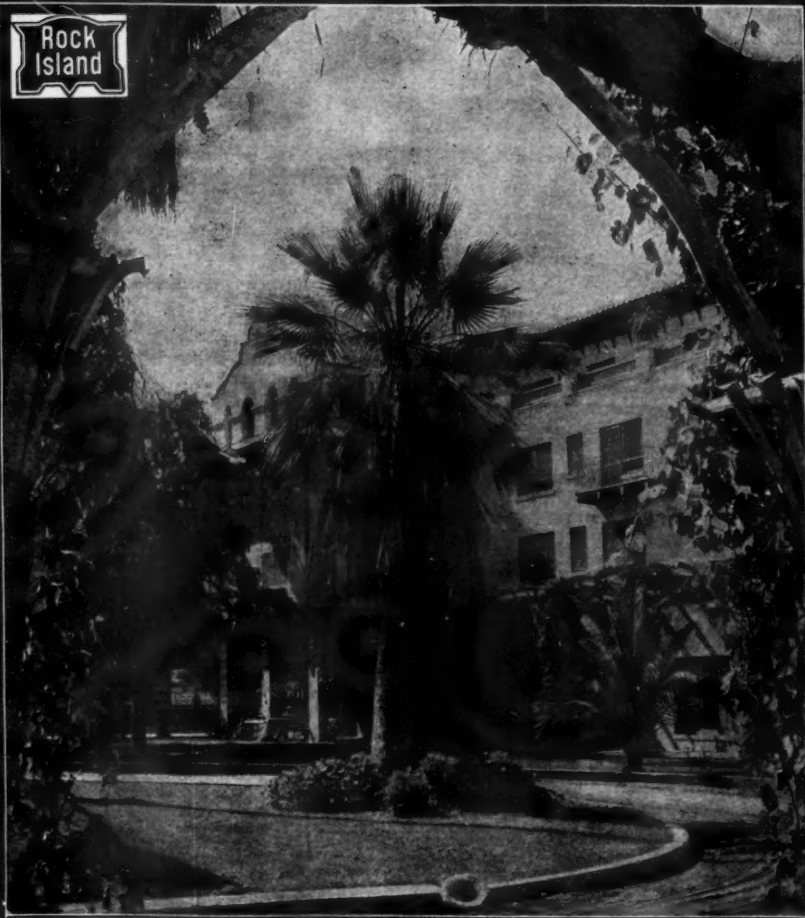
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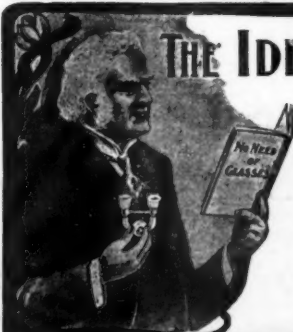
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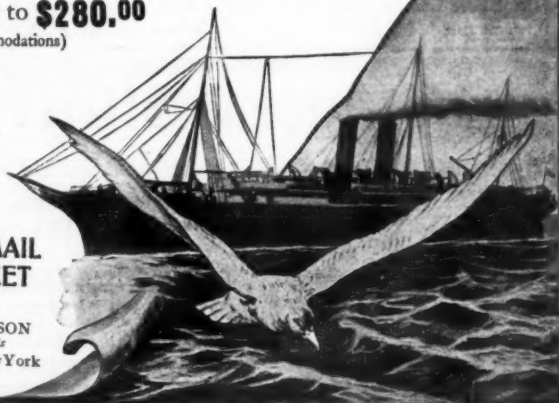
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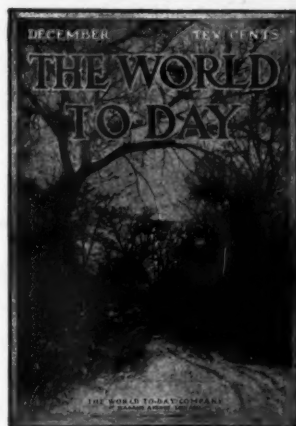
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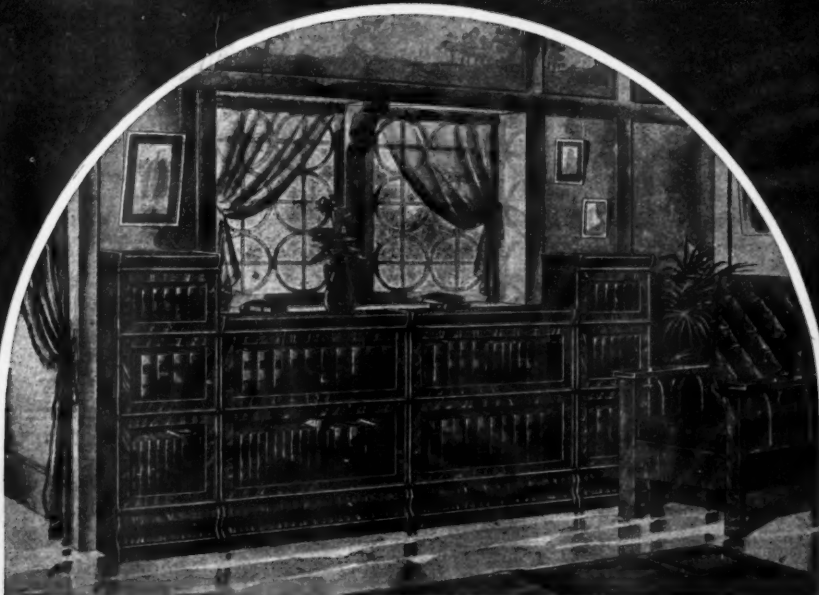
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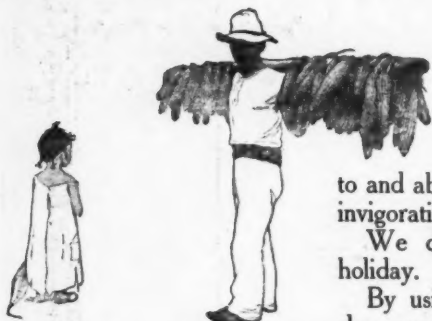
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toward self-respect

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18K Gold-filled
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14K Pens similar
design with any
jewels set in
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Style of engraving, Old English

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No. 14 . 7.00
No. 16 . 9.50
18K Gold-filled
No. 0512, \$10.00
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Style of engraving, Block

Barleycorn Design

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No. 222, \$4.00
Diameter $\frac{1}{16}$ in.
No. 224, \$7.50
14K Solid Gold
Only Size
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No. 0324, \$10.00
Same design in
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No. 0314, \$8.00
We attach on
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Clip-Cap, \$2.00;
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